THE

LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK;

OR,

ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

BEING A

BIOGRAPHIC, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND SATIRICAL

VADE-MECUM,

WHICH

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY.

Homines eruditi, non ad vos loquor ſed ad Populum.

ERASMUS.

LONDON:

M,DCC,XCII.

[Price Six Shillings.]

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FEB

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD RODNEY,

VICE ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING WORK IS INSCRIBED, AS AN HUMBLE BUT SINCERE TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE,

FOR PUTTING TO FLIGHT, AND WELL NIGH TO RUIN, THE FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN; FOR RESTORING TO GREAT BRITAIN HER ACCUSTOMED WEIGHT AND IMPORTANCE AS A MARITIME POWER, WHEN OUR EXISTENCE, AS A COMMERCIAL KINGDOM, TREMBLED ON THE BALANCE;

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ZEALOUS ADMIRER,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

Page 4, *column ſecond*, 16*th line from bottom*, *for* and often, *read* an often.

—— 13, —— —— 7*th line from bottom*, *inſtead of* for all taxes, *read* from all taxes.

—— 25, *column firſt*, 2*d line from top*, *dele the word* his.

—— 40, —— 25*th line from top*, *for* Chriſtiana, *read* Chriſtina.

—— 49, *In compliance with the Engliſh pronunciation*, *the word* Dartineuf *is uſed inſtead of* Dartiquenave.

—— 66, *column ſecond*, 17*th line from bottom*, *inſtead of* for which, *read* in which.

—— 85, *column ſecond*, 10*th line from bottom*, *for* occular, *read* ocular.

—— 87, *column ſecond*, *for* Roſſeau, *read* Rouſſeau.

—— 97, 20*th line from bottom*, *for* clearing, *read* cleaving.

—— 114, *column firſt*, 26*th line from top*, *for* expedience, *read* expedients.

—— 115, —— 2*d line from top*, *for* ever, *read* even.

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PREFACE.

THE title prefixed to this book was choſen that by not pretending to promiſe much, no great expectations might be created, or conſequent diſappointment take place. Learned reſearch, an extenſive acquaintance with men and books, acute critical obſervation, will not be found its characteriſtic features: it is alſo deficient in the dates of reigns, births, and deaths, not from an erroneous ſtatement of thoſe circumſtances, but from being entirely and ſometimes deſignedly ſilent on thoſe ſubjects.

For the writer thought it very poſſible to amuſe and even to inſtruct, without that "chronologic accuracy which ſometimes perplexes by "its attempts to be perſpicuous, and often obſcures by its elaborate "efforts at being intelligent."

I refer thoſe who have a taſte for theſe minute and indeed theſe uſeful points of hiſtory to chronicle-compilers, almanack-builders, and the indefatigable Dr. Truſler.

This is by no means a profeſſed biographic work, I have only caught hold of names to identify facts, to deduce and enforce ſentiment, to give faſhion and form to idea, and have on every occaſion thought myſelf at liberty, to be copious or ſelect, profuſe or ſcanty, in proportion as the ſubject ſtimulated.

I have endeavoured to unite the uſeful and the pleaſant; for, in the preſent day, a book wholly and ſolely uſeful and inſtructive, incurs the riſque of never being peruſed: and a publication merely entertaining without any view towards improving the underſtanding or amending the heart, I think no one ought to write.

To catch ere it periſh, the trifle of the minute, to give haſty ſketches of men and circumſtances, which though beneath the dignity of a biographia, deſerve to be recorded, to ſelect what ſtruck me in the courſe of my reading as either curious, entertaining, or applicable to the purpoſes of human life; in ſhort, to *make* a book which people would like to read, and the bookſeller give me money for, are motives which enticed me to the preſs.

No juſt reaſon can be given why an author ſhould be unwilling to make this confeſſion.

If a writer, animated (as I hope is the caſe with me) with a warm zeal for the rights and happineſs of mankind, endeavours to entertain the public without injuring their morals, or corrupting their taſte; why in the name of conſiſtency is he, or ought he to be aſhamed to own, that he looks towards pecuniary recompence?

Eminent ſtateſmen, dignified prelates, parliamentary orators, generals, lawyers and phyſicians, have not bluſhed to make it the object of their earneſt and daily purſuit.

On certain parts of this work, I anticipate the judgment of many readers, who will be of opinion, that it ought to have ſteered clear of the malignity of political prejudice, or the illiberal bias of party ſpirit; and when I obſerve, how very difficult it is for a man, who has experienced perſonal ill-treatment, to avoid perſonal invective, I mention it as a cauſe of my error, and by no means to defend or excuſe it.

This

This work though not entirely a compilation, has very few pretenſions to originality, yet is it a help for an idle or a forgetful man, who lolls his mornings on ſophas, in Hyde Park, the Coffee Houſe, the Fruit Shop, or St. James's Street; it is ſuch a help as I have often wiſhed for before I was ſo intimately acquainted with the ſtern mother of invention.

I have wiſhed for a book of this kind in times not far remote, when, had a friend (for then I had one) laying his hand on my ſhoulder, only ſaid "you ſhall hereafter be a retailer of anecdote." I ſhould have heard his prophetic declaration with the ſame emotions and the ſame belief as if he had told me, that it would be my lot to chew a rhinoceros, or ſwallow an elephant.

It has ever proved a uſeleſs and unſucceſsful taſk to apologize in a preface for a ſilly book, or to call the reader's attention to a work, which on peruſal, has no merits to command it, for on theſe, and on theſe alone, it muſt ultimately depend for public approbation.

I therefore retire with making one requeſt.

From the nature of this production, authors have been occaſionally referred to generally by memory; ſometimes I have imagined myſelf quoting, when in fact I was not, and ſometimes I have quoted without being conſcious of it; if at times therefore my quotations, though adhering to the author's ſenſe, have not been exactly and literally correct, and if at others I have neglected by inverted commas or otherwiſe, to make the neceſſary acknowledgment, I claim the reader's indulgence for an omiſſion, which I hope he believes did not originate from a mean deſign of plucking feathers from the nightingale, to deck a parrot, whoſe merit at beſt is to repeat by rote.

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ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES, &c.

ADAIR, ROBERT, a Surgeon, a good-natured pleaſant man, a favourite of princes, of women, and of fortune; whoſe mediocrity of powers, and ſuperficial acquirements, have not been able to eſcape the induſtrious watchfulneſs of modern biography.

Detection in an early amour, drove him precipitately from Dublin, and he was fortunate enough, after practiſing as an army ſurgeon for ſome years, to attract the notice of Lady Caroline Kepple, a daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, and ſiſter to the Admiral, who fought, or would have fought the French handſomely, off Uſhant.

His marriage with this lady introduced him into the beſt company, he was ſoon appointed inſpector general of military hoſpitals, an office, in which his frugality in the expenditure of public money was conſpicuous and exemplary, his affability and mildneſs of manners, were a happy contraſt to the harſh ſeverity and rugged peeviſhneſs of ſome of his cotemporaries in the profeſſion: he was alſo the beſt friend of the private ſoldier, and of a rank of men who may often look with envy on the condition of a private ſoldier, I mean thoſe unhappy ſubalterns, whoſe parents having been mad and cruel enough to ſink the whole of their ſon's fortune in an enſigncy, or a lieutenant's commiſſion, have doomed him to *exiſt* in ſplendid poverty on three ſhillings a day.

Lady Caroline who died conſumptive a few years after her marriage, ought not to be mentioned without a reflection on what are called great matches; that in many inſtances they conduct a private individual to honour and wealth, and that ſometimes they are productive of peace and nuptial happineſs, is an undoubted fact; but the young and gay before they paſs the Rubicon, ſhould maturely weigh the *chances of the field*, and recollect that indifference, reproach and family diſcord are the probable conſequence of unequal alliance: that enchanting form, immenſe wealth, and brilliant accompliſhment, are by no means eſſential to happineſs, that the woman

woman moſt likely to bring peace and comfort at the laſt, is one with more humble acquirements, the uſeful domeſtic companion, whoſe fortune, rank, and intellectual endowments, are nearly upon an equality with her huſband's.

I have ſaid that Adair was a favourite of the fair as well as of fortune, and a haſty ſketch of a lady is given in his life, which has perplexed the critics in amorous anecdote, and private ſcandal, to find out who was meant.

She is deſcribed as an early and generous friend of this fortunate Iriſhman, and was a woman of faſhion, at that time well known in polite circles, a famous demi-rep and free-thinker, on the wrong ſide of nine and thirty, who had ſpent the beſt part of her life in adopting every wild opinion, and gratifying every paſſion.

At this juncture, being accidentally at Bath during the ſeaſon, ſhe attracted the attention of an old peer, and by virtue of a plump face, good ſpirits, and agreeable ſmall talk, won the heart of a decayed rake at ſixty-five; flattered by her attentions, and miſtaking the pertneſs of dotage and the effects of a good fire and ſtrong punch for vigour, he ſettled on her an enormous jointure; inſtead of an additional flannel waiſtcoat, took a wife to his boſom, and when he ought to have ordered a hot pan of coals, he determined on a bed-fellow; but his courage was ſuperior to his conſtitution, and he ſunk under this autumnal effort.

The widow ſubmitted to fate without murmuring, and wore her weeds with decent compoſure; but advancing in years as well as infirmities, qualms for the ſins of her youth came on, her ſpirits and infidelity forſook her, and ſhe made a bold leap from Spinoza and whiſt, to Whitfield and coniac.

Adair having by a brilliant marriage, as well as by ſucceſsful intrigue, attached a current value to his character among the women, many of them are ſaid to have longed "to preſs the dear deſtroyer "to their arms," not content till they had aſcertained the irreſiſtible powers of a hero, for whom the heart of the wife, the widow, and the heireſs, had alternately throbbed with deſire.

In his intrigues, he was often rallied on the moderate ſhare of beauty enjoyed by ſome of his fair favourites, but he preferred them to very handſome women, who devoting more time to perfections of the body, than thoſe of the mind, ſeldom are agreeable companions.

Could I be permitted (ſays his biographer) in the choice of a wife, to employ the arts of a magician; during her childhood and education, her perſon ſhould be by no means attractive, but when marriage-rites had made her mine, I would exert the omnipotence of my taliſman, to give beauty and expreſſion to her form.

Although this writer does not pretend to deny the laxity of his morals in theſe trying inſtances, yet he aſſerts with a degree of honeſt exultation, that his amours were never productive either of deſertion or miſery, that it was the policy of our fortunate Iriſhman, to purſue pleaſure with the refined ardour of a rational voluptuary, and never to ſacrifice the peace

peace of a family, or betray and abuſe that confidence which had once made him happy: a conduct well worthy the imitation of many right honourable ſeducers, who infect our ſtreets, and crowd our work-houſes, with wretched infants and unhappy proſtitutes, a prey to diſeaſe, infamy and death.

On the death of Ranby at Chelſea, a man of ſtrong paſſions, harſh voice, and inelegant manners, the ſubject of this article ſucceeded him in a lucrative profeſſional poſt, and is ſaid on this occaſion to have prevailed on a good-natured King to break his word, as it had been promiſed to David Middleton, who had grown grey in the ſervice of his maſter; Adair, notwithſtanding, ſecured a good thing, and David, as has been the fate of many a greater man, died with a King in his debt.

After the public had given him credit for ſaving the Duke of Glouceſter's life, and after enjoying in his Italian journey with that royal wanderer, the friendſhip and approbation of Ganganelli, the proteſtant Pope, he returned to England, and at an advanced age, for he was upwards of ſeventy, an opportunity offered of exerting his benevolence and philanthropy, with ſingular efficacy and ſucceſs.

His friend Mr. Heſſe of the army pay-office, and I believe a commiſſary of muſters, a man of pleaſing manners, general acquaintance in polite circles, and competent income, (but not of a ſolid underſtanding) had unhappily been ſeduced by the diſſipating madneſs of the times, to form habits and indulge in expences, inconſiſtent with his rank and fortune.

Though his affairs had for ſome time been deſperate, his pride would not ſuffer him to retrench, he regarded with dread the contemptuous ſneer of the world, at leaſt that deſpicable diſſipated drove that paſſes for it—a vile, unmanly, fatal fear, which makes and keeps us fools and beggars half our lives.

Wine, company, gaming, an unceaſing round of amuſements, together with certain chimerical hopes of advancing his fortune, for ſome time ſerved to ſhut out intruding thoughts, and to ſupport a wounded ſpirit.

But evils which we ought to oppoſe with ſpirit and reſolution, have never been long evaded by riot, folly, and diſſipation.

Premit atra Comes; ſequiturque fugacem:

his expectations were diſappointed, his creditors were urgent, and he retired with a ſmile on his countenance but mortal chagrin at his heart, to one of thoſe nocturnal aſſociations for getting rid of time, money, and reflection, which have been called "little earthly Pandœmoniums" where how bitter ſo ever our diſappointments, however hopeleſs our proſpects, unprincipled our actions or indelible our diſgrace, we may be certain of meeting companions equally miſerable, diſhonoured or ruined with ourſelves, alike ſmarting under the reproaches, falſehood, and ill treatment, of mankind or themſelves, ready to receive us with open arms, and ſympathy, and in the diſtraction of play, the tumult of wine, or the roar of merriment, ſetting at defiance, God and man.

Cards

Cards and dice, here level every mortifying diſtinction, and mix in familiar intimacy, the prince and prize-fighter, the peer and horſe-jockey, the beggar and nabob, the gambler and the heir.

This unhappy man paſſed part of the night in one of theſe ſplendid receptacles of deſperate adventure, which in the metropolis, attract by their bulky magnificence the wonder and ſigh of the indignant public.

With that timid caution which often accompanies fatal deſign, he exhibited nothing peculiar in his deportment or appearance, but at the uſual time, and in the uſual mode, taking leave of thoſe he was to ſee no more, repaired to his own houſe, once the ſeat of domeſtic bliſs and endearment: his wife at a late hour had retired to reſt, he locked himſelf in his dreſſing room, and in an agony of deſpair ſo naturally produced by hopeleſs pecuniary diſtreſs and blaſted irretrievable proſpects, raſhly ventured on that world unknown, "ſnatching from God's "right hand the inſtruments of "death."

The ſituation of a wife at once, and by a ſhocking cataſtrophe deprived of huſband, friend, and fortune, may be eaſily imagined, the ſtruggle was too great for her tender delicate frame, and an interval of recovery from anguiſh was happily afforded by temporary diſtraction.

From the houſe of affliction ſhe was conveyed by Adair to his own hoſpitable roof at Chelſea, where ſhe experienced every conſolation that tranquility and the lenient hand of friendſhip could beſtow, he was indeed the good Samaritan, the father and the friend:

"For this one deed be all his faults forgiven."

From the life of the ſubject, of this article, ſays his biographer; the man who early in life, has made one falſe ſtep, may learn not to give himſelf up to ſupineneſs, indifference, and deſpair, as by ſubſequent prudence and induſtry, difficulties may be ſurmounted and ſucceſs ultimately attained.

The man of moderate capacity, without brilliant powers or attainments may alſo be taught, that preeminence and fortune for which we all are ſtruggling through life, may be attained by humbler gifts, by diligence, attention, gentleneſs, civility, and a conſtant watchfulneſs to turn the little accidents of life to good account: from a conſideration of this article and often-repeated leſſon, may alſo be brought home to the boſoms of us all, though few, comparatively ſpeaking, have opportunities of acting conſpicuous parts on the great theatre of life, although we cannot all be heroes, ſtateſmen, and poets, yet we *all* have it in our power to fulfill the duties of private life, to abſtain as far as human infirmity will permit from violence, folly and crime, and to diffuſe in ſome degree the bleſſings of eaſe and comfort, to the unhappy, the ſick, and the unfortunate.

ANABAPTISTS, a ſect of Chriſtians, ſo called from the peculiarity of their notions concerning baptiſm, apparently founded on the primitive practice of the church.

They contend, that baptiſm ſhould be adminiſtered only to perſons grown up to years of diſcretion, that the common mode of ſprinkling, is inſufficient and incomplete; they therefore re-baptize (by dipping, or a total immerſion) thoſe who are admitted into their ſociety.

But to theſe, and other harmleſs inſtitutions, neither injurious to the peace or welfare of mankind, they added doctrines of a moſt enthuſiaſtic and dangerous tendency, which ſpringing into action about the middle of the ſixteenth century, not long after the ſucceſsful efforts of Luther, were mentioned to his reproach by the enemies of the reformation, though he attacked their irrational chimæras, as ſubverſive of ſociety and fatal to religion, with great ſtrength of argument, and his uſual acrimony of ſtile.

Having been driven by the vigilance of the magiſtrate from other parts of Germany, they had propagated their opinions with zeal and boldneſs at Munſter, an imperial city of Weſtphalia, where they were attended with memorable circumſtances, and productive of a temporary revolution, of which, an intereſting narrative has been compiled by the candid and perſpicuous Dr. Robertſon, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this article.

Theſe wild enthuſiaſts maintained, that among chriſtians, who had the precepts of the goſpel to direct, and the ſpirit of God to guide them, the office of magiſtrates was not only unneceſſary, but an unlawful encroachment on their ſpiritual liberty.

They reſolved, that all diſtinctions occaſioned by birth, rank, or wealth, ought to be entirely aboliſhed, as they were contrary to the ſpirit of divine revelation, which conſiders all men as equal, and all earthly poſſeſſions as common; they openly avowed themſelves friends to polygamy, both in doctrine and practice, declaring, that neither the laws of nature, or the precepts of the new teſtament, laid any reſtraint on a plurality of wives, and that it was a liberty which God himſelf had granted to the patriarchs.

Two of their principal prophets, Matthias, a baker, and Boccold, a taylor, uniting confident plauſible manners, and apparent ſanctity, with a ſpirit of enterprize, and a thirſt for novelty, and making proſelytes; had fixed their reſidence in Munſter, where among many other converts, they had gained Rothman, who firſt preached the proteſtant doctrine in that city; and Cnipperdoling, a wealthy and reſpectable citizen. Stimulated by, or not contented with theſe encouragements, they were deſirous of eſtabliſhing their tenets by public authority, and caballing with the city guards, they forced the arſenal and ſenate-houſe at midnight, whilſt their aſſociates ruſhing through the ſtreets with drawn ſwords, proclaimed to the terrified inhabitants, "depart ye ungodly, "or repent and be baptized."

The ſenators, canons, and nobility, with the more ſober citizens, fled from the city, which was thus abandoned to the dominion of a frantic multitude.

Cnipperdoling and another proſelyte, were immediately elected conſuls, though all proceedings were directed by Matthias, who in the ſtyle, and with the authority of a prophet, uttered, as by inſpiration, commands, which it was death to diſobey: he encouraged the multitude to pillage the churches and deface their ornaments, to deſtroy all books as uſeleſs and impious, except the bible, and directed the eſtates of ſuch as fled to be confiſcated; while every individual, either voluntarily, or by command, brought forth his gold, ſilver, and other precious effects, and depoſited them in a treaſury, or common ſtock, which was diſpenſed for the common uſe of all: to compleat the plan of equality, the whole ſociety eat promiſcuouſly, without regard to age, ſex, or rank, at tables publicly prepared for them.

The defence of their newly acquired city, was, in the mean time, not neglected; large magazines of every kind were formed, the fortifications repaired, ſuch as were capable of bearing arms were diſciplined, and Matthias, by a rare union of prudence and fanaticiſm, by precept, as well as example, animated his followers either to act or to ſuffer; while the impetuoſity of enthuſiaſm was occaſionally roufed by exhortation, revelation, or prophecy.

The German princes, highly offended at the preſumption of theſe uſurpers, voted a ſupply of men and money to the Biſhop of Munſter, who advanced with a conſiderable body to beſiege the town, which the Anabaptiſts had dignified with the ſcriptural name of Mount Sion; on his approach, Matthias ſallied forth, forced the lines of the enemy, and returning loaded with ſpoil and glory, was ſo much intoxicated with this partial ſucceſs, that he appeared the next day brandiſhing a ſpear, and declared he would go with a handful of men and ſmite the ungodly; thirty of his deluded diſciples followed him without heſitation, and ruſhing on the enemy, were all of them immediately cut to pieces.

The death of their prophet, occaſioned at firſt great conſternation, but Boccold revived their ſpirits by ſtrong aſſurances of more fortunate events, not forgetting to caſt ſome mild reproach on the raſh conduct of Matthias, which prevented all poſſibility of ſucceſs by his frantic folly: the multitude liſtened to his exhortations, he gradually ſucceeded to the abſolute direction of their affairs, and after a certain time, it was declared "to be the will of "God, that Boccold ſhould be "King of Sion, and ſit on the "throne of David."

He ſatisfied himſelf with carrying on a defenſive war, waited with patience for ſuccours from the Low Countries, which had been long promiſed, and often confidently foretold by their prophets; but he was a wilder enthuſiaſt than his predeceſſor, and of more unbounded ambition, for he marched naked through the ſtreets,

ſtreets, proclaiming, "that the "kingdom of heaven was at "hand, that the higheſt ſhould "be brought low, and the loweſt "be exalted."

He cauſed every church in the city to be levelled to the ground, degraded the ſenators, and depriving Cnipperdoling of his conſulſhip, the higheſt office in the commonwealth, he appointed him to the loweſt, that of common hangman, an office he executed without murmuring.

Boccold alſo wore a crown of gold, and indulged a ſplendour in his dreſs; a body of guards accompanied him when he appeared in public, a ſword drawn, and a bible, were carried before him; he coined money, aſſumed the ſtate and pomp of royalty, and ſoon after married three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matthias, a woman of ſingular beauty, who was dignified with the title of queen: but, as according to Dr. Robertſon, enthuſiaſm is generally accompanied with a proneneſs to ſenſuality; this new monarch of the Anabaptiſts, allured by beauty or the love of variety, increaſed the number of his wives to eight, to twelve, and at laſt to fourteen; the multitude was not backward in following this example, and under the ſpecious deceptions of polygamy and divorce, gave themſelves up to an uncontrouled gratification of licentious paſſion: thus by a monſtrous and almoſt incredible union, voluptuouſneſs was grafted on religion, and diſſolute pleaſures accompanied the auſterities of fanatical devotion.

In this form, and by ſuch ſupports, their government had ſubſiſted for more than fifteen months, but their promiſed aſſiſtance from the Low Countries had been intercepted, the Biſhop's army gradually encloſed the town, cut off all communication with the adjacent country, and the beſieged, notwithſtanding the prudent management of their proviſions, had the evils of famine, added to the fatigues of military duty, and working on the fortifications.

But under the impulſe of fanaticiſm, which imparts a miraculous ſtrength to the human mind, they were not to be ſubdued, and ſubmitted to the moſt ſhocking hardſhips and the vileſt food, rather than liſten to terms of capitulation which were repeatedly offered; the leaſt ſymptom of want of faith in the divinity of Boccold or the prophets, was puniſhed with inſtant death, and one of the king's favourite wives, from the diſtreſſes of the poor inhabitants, having preſumed to doubt the heavenly nature of his miſſion, was inſtantly beheaded by her huſband.

At length a deſerter, in whom exceſſive hunger had probably quenched the heat of enthuſiaſm, made his eſcape to the enemy, with an emaciated body, a cadaverous countenance, and in a faint voice, he begged for food, which when he had greedily ſwallowed, after a promiſe of pardon, he pointed out to the beſiegers, a weak and neglected ſpot in the walls by which they entered; one of the city gates was

taken poſſeſſion of, and the whole army admitted.

The Anabaptiſts, though ſurprized, formed in the market-place, and defended themſelves with valour, till ſurrounded on every ſide, overpowered with numbers, and without a poſſibility of eſcape, they reſolved in the height of deſpair, to ſell their lives as dear as poſſible, and were almoſt all cut to pieces except Boccold, Cnipperdoling, and a few others, who were loaded with chains, and expoſed to the inſults and curioſity of ſeveral cities in the empire.

This unfortunate monarch, and extraordinary man, who had acquired ſuch dominion over the minds of his followers, and excited ſuch dangerous commotions, was only twenty-ſix years of age, but did not appear either broken or humbled by this reverſe of fortune; he adhered with unſhaken firmneſs, to his tenets, though he ſuffered a lingering death at Munſter, under the ſevereſt tortures that could be inflicted.

The kingdom of the Anabaptiſts was extinguiſhed, but their principles had taken deep root in the Low Countries, where the ſect ſtill ſubſiſts under the name of Mennonites, which, notwithſtanding its ſeditious and bloody origin, is altogether innocent and pacific. They hold it unlawful to wage war, or to accept of civil offices, and devoting themſelves to induſtry and charity, endeavour to compenſate to mankind for the ſanguinary violence of their founders.

ANIELLO, TOMASO, commonly, and by contraction, called Maſſianello, an inhabitant of Naples, of the loweſt rank, who headed an inſurrection in that city, againſt the houſe of Auſtria, in the year 1647.

The Neapolitans had ſubmitted to the heavy impoſts of Philip the Fourth, without repining 'till, by a tax, imprudently laid on fruit, the chief ſupport of the poor Italians, the people were thrown into an uproar.

Maſſianello ſupported himſelf and family by fiſhing, was of a ſprightly, active, humourous turn, undaunted, of a thin habit, with ſhort cropped hair, a mariner's cap generally on his head, and about twenty-four years of age. As he lived at the corner of the market-place, he was every day a witneſs to the diſputes between the fruit-ſellers and the collectors of the Gabelle; 'till by repeated acts of oppreſſion, his mind was gradually prejudiced againſt the Spaniſh government: he was obſerved frequently throwing up his cap, and "ſwearing by the living God, "that if only two or three hearty "fellows would ſtand by him, they "would ſpeedily put an end to "the oppreſſion of ſuch raſcals."

In a moment of diſcontent, he heard that his wife was hurried to priſon for endeavouring to ſecrete ſome proviſions, which had not paid the tax, and that the revenue officers demanded a larger ſum, than his finances could afford, before they would ſet her at liberty. Maſſianello was obliged to ſell his goods, to raiſe the money, and ſuch a circumſtance could not fail inflaming a mind already highly irritated: he ruſhed directly to a

quarter

quarter of the town where a toll-houſe had been lately erected, and where a mixed multitude was already aſſembled to deliberate on their grievances, crying out as he paſſed along, "we will no longer "be beaſts of burthen, to be op-"preſſed by governors, who would "ſuck our blood, God gives us "plenty, but they give us famine."

The loudneſs of his voice, and the violence of his rage, attracted the notice of the mob, but when he related the freſh inſtance of rapacity and inſult that had been exerciſed towards his wife, the bittereſt execrations burſt forth againſt the regent of the city: an officer called an elect of the people, being ſent with his attendants to diſperſe them, was attacked by a ſhower of ſtones, and narrowly eſcaped being torn to pieces; Maſſianello (who poſſeſſed that ſort of rude eloquence which ſtrong feelings often inſpire,) ſuddenly leaped upon a fruit-ſtall, and thus addreſſed the exaſperated crowd:

"Rejoice my dear companions, "and countrymen! give thanks to "God, and the moſt gracious "Virgin of Carmine, that the hour "of your deliverance draweth near: "a poor bare footed fiſherman, "ſhall, like another Moſes, deliver "the Iſraelites from the cruel rod "of Pharaoh; St. Peter, who re-"duced the city of Rome from the "ſlavery of the devil, was a poor "fiſherman; if you have but cou-"rage, I will releaſe the city of "Naples from this cruel yoke of "tolls and gabelles: ſhould I be "able to bring it to bear, I "don't value being torn to pieces, "or dragged through all the ken-"nels, and gutters of this city: "on ſuch an occaſion, I would "not value ſpilling all the blood "of my body, but ſhould think it "both glorious and honorable, to "ſacrifice my life in the cauſe of "my country."

The tumultuous ſhouting of a thouſand voices, and a lighted torch applied to the toll-houſe, was a ſignal of univerſal approbation: armed with ſticks, clubs, and ſuch weapons as accident threw in their way, they rifled the houſes of all the officers of the revenue, obſerving ſtrictly to take nothing for their own uſe, but as they emptied the houſe of any obnoxious perſon, they piled the furniture, linen, plate, and china, in a heap in the ſtreet, and ſet the whole on fire: their numbers rapidly increaſing, they boldly advanced towards the palace of the viceroy, carrying loaves of bread on the tops of their pikes, and ſoon forced their way into the palace, from which his excellency had a narrow eſcape into a neighbouring convent, whither they immediately purſued him.

In the mean time the city-priſons were broken open, and the priſoners ſet at liberty, while Cardinal Filomarino, Archbiſhop of Naples, whom they greatly reſpected, endeavoured to appeaſe the populace; but was told, that peace could not be reſtored, unleſs the viceroy gave an inſtrument properly ſigned and ſealed, to confirm a releaſe for all taxes, particularly thoſe on fruit and corn; this being produced, they cried out, that they were cheated and impoſed on, for that it was not what they wanted, as it contained only a partial releaſe: beſides that many other grievances

grievances were ſtill unredreſſed: the Archbiſhop perceiving that no terms would be liſtened to, while the popular ferment continued, retired to his palace, and the inſurgents proceeded to pull down a monaſtery in which the viceroy had concealed himſelf; but climbing over the wall of a back court, he lodged himſelf in the caſtle of St. Elmo, while the rabble were burning the rich hangings, tapeſtry, and other valuables of the palace.

Thus by the oppreſſion of a bad miniſter, or the crimes of her own citizens, Naples, the third city in Chriſtian Europe, for beauty, extent, and population, which eleven hundred years before had been ſaved from ruin, by the mercy of Belliſarius, was in the power of a riotous multitude, ſpreading fire and devaſtation in different quarters, with each a faggot at their back, and a flaming torch in their hand, they proceeded to the dogana or public granary, an immenſe pile of building, almoſt full of corn, which, with its contents, was immediately reduced to aſhes: by deſtroying the proviſion made againſt a ſcanty harveſt, the horrors of impending famine, were added to thoſe of conflagration.

The viceroy was blamed by many for not endeavouring to cruſh the riot in the beginning, but he was unwilling to proceed to acts of violence, hoping, by kindneſs and lenient meaſures, to quiet their minds; he contrived to ſupply the populace with bread, which began to be ſcarce and dear; he publiſhed a proclamation, that the tax on fruit ſhould be for ever aboliſhed; alſo that the loaf of bread, which uſed to weigh only twenty-two ounces, ſhould be increaſed to thirty-two, without any addition to the price: this circumſtance ſeems to prove, that ſome abuſes had been practiſed by the corn merchants, millers, or bakers.

But the flame burnt with too much fury to be ſoon extinguiſhed; the inſurgents, by the emptying of the priſons, and their being joined by every neceſſitous, bold, and bad man, and by the free-booters, a numerous claſs in Naples, and its environs, amounted to upwards of a hundred thouſand men, who tumultuouſly ſaluting Maſſianello, as the ſaviour and father of his country, unanimouſly choſe him for their general: on this occaſion, the bare-footed fiſherman ſaid "I ſhall "not trouble you my friends with "long ſpeeches, but of this I am "clear and certain, that whatever "alterations may take place, you "will not ſee me behave like a "ſcoundrel, but I will directly "put an end to the preſent grie-"vances, or die in the attempt:" —he then proceeded, by beat of drum, through the whole city and ſuburbs, ſummoning the people to reſiſt the tyranny of their governors, took an account of the arms and ammunition, divided the populace into regiments and companies, appointed officers, and diſtributed arms: but as muſkets could not at once be procured for ſuch an immenſe number, the ſhoals that were conſtantly pouring in from the villages about Naples, either from fear or inclination, were armed with plough-ſhares, pitch-forks, ſpades, pikes, and other implements, while perſons were diſpoſed at regular diſtances, between the ranks, with lighted matches, and burning torches: the great market

place

place Lavinaro, and Porta Nolana, were their principal places of rendezvous.

The common cry was, "thoſe "waſps that buzzed about us, and "ſtung us to death; thoſe drones "who have plundered the hive, "and lived on the honey of the "bee, ſhall be blown up with gun-"powder, and ſent to hell."

Neither life or property were ſafe; a general fear and amazement ſeized the city, and the Duke of Arcos, at this time viceroy, thinking himſelf no longer ſecure in the caſtle of St. Elmo, retired privately in the night to Caſtelnovo, with the chief nobility, and a reinforcement of three thouſand men: he ordered all the gunpowder in the city to be moiſtened, and ſurrounded that part of it, on which the caſtle ſtands, with a deep trench, and a parapet of earth and faggots; the ſtreets leading to the fort were barricadoed, and pieces of ordnance planted at their entrance.

The different orders of religious walked in proceſſion, the archbiſhop offered up public prayers to the Almighty for the reſtoration of peace; the hoſt, as well as the head, and miraculous liquifying blood of St. Januarius, were devoutly expoſed.

A ſubmiſſive meſſage was ſent to the people, to know what would ſatisfy them: Maſſianello in armour, with his ſword drawn, and mounted on a horſe, richly capariſoned, received the deputation from the viceroy: after quieting the outrages and violent execrations of the multitude, who cried out, "that the viceroy only "meant to cajole and cheat them "out of their juſt revenge, which "was now in their hands:" the fiſherman expatiated with warmth, but much good ſenſe, on the various and abominable oppreſſions the people of Naples had ſuffered; "had the city (continued he) been "utterly deſtroyed, and our tyrants "torn to pieces, the puniſhment, "though ſevere, would have been "little more than an act of juſtice: "have not our friends, and dear-"eſt relations been hurried to pri-"ſon, to ſatisfy theſe rapacious "cormorants and contractors, who "by means of kept miſtreſſes, "court favorites and paraſites, have "made a market of the blood, "the treaſure and the labor of "the induſtrious poor? In the "name of the people of Naples, I "therefore demand a perfect and "entire reſtitution of all the privi-"leges granted by King Ferdi-"nand, and Charles the fifth, whoſe "glorious arms are cut in a ſtone "over my door: I require that "the viceroy, the collateral coun-"cil, the council of ſtate, and "the nobility, ſhall, by oath, "and by a public inſtrument, "binding themſelves and their "poſterity, ratify the charter; that "the clerk of the market, and the "capo populi, ſhall be nominated "by the people, without any inter-"poſition of the viceroy; that no "tax of any kind ſhall be laid, "without the conſent of the laſt "mentioned officer, and that a re-"fuſal to pay taxes laid on, with-"out his conſent, ſhall not be con-"ſidered as treaſon; ſuch are our "demands, and we will rather die "than recede from them: and "may God ſave the moſt faithful "people of Naples, but a cruel

government

"government that would ſtarve "us, never ſhall proſper."

Theſe demands were inſtantly complied with by the viceroy, and an inſtrument to that purport was prepared, but from the waywardneſs of an unruly mob, or the ſuggeſtion of ill deſigning perſons, the inſurgents ſuddenly inſiſted on the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles the Fifth being produced, but from ſome unavoidable delays in finding them, they again ſuſpected ſome colluſion, became outrageous, and were guilty of ſtill greater enormities.

The Duke of Arcos and the two councils ſeeing that all reſiſtance would be vain, making a virtue of neceſſity, at length ſigned articles, by which a free and unreſerved conſent was given to all the wiſhes of the people: Maſſianello having inſiſted, in addition to the former conditions, that the elect of the people in all public proceedings, ſhould have as many votes as the whole body of the nobility, that the people ſhould not diſarm, till the King of Spain had ſolemnly ratified the terms, and that the articles ſhould be cut in marble, and ſet up in different public places in the city.

Maſſianello had been prevailed on, with much difficulty, to change his mariners dreſs for a ſplendid habit, crying out as he put it on, "that he was ſtill but "a poor fiſherman:" accompanied by his brother, whom he had appointed his lieutenant general, together with Julio Genovino, an eccleſiaſtic, who had been emancipated from a priſon, in which he had been confined for ſeditious practices, Arpaja the new elect of the people, and the Banditto Perrone, freed alſo from jail, but a zealous and powerful partizan; the general of the people, gave audience to the officers of the viceroy, in the great church of Carmine, where the capitulation, ſigned by the viceroy, was read aloud, and the people ſignified their conſent by the loudeſt acclamations, and joining in the celebration of te deum.

In the way from church to Caſtelnovo, the ſtreets were ſtrewed with palm and olive branches, the windows and balconies crowded with ſpectators, and hung with rich ſilk and tapeſtry; the fiſherman of Naples was ſaluted from every quarter, as the deliverer and ſaviour of his country, while young men and maidens, with garlands of flowers, and in looſe white robes, celebrated his praiſes with vocal and inſtrumental muſic.

Nothing appeared to interrupt the general joy, but a crowd of ruined tax-gatherers and hungry courtiers, whoſe profuſe rapacity could no longer be fed on the plunder of the people; they joined the proceſſion with hollow ſmiles, but aching hearts, and reſted all their hopes on the viceroy's being able, at ſome future opportunity, to evade the conditions to which he had been obliged to ſubſcribe.

As ſoon as the proceſſion reached the great gate of Caſtelnovo, the guard, according to order, drew up, and ſaluted Maſſianello as a general officer, and the captain, after congratulating him on the ſucceſsful iſſue

of

of the negociation, informed him, that the Duke of Arcos waited his pleaſure in the audience chamber; the fiſherman gently inclining himſelf to the officer, turned to the people, and waving his ſword, as a ſignal for ſilence, thus addreſſed them.

"My dear companions and countrymen,

"Let us offer up our praiſes "to God, and the moſt gracious "Lady of Carmine, for the re- "covery of our liberties; we "ſhall no longer groan under "inhuman and blood-thirſty ty- "rants, but every man ſhall enjoy "the fruits of his own induſtry, "without the intermedling of "hateful collectors of the Gabelle.

"I ſee plainly that all your "countenances are enlivened with "joy, and who would not be glad "on an occaſion like the preſent! "may the man who will not re- "joice at our recovering freedom, "peace, and the enjoyment of "the produce of the earth, die "like a dog, infamous, and un- "pitied: you ſeem loſt in amaze- "ment at the happy change, and "ſcarce can believe it any thing "but a dream, but indeed my "friends, this is no deluſion, "behold in my hand the ſacred "and ſubſtantial pledges of the "bleſſings we have recovered, the "charters of the Emperor Charles "the Fifth, and of Ferdinand.

"But it is not to enhance the "merit of my own actions, that "I dwell on the advantages which "have been procured for you, I "eſteem my having been inſtru- "mental in rendering good ſervice "to my country, far beyond all "that wealth can beſtow, I appeal "to you my lord archbiſhop, and "alſo to the viceroy's ſecretary, "who now ſtands near the guard- "room, if I did not very early "in this buſineſs, refuſe a penſion "of two hundred crowns a month, "which was offered me, if I "would undertake to diſſuade you "from your juſt pretenſions; and "nothing but his eminence the "cardinal's threatening to excom- "municate me, would have pre- "vailed on me to put on this "gaudy dreſs, for I am ſtill Maſ- "ſianello the fiſherman, ſuch have "I lived, and ſuch will I die; I "ſhall conclude with adviſing you "two things; not to lay down "your arms till the confirmation "of your privileges arrives from "Spain; and above all things, to "miſtruſt your ſworn and profeſt "enemies the nobility, who, like "hungry wolves, will watch every "opportunity to devour you: I "am now going to talk to the "viceroy, and ſhall probably re- "turn in a ſhort time, but if you "do not ſee me ſafe, and at "liberty, by ſeven o'clock to- "morrow morning, you may take "it for granted there has been "treachery, and will of courſe "ſet fire to the palace, and pur- "ſue ſuch other methods of "revenge, as you ſhall judge "neceſſary."

From this interview with the viceroy, Maſſianello returned in a few hours to his own houſe, where he and his wife received the congratulations of the principal inhabitants of Naples; but whilſt he was thus enjoying that firſt beſt attribute of power and influence, the conſciouſneſs of having exerted it for the good of mankind,

mankind, this popular leader, was afflicted with a calamity, which levels the proud maſter of the creation, with the meaneſt reptile he cruſhes on the ground.

For ſeven days, which was the period of his authority, he had conducted himſelf with a prudence, regularity and foreſight, in a man of his condition, as laudable as it was unexpected: at this time from fatigue of body and mind, as he ſcarcely allowed himſelf the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep, or (as was ſuſpected, but never proved) from the effects of ſome intoxicating drugs infuſed in his liquors, he betrayed violent ſymptoms of phrenzy and madneſs, treated his friends and aſſociates with outrage, inſolence and abuſe; tore his cloaths from his body, and rode with a drawn ſword furiouſly through the ſtreets, wounding and killing ſeveral perſons, with other horrid extravagancies.

The citizens beheld the deplorable ſtate of their leader with horror and amazement, and after receiving repeated aſſurances from the viceroy, that their privileges and immunities ſhould remain inviolate, they declared that the devoted, the unfortunate Maſſianello was no longer their general; and the duke of Arcos, dreading a repetition of the old exceſſes, if a madman was at the head of a mob, ſent four perſons with private orders to put him to death.

He had been haranguing the people from the pulpit of the great church, with an incoherent mixture of reproach, juſtification and religious penitence, for he had ſtill ſufficient intervals of reaſon to perceive he had loſt the confidence of his party; from the church he was conducted by ſome attendants into an adjoining cloyſter, ſtruggling in the agonies of diſeaſe, madneſs and deſpair. Hearing his name mentioned, he turned quickly round, ſaying, "Is it me you look "for, my people, behold I am "here."

Four muſkets were inſtantly diſcharged, and their contents lodged in his body. The unhappy fiſherman dropped on the pavement, exclaiming with his laſt breath, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!"

His head fixed on a ſpear, and his body dragged through the ſtreets, were the ſignal for ſubmiſſion to the Spaniſh government. Magnificent funeral obſequies and an expenſive interment were celebrated the next day by the people, ſo that Maſſianello in leſs than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a ſaint. The oppreſſive taxes were ſoon laid on, and produced popular tumults; of ſo ſmall avail are partial revolutions in forms of government radically defective, where the emolument of the prince, and not the happineſs of the people, is the great object of the Miniſters.

ARBUTHNOT, Dr. favourite phyſician of queen Anne, the friend of Swift and Pope, poſſeſſing all the wit and humour of the firſt, without his acrimonious virulence and groſs indelicacy, and much of the genius of the latter, without his envy and querulous ill-nature.

"Were a ſtranger (ſays a learned writer) were a ſtranger to peruſe the correſpondence of Pope "and Swift, without any other "guide

" guide to inſtruct him in the his-
" tory of the times in which they
" lived, he would be induced to
" think, that the whole body of
" their cotemporaries had been in
" league againſt them, that theſe
" two individuals engroſſed the
" ſmall remains of virtue that were
" left, and that the reſt of the world
" was inveloped in barbarian
" darkneſs, ignorance and de-
" traction."

The obſervation is juſt, but it in reply may be ſaid, that in a new reign, and in the inſolence of triumph, it was the faſhion for a whig miniſtry and their abettors, to ridicule and abuſe the avowed favourites of Oxford and Bolingbroke, who had been, with ſome appearance of juſtice, accuſed of meaſures inimical to the houſe of Hanover; add to this, that the imagination of an irritable poet, and a diſcontented churchman, enlarged and exaggerated every evil of life.

" Laudator temporis acti"

is a character naturally and perhaps innocently attached to declining age.

But I return to Arbuthnot, of whom I have often ſaid, that if a character were to be ſelected from paſt times, whoſe footſteps I muſt follow, whoſe fortune and fate I muſt exactly undergo, Arbuthnot would be fixed on without heſitation for my model; his calm moderation, and tranquil virtues in proſperity, his temperate complaints, mild reſignation and unaffected piety in adverſity, cannot but impreſs the mind with admiration, and an earneſt deſire of imitation.

Embarraſſed by the queen's death, and under the depreſſion of diſeaſe and paternal anxiety, the

" Mens conſcia recti"

burſts forth with a chearful light through the clouds of misfortune; the calm confidence of hope, inſpired by a good conſcience, diffuſes a ſerene ray over his uncomfortable proſpects. The contemplation of a character like Arbuthnot, produces in my mind the ſtrongeſt influence and internal conviction of the exiſtence of a God, and a ſtate of future retribution, far more impreſſive than the moſt elaborate demonſtration.

" I am as well" ſays Arbuthnot in a letter to a friend, " I am as
" well as a man can be, who is gaſp-
" ing for breath, and has a houſe
" full of men and women unpro-
" vided for."

This worthy, this honeſt man, died within a month after he wrote the letter from which I quote the above paſſage, but the Almighty ſaw and fulfilled the wiſhes of a good heart. Every branch of his family paſſed through life with eaſe, competence, and honour.

When a young man, he made an attempt to ſettle as a phyſician at Dorcheſter, a town in the weſt of England, remarkable for its ſalubrious air and healthy ſituation—need I ſay that he failed.

A friend met him a few miles out of the town, riding poſt towards London.

" Where are you going, Ar-
" buthnot?" was a very natural queſtion.

" To leave this confounded place,
" for a man can neither live or die
" here," was his happy anſwer.

BAKER, POLLY, a beautiful, but unfortunate young woman, of Connecticut, in New England.

She was the daughter of a reputable mechanic, ſoberly, and, as is the cuſtom of that town, religiouſly brought up; educated, according to her rank in life, in reading, writing and plain work, and what is of more conſequence, was taken home early from the day ſchool, to be inſtructed in the uſeful and domeſtic duties of life.

She had given early proofs of a maſculine underſtanding, and united with it, what is not often united, that female grace and captivating ſoftneſs of manners, "in "which the charm of woman prin-"cipally conſiſts."

It was her fate, or rather her misfortune, to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the ſon of one of the principal magiſtrates of the town.

An intimacy quickly followed, and few of my readers between eighteen and ſix and thirty need be told, how ſoon ſuch an intercourſe grows to a tender attachment, and takes a ſofter name.

They experienced the uſual difficulties of love, which are always increaſed by inequality of condition.

I will not deſcribe the irritated pride and ſelfiſh reſentment of *his* parents, or the tender anxieties of hers: anxieties, augmented by their diſcovering too late, that her affections were fixed on one, whoſe family would never conſent to their union, and whoſe character was too well known, and his paſſions too violent to render him at all ſcrupulous, as to the manner in which he gratified them.

The repeated injunctions and remonſtrances of their families, only ſerved to make the young people more diligent in procuring interviews, and to enhance the value of thoſe precious moments, when procured.

It is not my buſineſs to dwell on ſcenes paſſed over in rapture, but remembered with regret; which, to thoſe beſt acquainted with them, only prove, that men are falſe, and women credulous. She was thrown off her guard by his promiſing to marry her, and in a fatal, incautious moment, undone. Rejected by her relations, perfidiouſly forſaken by her betrayer, pregnant, without fame, and without a friend, the pains of child-birth were added to wretchedneſs and loſs of reputation;— "and hiſſing infamy proclaim'd "the reſt!"

As ſhe recovered, thoſe who had ſupported her became clamorous in their demands; and her perſonal beauty being unimpaired, ſhe attracted the looſe deſires of a neighbouring trader. It has been ſaid, that we are never ſo far from miſconduct, as when we ſtart at the ſhadow of indecorum: and ſurely the barriers of female modeſty cannot be too ſtrictly guarded: for the crouded capital, and the ſequeſtered village, alike ſhock us with numerous inſtances of the rapid progreſs from virgin innocence to undaunted turpitude.

This unhappy woman, ſo lately the darling of her family, doated on by a lover, who, had *ſhe* been *cruel*, ſtill would have been *kind*, looked

looked up to, and reſpected for virtue and good ſenſe by all her acquaintance, was now an outcaſt from ſociety, the ridicule and contempt of many with leſs virtue, but more prudence than herſelf; reduced by a ſtrange kind of baſe neceſſity to ſupport herſelf and a helpleſs infant by illicit practices, and to tread the odious and diſgusting [illegible] path of filthy infamy.

The glow of revolting virtue gradually forſook her cheek, and ſhe, who, a few months before, would have revolted at an indelicate alluſion, now entered the noiſome caves of proſtitution, without a bluſh.

But ſuch conduct was not at that time to be paſſed over without legal puniſhment, in New England, which has been called the Land of Saints, the Hot-houſe of Calviniſtic Puritaniſm.

In conſequence of this, and other natural children, ſhe ſeveral times ſuffered whipping, fine, and impriſonment.

On one of theſe occaſions, being brought before a court of juſtice, in order that ſentence might be pronounced againſt her, ſhe craved indulgence of the bench to ſpeak a few words, and ſurprized her hearers, by the following addreſs, which was taken down in ſhort hand by a perſon on the ſpot.

"I am a poor, unhappy woman, "who have no money to fee law-"yers to plead for me, and find it "very difficult to get a tolerable "livelihood.

"I ſhall not trouble your ho-"nours with long ſpeeches, for I "have not the preſumption to ex-"pect, that you will deviate from "the ſentence of the law in my "favour.

"All that I humbly hope is, "that your honours would chari-"tably move the governor in my "behalf to remit the fine.

"It is not, I confeſs, the firſt "time that I have been dragged "before this court on the ſame "account; I have paid heavy "fines; I have been brought to "public puniſhment.

"I do not deny that this is agree-"able to law; but, ſince ſome "laws are repealed, from their "being unreaſonable, and a pow-"er remains of ſomewhat diſ-"penſing with others, from their "bearing too hard on the ſub-"ject, I take the liberty to ſay, "that the act by which I am pu-"niſhed, is both unreaſonable, "and, in my caſe, particularly ſe-"vere.

"I have always led an inoffen-"ſive life in the neighbourhood "where I was born; and defy "my enemies (if I have any) to "ſay I ever wronged man, wo-"man, or child.

"I cannot conceive my offence "to be of ſo unpardonable a "nature as the law conſiders it.

"I have brought ſeveral fine "children into the world, at the "riſque of my life; I have main-"tained them by my own induſ-"try, without burthening the "townſhip; indeed, I ſhould have "done it better, but for the hea-"vy charges and fines I have "paid.

"Can it be a crime, in the na-"ture of things, to add to the num-"ber of His Majeſty's ſubjects, in a "new country, that really wants "peopling?

" peopling? I own, I ſhould think
" it a praiſe-worthy, rather than a
" puniſhable action.

" I have deprived no woman
" of her huſband; I have not de-
" bauched, or enticed, any appren-
" tice; nor can any parents ac-
" cuſe me of ſeducing their ſon.

" No one has any cauſe of
" complaint againſt me, but the
" miniſter and juſtice, who loſe
" their fees, in conſequence of
" my having children out of wed-
" lock.

" But I appeal to your honours,
" if this be a fault of mine. You
" have often been pleaſed to ſay,
" that I do not want ſenſe; but
" I muſt be wretchedly ſtupid, in-
" deed, not to prefer the honour-
" able ſtate of marriage, to that
" condition in which I have liv-
" ed.

" I always *was*, and ſtill *am*,
" willing to enter into it; and, I
" believe, moſt who know me are
" convinced, that I am not defici-
" ent in the duties and neceſſary
" qualifications for a wife, as well
" as a mother, ſobriety, induſtry,
" cleanlineſs, and frugality.

" I never refuſed an offer of
" that ſort: on the contrary, I
" readily conſented to the only
" propoſal of marriage that ever
" was made me.

" I was then a virgin; and con-
" fiding too readily in the ſince-
" rity of the perſon who made it,
" unhappily loſt my own honour,
" by truſting to his. After yield-
" ing to him all that woman *can*
" give, on my being pregnant, he
" ungeneroufly forſook me.

" He is well known to you all;
" and ſince that time is become
" a magiſtrate.

" Indeed, I was not without
" a hope, that he would this day
" have appeared on the bench, to
" try to moderate the court in my
" favour.

" I ſhould then have ſcorned to
" mention it; now I cannot but
" complain of harſh and unjuſt
" uſage; that my betrayer and
" undoer, the firſt cauſe of all my
" failings and faults, ſhould be
" advanced to honour and power
" by that government, which pu-
" niſhes *my* misfortunes with in-
" famy and ſtripes.

" But you will tell me what I
" have often been told, that were
" there no act of aſſembly in the
" caſe, the precepts of religion are
" violated by my trangreſſion.
" If mine then be a religious of-
" fence, leave it to a religious pu-
" niſhment.

" You have already excluded
" me from the church commu-
" nion!

" You believe I have offended
" Heaven, and ſhall ſuffer ever-
" laſting puniſhment!

" Why then will you encreaſe
" my miſery, by additional fines
" and whippings?

" I own that, on this ſubject, I
" do not think as you do.

" But your honours will, I
" hope, forgive me, if I ſpeak a
" little extravagantly.

" I am no divine;—but if gen-
" tlemen muſt be making laws,
" they ſhould not, by their pro-
" hibitions, turn natural and uſe-
" ful actions into crimes.

" It would rather become them,
" to take into conſideration the
" great and growing number of
" batchelors in this country, ma-
" ny of whom, from the mean

" fear

" fear of the expences of a fa-
" mily, never ſincerely and ho-
" nourably courted a woman in
" their lives.

" By their manner of living,
" they leave unproduced, (which
" is little better than murder)
" hundreds of their poſterity, to
" a thouſand generations.

" Is not this a greater offence
" againſt the public good than
" mine?

" Compel them, by law, either
" to marry, or to pay double the
" fine of fornication every year.

" What muſt poor young wo-
" men do? Cuſtom forbids *their*
" making overtures to men: *they*
" cannot, however heartily *they*
" may wiſh it, get married when
" they pleaſe.

" The laws take no care to pro-
" vide them huſbands, yet ſevere-
" ly puniſh them if they do their
" duty without them;—a duty in-
" culcated by the firſt and great
" command, *increaſe and multiply!*
" —a duty, from the ſteady per-
" formance of which, nothing has
" been able to deter me, tho' I
" have hazarded by it the loſs of
" public eſteem, and have fre-
" quently endured diſgrace and
" puniſhment."

Her judges, as well as all that were preſent, were moved by the affecting circumſtances of her caſe. She was diſcharged without puniſhment, and a handſome collection directly made for her in court.

The public became intereſted in her behalf; and her original ſeducer, either from compunction, or from the latent ſeeds of an affection, which had been ſuppreſſed, but never eradicated, married her ſhortly after.

Can we, or ought we, ſuddenly to quit a ſubject, which ſooner or later may come home to the boſoms of us all.

Which of us has not, or wiſhes not to have, (for I write only to thoſe, who have the paſſions and feelings of men)—which of us has not, or wiſhes not to have, a daughter, whom he tenderly loves; a wife, whom he doats on, and adores? What muſt be the feelings of a father, after rearing his darling through the dangers and diſeaſes of infancy, after teaching her " young ideas how to ſhoot," and viewing with delight the opening buds of corporal and mental beauty,—what muſt be his ſufferings, to have her inſidiouſly tempted, if not forced from his houſe, profaned by the laviſh heir, or the hoary villain; an object for the luſt or barbarity of midnight ruffians; a prey to contempt, penury, diſeaſe, hunger, and cold; ſhivering in the nauſeous abodes of vulgar obſcenity; blaſpheming in a watch-houſe, huddled in a priſon, and, laſtly, periſhing on a dunghill!

The good father, perhaps, will ſay, againſt theſe evils I have guarded.

I have inſtilled early into her mind the principles of revealed religion, the certainty of a particular, ſuperintending providence, of an almighty power, whoſe eye penetrates the inmoſt receſſes of the heart, which no artifice can evade, no darkneſs obſcure.

I have convinced her, that moments of pleaſure and ages of pain are the ſure conſequences of vice; and that to virtue, and virtue only, belong health and peace of mind.

In

In educating the ſubject of the preceding narrative, theſe precautions were by no means neglected,—but, alas! they were vain.

Her parents, dazzled by the proſpect of an advantageous connection, neglected *early* to ſtop an intercourſe, which they muſt very *early* have known could not end happily, from the averſion of the young man's family to the match.

The girl herſelf, probably ſuperior in underſtanding to the man who ſeduced her, and under the impulſe of irreſiſtible paſſion, fell a dupe to the unſuſpecting goodneſs of her own heart, and a reliance on the integrity of his.

What then remains to be done, ſince the careleſs and the giddy fall, and even the good, the prudent, and the highly-endowed, are vanquiſhed at laſt!

"Where, then, ſhall hope and fear their objects find?

"Muſt dull ſuſpence corrupt the ſtagnant mind?

"Muſt paſſion ceaſe? muſt no ſoft wiſhes riſe?"

To inſtruct mankind in the art of extirpating thoſe paſſions planted in our breaſts for the wiſeſt and moſt benevolent purpoſes, would be like teaching them to arreſt the circulation of the blood, or to ſtop the pulſations of the heart,—a wild and, if it could be accompliſhed, a thankleſs taſk.

The irrational ſtoic, *pretending* to be exempt from pain, pleaſure, and feeling; the wretch, transformed by grief and deſpair to a human ſtatue, are ſpecimens of what we ſhould produce.

Let us, therefore, act wiſer; for paſſions which we *may* obſtruct, but never can *ſtop*, for a torrent, to which we owe the moſt bliſsful moments of our life, let us provide proper channels, and legal gratification.

The grand impediments to happineſs, in the diſpoſal of our children, are avarice and pride. We forget that a love of pleaſure and a love of action are the two great principles implanted in our breaſts; and that proper food for the paſſions, and a fit opportunity for the rational exertion of the ſocial powers, are to be more attended to than external ſplendor, and ſuperfluous wealth.

Parents are too often attracted by the offers of young men of high rank and great fortune; if nothing impedes, and marriage takes place, all may be well: but it ſurely becomes a prudent father to examine and foreſee every probable obſtruction, and if it cannot be removed, *early* and *firmly* to put a ſtop to all intercourſe: love is a diſeaſe, which, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution: if he heſitates, if he ſuffers a mutual attachment to be formed, and marriage cannot take place, the peace of his family is deſtroyed, and his daughter is undone.

More women have fallen into the ſnares of illicit love, through the deluſive, vain hopes and intereſted connivance of parents, than by the arts of the vileſt pander, and moſt unprincipled debauchee.

I cannot conclude without particularly addreſſing myſelf to my female readers, on a point ſo highly intereſting to them, notwithſtanding the exhauſted patience of my reader, tells me, this article is already too

too far extended, but I *muſt* crave his indulgence, for a thrilling, a tender chord is touched, and every fibre of my frame vibrates in uniſon with it.

The heroine of our little narrative, after taſting the ſweets of rapture and the ſorrows of repentance, after ſubjecting herſelf to difficulty, diſgrace and puniſhment, was at laſt married to her original lover.

But I truſt that no woman of common ſenſe will be induced by this rare inſtance of tardy juſtice, to imitate *her* miſconduct.

" For, although a lover's vanity " is flattered by triumphing over " the virtue of his miſtreſs, and " ſhe thinks him bound to conſider " it as a proof of her attachment, " yet will he gradually ceaſe to va- " lue this diſtinction, when he re- " collects the uncertainty of what " determined her conduct, and " will at laſt believe that any other " man, with the ſame opportuni- " ties would have been equally " happy.

" The ſex may ſay what they " pleaſe, but if they fall, though " I would not defend the ſeducers, " I cannot think they have any " right to complain.

" Their educations ought to " guard them againſt our arts; they " know the conſequence of yielding " without certain terms.

" They are told from their in- " fancy, that virtue is the neceſſary " characteriſtic of the ſex, and if " they loſe that, they forfeit all " that renders them valuable.

" If, in ſpite of precept and ex- " ample, they will ſtray from the " narrow path, can they wonder " if we deſpiſe them?"

" A truly virtuous woman is ſu- " perior to all temptations, ſhe " who falls, in reality never had " any virtue to loſe, conſequently " is not robbed of any, but is only " unmaſked, and ſhown to the " world in her proper colours.

" Nor in this reſpect are wo- " men to be ſo eaſily excuſed as the " other ſex, for men, from a de- " praved licentiouſneſs of the times, " err with impunity; but vicious, " abandoned and fooliſh muſt that " woman be, who purchaſes the " ſhort-lived pleaſure of a tran- " ſient gratification, at the expence " of fortune, fame, friends, the " countenance of her own ſex, and " the eſteem of ours.

" Nothing can excuſe her fall, " neither force, ſtratagem, or ſur- " prize; for

" He comes too near, who comes " to be deny'd:

" And ſhe ought *never* to be off " her guard.

" To preſerve her honour is the " principal buſineſs of her life; her " intereſt and happineſs depend on " it; and ſhe knows that, by a ſpi- " rited noble reſiſtance, ſhe ſhall " convert her admirer into an ho- " nourable lover, or get rid of a " wretch, unworthy of her attach- " ment.

" In ſhort, with every advan- " tage on the ſide of virtue, no " woman of ſenſe or diſcretion can " deliberate an inſtant."

Though the writer from whom I have made this extract is too ſevere in many of his ſtrictures on women, and gives an unjuſtifiable latitude to the efforts of ſeduction; yet he places the conduct of the frail fair one, in ſo ſtriking and ſo mortifying a point of view, that I

think it cannot be held up to the ſex, or repeated too often. When they perceive how low, how very low they are eſteemed in the opinion of their deſtroyers, I ſhould hope that pride as well as principle would induce them to double their caution and reſolution in expelling theſe perfidious enemies of their peace.

But there is another unhappy claſs of females, whom literary inſtruction cannot reach, whom a ſenſe of honour will not influence; I know not whether to pity or blame them.

Surrounded by luxuries and pleaſures, which they cannot taſte but at the expence of guilt, and without ſufficient motives, either religious or moral, to ſtrengthen their minds, they ruſh at the enticing voices of indolence, vanity and diſſipation, into the ſplendid receſſes of infamy.

Procuring (at what they think a cheap rate) more in the brothel, than they could honeſtly get in the world, a luxurious life without labour, finery, and public amuſements; they prevent all trouble of ſeduction, and anticipate the purpoſe of the pander. Through the convenient medium of a procureſs, they proſtrate themſelves as voluntary victims in the unhallowed temples of profligacy, drunkenneſs and looſe deſire.

From ſtage coaches or from waggons, from duſt carts, wheelbarrows, and from ſtalls, from ſhops, from kitchens, and from ſculleries, they at intervals deluge the town, infeſt our ſtreets, and interrupt our public amuſements. With no one attraction to render them tolerable, but to the inelegant groſſneſs of carnal appetite, they diſplay brawny arms, coarſe features and vulgar manners in their daily rounds of St. James's-ſtreet, Bond-ſtreet, Piccadilly, and the Park; ſtupidly gay, inſignificant, glittering and tawdry.

Lounging at night in the boxes, or as lately happened to a noble dutcheſs, joſtling and inſulting in the lobby thoſe, whom but a few weeks before, they ſerved in the vileſt menial offices.

After fluttering a ſhort time, if they can eſcape the hoſpital or the priſon, they ſicken the town, and ſink into their original obſcurity, ſatisfied that they have had their day, and that the ſervile condition to which they return, will afford them retirement, food and raiment.

But to women who have moved in other ſpheres of life, with delicate forms, refined pleaſures and elegant habits, whoſe enlightened underſtandings, and cultivated minds, have not been ſufficient to guard them againſt the infatuating obliquities of vice, deſertion and degradation, are equally certain, but far more dreadful, "they cannot dig, to beg they are aſhamed;" for ſorrows like theirs I ſee no reſource, but death, no refuge but the grave; far preferable to the ſhocking ſolicitations, the vile companions and humiliating treatment of a proſtitute.

In amorous intrigue, the conduct of the late Mr. Beckford, who ſpoke truth at court, and was not awed by the frowns of a king, ought not to loſe *its degree* of praiſe.

He indulged himſelf (it muſt be confeſſed) he indulged himſelf with an

an unbounded and culpable latitude; but, as a diminution of the general maſs of public happineſs, is *one* of the *many* evils of unlawful love; he did not add miſery and deſertion to his crime.

It was a rule from which he never deviated, to make an ample proviſion for his natural children, as well as their mother.

It would be ſome alleviation of female calamity, if all who inherited the ſtrong paſſions, and the love of variety of Beckford, poſſeſſed equal inclination and ability to imitate his generoſity.

I ſhould then find ſome little excuſe for a noble lord, who uſed to profeſs, without diſguiſe, that the daughters of parſons, young and tender, were the enviable objects of his earneſt, and too often his ſucceſsful criminal purſuits.

The impotent imbecility of his age and infirmities, would excite in a leſs degree our anger and contempt, if he would make ſome *little* proviſion for theſe unhappy *children*, whom he has rendered unable to get an honeſt ſubſiſtence, inſtead of caſting out helpleſs *infants* on the town, diſhonoured, deſtitute, and unhappy.

I believe I have exhauſted all that I had to ſay on this topic, and that I have fatigued my reader.—I therefore cloſe it, by repeating, on the ſubject of ſeduction, becauſe till this inſtant I did not recollect it, what a gentleman told me, whom, in the article allotted to Pope, I have called Lorenzo, and which ought to have been included in that article.

"In all my warfare with wo-
"men (ſaid this perſon) I never
"conſidered myſelf as juſtified ei-
"ther to uſe violent force, intoxi-
"cating drugs, or to delude them
"by promiſing marriage, or by a
"mock repreſentation of the cere-
"mony.

"It is a ſerious affair, and not
"to be trifled with; nor is it a
"fair proceeding.—If I could
"work on their vanity, their paſ-
"ſions, their hopes, and their
"fears, it was fair fighting on
"equal ground; but having re-
"courſe to the modes above men-
"tioned, is like fighting with in-
"fected weapons, or poiſoning the
"wells and ſprings of a garriſon
"or country, and contrary to the
"laws of war."

BADCOCK, SAMUEL, a learned divine, and ingenious critic of South Molton in Devonſhire, who, after much literary labour, for the honour and emolument of others, and after wielding with ſucceſs the ſword of controverſy, died of a conſumption, early in life.

His attack on the Thelypthora was maſterly, and his triumph compleat.

His animadverſions on the works of Dr Prieſtley evince a more than critical ſeverity, which aroſe from a perſonal enmity ſubſiſting between them.

The intimacy and confidence which religious characters ſo often obtain, and too frequently abuſe, had introduced Mr. Badcock into a friend's houſe, where that paſſion, whoſe effects we lament, but whoſe omnipotence we all ſubmit to, urged the young noviciate, keen with abſtinence, and unbroken by debauchery, to unhallowed paſtimes.

At a ſubſequent ordination, Dr. Prieſtley mentioned this circum-

ſtance as an objection to his entering on the miniſtry.

But this youthful indiſcretion, this weakneſs of human nature, was forgotten, in conſideration of the zeal and ſuperior abilities of the candidate;——the correctneſs of his future life juſtified the meaſure. But Badcock did not ſoon forget the injury; and the eagerneſs of revenge evidently pervades his critical page; it animates, and incites, but it never miſleads him. The profuſe, the unceaſing fertility of Dr. Prieſtley's pen expoſed him ſo often, and particularly in his Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity, to the laſh of criticiſm, that Badcock, who, in eccleſiaſtical learning, and in Greek erudition, was confeſſedly his ſuperior, had an opportunity for gratifying his reſentment and diſplaying his learning; yet at the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed, he has acted with ſtrict juſtice towards the candid unitarian doctor.

The paper war, which took place in conſequence of a promiſſory note, found among Mr. Badcock's papers, in which, I confeſs, I ſee nothing to blame in Dr. Gabriel's conduct, brings to my mind a line or two in ſome ſatirical dogrells, which I remember were handed about, at the time the profeſſor preached the Bampton Lectures; they prove, that the opinion of Dr. White's being aſſiſted by the Devonſhire critic, was by no means a new one:

" And Badcock inclin'd to our
" church pater noſter,
" Proves that White is, himſelf,
" an Arabian impoſtor."

Dr. White appears to be a man of genius and learning without application, but not without a prudent regard for the meum and tuum in money matters, tho' he has been otherwiſe deſcribed.

Mr. Badcock, added to the moſt brilliant, natural, and acquired endowments, intellectual energy, and unremitting induſtry, and tho' he latterly joined the eſtabliſhment, remained (bluſh, ye lights of the church!) without proviſion, in a country where unlettered dullneſs ſlumbers in prebendal ſtalls, or fattens on pluralities, and where thoſe rewards which were deſigned to requite excellence, and raiſe depreſſed merit, are laviſhed on the ideots of nobility, or the miniſterial tools of parliamentary corruption.

BARNARD, WILLIAM, the ſon of a Surveyor or Builder in Weſtminſter, of good character, and apparently eaſy in his circumſtances.

Nothing occurred in the life of this perſon, ſufficiently intereſting or peculiar, to entitle him to a place in this collection, till he was accuſed of a crime, ſingular, from the mode in which it was executed, and remarkable, becauſe there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to riſque his reputation, and life, in ſo raſh and unjuſtifiable an enterprize.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door of the office of Ordnance, directed in a hand, imitating print, to his grace the duke of Marlborough, who at that time, was maſter general. The duke was ſurpriſed at reading the following contents.

My

My Lord, Nov. 28.

" As ceremony is an idle thing " upon moſt occaſions, more eſpe- " cially to perſons in my ſtate of " mind, I ſhall proceed immedi- " ately to acquaint you with the " motive, and end of addreſſing " this epiſtle to you, which is " equally intereſting to us both.

" You are to know then, my " preſent ſituation in life is ſuch, " that I ſhould prefer annihilation " to a continuance in it: deſperate " diſeaſes require deſperate reme- " dies, and you are the man I have " pitched upon either to make *me*, " or to unmake yourſelf.

" As I never had the honor to " live among the great, the tenor " of my propoſals will not be very " courtly; but let that be an ar- " gument to enforce the belief of " what I am now going to write.

" It has employed my inven- " tion for ſome time, to find " out a method to deſtroy another, " without expoſing my own life; " *that* I have accompliſhed, and " defy the law.

" Now for the application of it, " I am deſperate and *muſt* be pro- " vided for: you have it in your " *power*, it is my buſineſs to make " it your *inclination* to ſerve me; " which you muſt determine to " comply with, by procuring me " a genteel ſupport for my life, or " your own will be at a period " before this ſeſſion of parliament " is over.

" I have more motives than one, " for ſingling you out firſt, upon " this occaſion; and I give you " this fair warning, becauſe the " means I ſhall make uſe of are " too fatal to be eluded by the " power of phyſic.

" If you think this of any con- " ſequence, you will not fail to " meet the author, on Sunday next " at ten in the morning, or on " Monday (if the weather ſhould " be rainy on Sunday) near the " firſt tree beyond the ſtile in Hyde " Park, in the foot walk to Kenſing- " ton: ſecrecy and compliance may " preſerve you from a double dan- " ger of this ſort; as there is a cer- " tain part of the world, where " your death has more than been " wiſhed for, on other motives.

" I know the world too well, to " truſt this ſecret in any breaſt but " my own. A few days determine " me your friend or enemy.

FELTON.

" You will apprehend that I " mean you ſhould be alone; and " depend upon it that a diſcovery " of any artifice in this affair will " be fatal to you: my ſafety is en- " ſured by my ſilence; for confeſ- " ſion only can condemn me."

The duke went to the ſpot at the time appointed, having previouſly deſired a friend to obſerve at a diſtance what paſſed.

He waited near half an hour, and ſeeing no one he could ſuſpect to be the perſon, turned his horſe and rode towards Piccadilly, but after proceeding a few paces, he looked back and ſaw a man leaning over a bridge, which is within twenty yards of the tree mentioned in the letter: he then rode gently towards the perſon, and paſſed him once or twice, expecting that he would ſpeak, but as he ſtill remained ſilent: his grace bowed and aſked if he had not ſomething to ſay to him, but he anſwered " No, I don't know you:" the duke after telling him who he was, ſaid " Now you " know

" know who I am, I imagine you " have ſomething to ſay to me."

On the ſtranger's replying " I " have not;" his grace directly rode out of the park.

A few days after, a ſecond letter, to the following purport was ſent to the duke: in the ſame hand-writing, and conveyed under the door, as the former one.

" My Lord,

" You receive this as an ac- " knowledgment of your punctu- " ality, as to the time, and place " of meeting on Sunday laſt, " though it was owing to *you* that " it anſwered no purpoſe.

" The pageantry of being arm- " ed, and the enſign of your order " were uſeleſs, and too conſpi- " cuous: you needed no atten- " dant; the place was not calcu- " lated for miſchief, nor was any " intended.

" If you walk in the weſt aiſle " of Weſtminſter Abbey, toward " eleven o'clock on Sunday next, " your ſagacity will point out the " perſon, whom you will addreſs " by aſking his company to take " a turn or two with you.

" You will not fail, on enquiry, " to be acquainted with the name " and place of abode, according " to which directions, you will " pleaſe to ſend two or three hun- " dred pound bank notes the next " day by the penny poſt.

" Exert not your curioſity too " early: it is in your power to " make me grateful on certain " terms.

" I have friends who are faith- " ful, but they do not bark before " they bite.

I am, &c.

F.

The duke had repaired to Hyde Park, no otherwiſe dreſſed than perſons of quality generally are; the only part of the inſignia of the order of the garter, being the ſtar by his ſide, and the piſtol holſters before him, are the common horſe furniture of a military officer, high in command.

He was naturally alarmed on receiving the ſecond letter, and conſulted his friends; when, after ſending for the late Sir John Fielding, it was determined, that his grace ſhould go to Weſtminſter Abbey; two or three conſtables being ordered to attend in ſight, as if walking to ſee the monuments, and directed to take up any ſuſpected perſon, on the duke's making a ſignal.

He had not been in the Abbey more than five minutes, when the perſon he had before ſpoken to in Hyde Park came in, accompanied with a good-looking, decent man, and they both walked towards the choir, and then parted. The perſon, whom the duke had before ſeen, (and who afterwards proved to be Mr. William Barnard) loitered about looking at the inſcriptions, and occaſionally fixing his eyes on his grace, who ſtood for a few minutes pretty near him, to ſee if he would ſpeak firſt; but this not being the caſe, he at laſt ſaid to Mr. Barnard, " Have you any thing to ſay to " me, Sir?" to which he replied, " No, my lord, I have not." " Sure you have," replied the duke;—but he ſtill ſaid, " No, my lord."

Mr. Barnard then walked up and down one ſide of the aiſle, and his grace on the other, for ſix or ſeven minutes, without any converſation

verſation paſſing between them; when the duke of Marlborough quitted the Abbey, at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at the time; only, it was obſerved, by one of the perſons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himſelf behind one of the pillars, as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The duke, with a laudable caution, which does him credit, was ſtill unwilling to have him ſecured, leaſt he might injure an innocent man.

A third letter was, however, received a few days after; which, on comparing the directions, was evidently the production of the ſame perſon, who had written the firſt. It was as follows:

" My Lord,

" I am fully convinced you had " a companion on Sunday. I in- " terpret it, as owing to the weak- " neſs of human nature; but ſuch " proceeding is far from being in- " genuous, and may produce bad " effects; whilſt it is impoſſible " to anſwer the end propoſed. You " will ſee me again ſoon, as it " were by accident, and may ea- " ſily find where I go to. In conſe- " quence of which, by being ſent " to, I ſhall wait on your grace, " but expect to be quite alone, " and to converſe in whiſpers.

" You will likewiſe give your " honour, upon meeting, that no " part of the converſation ſhall " tranſpire.

" Theſe, and the former terms " complied with, inſure your ſafe- " ty: my revenge, in caſe of non- " compliance, or any ſcheme to " expoſe me, will be ſlower, " but not leſs ſure; and ſtrong " ſuſpicion, the utmoſt that can " poſſibly enſue upon it; while " the chances would be ten-fold " againſt you.

" You will poſſibly be in doubt, " after the meeting; but it is quite " neceſſary, the outſide ſhould be " a maſk to the in.

" The family of the Bloods is " not extinct, tho' they are not " in my ſcheme."

It was more than two months before the duke heard any thing further from this extraordinary correſpondent; when he was ſurprized, by receiving the underwritten letter by the penny-poſt, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print, as the others were.

To his Grace, the Duke of Marlborough.

" May it pleaſe your Grace,

" I have reaſon to believe, that " the ſon of one Barnard, a ſur- " veyor, in Abingdon Buildings, " Weſtminſter, is acquainted with " ſome ſecrets, that nearly con- " cern your ſafety: his father is " now out of town, which will " give you an opportunity of queſ- " tioning him more privately.

" It would be uſeleſs to your " grace, as well as dangerous to " me to appear more publicly in " this affair."

" Your ſincere friend,

" Anonymous.

" He frequently goes to Sto- " rey's Gate Coffee-houſe."

In the courſe of a week, a meſſenger was ſent to the Coffee-houſe, who met Mr. Barnard there.

He appeared much ſurprized, when told that the duke of Marlborough wiſhed to ſpeak with him, and ſaid, " It is very odd! " for the duke addreſſed himſelf

" to

"to me, ſome time ago, in Hyde "Park, tho' I never ſaw him be- "fore in my life!" a day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough-houſe.

As ſoon as he made his appearance, the duke immediately recognized the face of the ſame perſon, whom he had before ſeen in Hyde Park, and at Weſtminſter Abbey.

On aſking him as before, "If "he had any thing to ſay," he replied, "I have nothing to "ſay."

The ſeveral letters and circumſtances were then recapitulated by his grace, particularly the laſt, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing ſomething, that nearly concerned his ſafety. To theſe points, he only anſwered, "I know nothing of the matter."

The duke then obſerved, that the writer of the letters in queſtion, appeared from them to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he ſhould be guilty of ſo mean an action.—"*It is poſſible to be very poor* "*and very learned*," was his remarkable anſwer.

On the duke's ſaying, there muſt be ſomething very odd in the man, Barnard anſwered, "I "imagine he muſt be mad."

"He ſeems ſurprized, that I "ſhould have piſtols," continued his grace: to which he made anſwer, "I *was* ſurprized to ſee your "grace with piſtols, and your ſtar "on." "Why were you ſurprized at that?" ſaid the duke. "It was ſo cold a day, I won- "dered you had not a great coat "on," was his reply, after a little heſitation.

On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd, "my father *was* then out of "town."—This laſt circumſtance ſtruck the duke more particularly, as the letter had no date.

Before they parted, his grace concluded, with ſaying, "If you "are innocent, it becomes *you*, "much more than *me*, to find out "the author of theſe letters, as it "is an attempt to blaſt your "character." Barnard then ſmil'd, and took his leave.

On the ſtrength of theſe circumſtances, it was ſoon after thought proper to take him into cuſtody.

He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Seſſions Houſe, in the Old Baily, in May, 1758, and, after a long and patient inveſtigation of the circumſtances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the duke of Marlborough, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, at laſt acquitted.

It appeared, in favour of the priſoner, corroborated by reſpectable evidence, that, on the day he met the duke in Hyde Park, he had been ſent by his father on buſineſs to Kenſington,

As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a perſon of credit, who, as is before obſerved, was ſeen with him there, proved, that, contrary to Mr. Barnard's wiſh, he had, with ſome difficulty, perſuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings, to the Park, that morning; that they were

were going thither, without paſsing through the Abbey; but Greenwood, recollecting a new monument he had not ſeen, inſiſted on going that way.

Many perſons of fortune and reputation appeared; ſome of whom had dined with him, at Kenſington, on the day above mentioned. Theſe, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard ſpeak with wonder, of having twice met the duke of Marlborough, and the circumſtance of his grace ſpeaking to nim, being very ſingular.

They all united in the moſt ample teſtimonies of his regularity, ſobriety, and pecuniary credit, he being in the habit of daily receiving many hundred pounds.

The ſingularity of this affair will, I truſt, excuſe me to my readers for relating it; add to this, that a very important deduction is to be drawn from it.

Whilſt we are in the enjoyment of that invaluable privilege, a trial by jury, we ought to recollect, that, as jury-men, we are to eſtimate a man's innocence, or guilt, by poſitive evidence only, as the oath of a jury-man expreſſes.

Circumſtantial teſtimony *alone*, tho' of the ſtrongeſt kind, ought not to weigh with us in caſes of life and death.

In the preſent inſtance, I confeſs myſelf unable to decide, whether Mr. Barnard was guilty or not; but this I know, that the jury, in either caſe, with ſuch evidence as was produced, acted, and gave their verdict, according to the ſpirit of the Engliſh laws.

Serjeant Davy, whom, perhaps, many of my readers may remember, as a limb of the law, famous for browbeating witneſſes, was one of the counſel for the proſecution; but, it was obſerved, did not, on this occaſion, exerciſe this happy talent as uſual: the fact is, the duke of Marlborough had given him ſtrict and repeated injunctions to abſtain from theſe ingenious efforts to produce perjury, as it was only truth and juſtice he wiſhed for.

The ſerjeant evinced, on this trial, much ability and acuteneſs; but, on moſt other occaſions, could not help continually trying to puzzle and miſlead witneſſes.

He had been originally a druggiſt; (I think, at Exeter,) but, failing, a ſtatute of bankruptcy was had recourſe to, and the perplexed ſtate of his affairs requiring ſome legal dexterity to unravel their intricacies, by his own perſonal inveſtigation and ſtudy, he procured ſuch a ready inſight, diſcovered ſo much genius and reliſh for the law, and its miſteries, that he was ſoon after admitted to the bar.

At an aſſize, in the Weſt of England, he had an occaſion to examine an old woman, in a cauſe, where her memory and faculties of recollection were highly ſerviceable to her friend, but told very much againſt the ſerjeant's client.—The cauſe was going againſt him, and he was nettled.

"I can remember," ſaid the old woman——

"Remember!" interrupted Davy: "why, I ſuppoſe you remem-
"ber every thing for, and no-
"thing

" thing againſt, a friend, who pays " you ſo generouſly."

" I have no reaſon to complain " of my memory, for I can re- " member, though it is (God help " me,) two and twenty years ago, " that you yourſelf were a broken " druggiſt at Exeter" was the matron's ſarcaſtic anſwer.

The ſerjeant ſat down immediately, ſilent and chop-fallen.

The utility and ſometimes the neceſſity of ſifting doubtful or contradictory evidence, and of croſs-examining artful or prejudiced witneſſes cannot be denied, but the proper and effectual mode of performing this buſineſs, and adapting it to the kind of perſon he has to deal with, lies within the compaſs of a man of moderate abilities, who is ſlightly acquainted with the human character: in moſt inſtances, it may be conducted without violating the feelings of a gentleman, terrifying the timid, confuſing the modeſt, or confounding the ignorant: for my own part, ſhould it ever be my fate to fall into the hands of certain notorious adepts in the art of miſleading the unwary, whom I or my readers eaſily could name, a regard for law and juſtice, or my ſubmiſſion to the cuſtom of a court, might induce me to ſubmit to the indignity for a moment, but the firſt time I met my crowing lawyer ſtrutting beyond his own dunghill, I would beſtow on him the diſcipline of my cane: on men who think themſelves allowed to take every unfair advantage of circumſtance and ſituation, to cajole us into ridicule or perjury, by duplicity and falſe reaſoning, I would employ as forcibly as my arm admitted, the argumentum baculinum, or rhetoric of a cudgel.

BECKFORD, Alderman, his humanity in intrigue mentioned. See page 26.

BROWN, the firſt propagator of a religious ſect of ſeparatiſts or levellers, called from their leader, Browniſts.

In his treatiſe of reformation, printed at Middleburgh in the ſixteenth century, not ill written, but breathing an exaſperated ſpirit, the natural conſequence of perſecution, he proves, or endeavours to prove, what I believe is the opinion of many diſintereſted men, that all church government is anti-chriſtian, that the rites of the Church of England are ſuperſtitious, and its Liturgy a mixture of popery and paganiſm.

I cannot help thinking that Dr. Middleton (who wanted help as little as moſt men) had this book of Brown's at his elbow, when he was writing his famous letter from Rome; for that formidable antagoniſt of the hierarchy, frequently treads in the ſame path, and occaſionally uſes the ſame arguments.

Brown ſhared the fate of many reformers: he died at the age of eighty, in a priſon at Northampton, where he had paſſed many years of his life.

" I have endured the buffettings " of Satan, I have ſerved God, I " have deſpiſed Mammon; two " and thirty times have my ene- " mies confined me in a dungeon;" was his dying boaſt, in the conſcious pride of perſecuted zeal, a pride happily not encouraged by the good ſenſe, or indifference of the preſent age.

His

His numerous enemies record with pleaſure ſome blemiſhes in his character, and deſcribe him as an idle man of diſſolute manners; but does the world afford more than one inſtance of a corrector of abuſes which affected the intereſts of many, in whom the microſcopic eye of an adverſary could not diſcover a ſpot?

They who had been the cauſe of his ſpending half his life in a jail, had little right to accuſe him of idleneſs; and it is highly improbable, that one who ſtood boldly forth as an arraigner of the lives and doctrines of others, ſhould continue in an open and groſs violation of the moral duties himſelf.

However numerous his errors, his intentions appear to have been good; he certainly was of a bold temper, conſidering the times in which he lived; and a diſpoſition naturally unaccommodating was rendered turbulent, and perhaps malignant, by the ſeverity of perſecution.

I was induced to give Brown an article in this collection, by accidentally meeting with the following curious paſſage in Howell's *familiar* letters.

"Difference in opinion may "work a diſaffection in me, but "not a deteſtation; I rather "pity than hate Turk and Infidel, "for they are of the ſame metal, "and bear the ſame ſtamp as I do, "though the inſcriptions differ:— "if I *hate* any, it is thoſe ſchis- "matics that puzzle the ſweet peace "of our church; ſo that I could "be content to ſee an Anabaptiſt "go to hell, on the back of a "Browniſt."

BRUCE, JAMES, a North Briton, an Abyſſinian traveller, and an explorer of the ſources of the Nile; a ſubject, which ſome ill-natured critics ſtill think, he has left inveloped in doubt and obſcurity, notwithſtanding the depth of his learning, the ardor of his curioſity, his patient diligence, and heroic ſufferings.

Mr. Bruce appears to have neglected, or perhaps to have deſpiſed, a maxim, which travellers will find it their intereſt, as well as pleaſure, ever to bear in mind; not to betray a fondneſs for preſenting to the public eye, marvellous facts, and aſtoniſhing anecdotes, however founded on truth, when no other evidence can poſſibly be produced in ſupport of them, than the bare aſſertion of the relater.

I ſee nothing impoſſible in perſons regaling themſelves on the fleſh of lions; and, after a pauſe of recollection, I might probably be prevailed on to believe, that brutes in the ſhape of men exiſted, who enjoyed the cruel luxury of carving quivering muſcles from the back of the living ox; but conſcious of the ungovernable and ſtubborn nature of faith, and aware of the ſuſpicion attached to ſolitary evidence, I ſhould have been cautious how I ſcattered miraculous narratives in the body of a work, that would probably excite attention, and in which a country ſeldom ſeen was deſcribed:—ſuch errors, are trifling and venial; but Mr. Bruce's book inherits, in common with other human productions, original ſin; it is bulky, unreaſonably bulky and

and diffuſe, dull, tediouſly copious, and unintereſting: with good materials, a fund of learning, and a country before him, calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to irritate, as well as ſatisfy curioſity; our author, unbleſt with taſte, and the graces of good writing, has produced a compoſition, which drains our pocket without enriching our memories, and fatigues the few who have had ſufficient reſolution to wade through his extracts from duſty volumes, fabulous hiſtory, and cobweb ſyſtem; a fault, from which that ingenious, and well-informed traveller, Cox, is not wholly exempt; few purchaſers of his amuſing and inſtructive travels into Ruſſia, expected to have their volumes ſwelled in ſize, as well as price, with ſtale northern chronicles, uniformly checquered with court intrigue, bloody cabal, and female perfidy.

The defects of Mr. Bruce, cannot be placed in a ſtronger light, or be more uſefully applied, than by comparing the fate of his maſſy volumes, with the fortune of a ſuperficial traveller, who galloped ſome years ſince over the beaten tract of Italy, Sicily, and Malta, ſubjects long ago threadbare and exhauſted, yet with ſcanty materials, little learning, and bad information, the writer having contrived to touch his pages with the magic rod of genius and taſte, they were univerſally read, and afforded general ſatisfaction.

In peruſing Mr. Bruce, I have often been ſtruck with a reſemblance of the controverſial acrimony of Warburton, and have been told, that excepting our Abyſſinian's vaſt corpulency, their features are not very different; I ſee in both the ſame unconquerable pride of learning, a ſimilar, domineering, jealous ſpirit, and a fretful impatience of rebuke: If I were diſpoſed to continue the analogy, I might ſay, that while the biſhop was diffuſing a cloud of unread learning, and elaborate obſcurity, around the ſcourge of Egypt, our traveller was conducting his reader, by a tedious, unpleaſant, and unprofitable journey, along the muddy banks of the Nile.

This article ought not to conclude, without ſeverely cenſuring Mr. Bruce's frequent references to the king's collection for plates and views; ſtrange! that a dull and inſipid work, whoſe chief, and indeed only recommendations, are accurate drawings, and curious ſpecimens in natural hiſtory, ſhould be deprived by its patron, of the moſt neceſſary embelliſhments, for the ſelfiſh purpoſe of ſwelling a collection, whoſe exhibition muſt neceſſarily be narrow and circumſcribed: a mode of acting, highly injurious to the cauſe of ſcience and public improvement, ſince "the port-folio of the "rapacious collector, is too often "as inacceſſible, as the cheſt of "the miſer."

BURKE, EDMUND, an orator, poſſeſſing, in a very high degree, genius, taſte, and imagination; and (if all his productions were acknowledged) a voluminous writer; exhibiting at ſixty, the ſtrong feelings, intellectual fire, and lively rhetorical flouriſh of eighteen, but poſſeſſing at the ſame time, their uſual concomitant defects; ungovernable

able violence of paſſion, puerile prejudice, and ſuperficial judgment, with a ſtrong juvenile tendency to diffuſeneſs, rant, fuſtian, and bombaſt: in ſupport of this mixture of praiſe and cenſure, I refer my readers to almoſt every page of his Reflections on the French Revolution, and his vindication of his principles as a whig.

He poſſeſſes the faculty, beyond any writer I am acquainted with, of diſguiſing his ſtile and manner of writing, which is by nature claſſically pure, correct, nervous, and chaſte: I could produce a work of Mr. Burke's, which in every reſpect anſwers this deſcription, and will probably be handed down to after-times, as a pattern of literary perfection; from the ſame ſhelf, I could heave down a maſſy, unaccountable, party-coloured compoſition, compounded from gazettes, newſpapers, and magazines, where inelegant ſlovenly ſcribbling, unintelligible paragraphs, falſe grammar, and verbal arrangement, affectedly vicious, tarniſh every page.

A native of Ireland, and educated at St. Omer's, he was deſigned for the law, but the late excellent marquis of Rockingham becoming accidentally acquainted with his merit, warmly patronized it, enabled him to purchaſe the eſtate and ſuperb manſion of Beaconsfield, and our ſucceſsful adventurer, was a powerful aſſociate in the parliamentary ſquadron, which oppoſed, on whig principles, the adminiſtration of lord North: never did an individual bring into the ſenate, a mind more richly ſtored with the treaſures of antient and modern learning, or a heart more feelingly alive to the ſoft calls of refined humanity, and that univerſal philanthropy, which teaches us to conſider the world as a family, and every man as our brother.

The friend of toleration, and the enemy to every ſpecies of civil and religious oppreſſion; it redounds to his credit that he loſt the favor of the citizens of Briſtol, a city inſenſible to every liberal impulſe but commercial avarice, which intent on pounds, ſhillings, and pence, ſtarved poor Savage, and rejected Burke.

But it has been the misfortune of our orator, while his imagination was running riot after the *ſublime* and *beautiful*, to neglect or deſpiſe the uſeful and expedient.

" He, full of his argument, goes
" on refining,
" And thinks of convincing,
" while they think of dining.

" The character of lord Rock-
" ingham," (ſays an able writer)
" was debility, ſo is that of Mr.
" Burke, he poſſeſſes genius, but
" he wants judgment; he cannot
" watch the paſſions, or accommo-
" date himſelf to the temper of
" his hearers. He renders poli-
" tics a ſyſtem of metaphyſics; he
" never ſtrikes boldly at his ad-
" verſary; we admire, but are
" not convinced: trifling ſome-
" times, and ſometimes diffuſive.
" Ludit amabiliter"
" is his motto, and when we expect
" him in all his dignity, on the
" front of the theatre, we find him
" at play behind the ſcenes. He
" often debaſes the nobleſt
" thoughts, by the coarſeſt allu-
" ſions, and mingles vulgar idiom,
with

" with the moſt delicate graces of " expreſſion."

Mr. Burke's bill for ſecuring the independance of parliament, and for the reformation of the civil liſt, and other eſtabliſhments, is a ſtrong preſumptive evidence in favor of the diſintereſted views of him and his ſupporters.

I believe it is acknowledged by all, that this œconomical ſtep, which was laying the axe to the root of corrupt ſervile dependance, prevented the Rockingham adminiſtration from being firmly fixed, and ultimately enabled the enemy to circumvent and rout them.

After mentioning ſeveral placemen which perform real ſervice, and many which perform none, after entering into his plan for conſolidating duties, and diminiſhing expence; touching on the dutchy of Lancaſter, and a long train of eſtabliſhments, complicated, uſeleſs, expenſive, and unproductive; he laments the chief, and indeed the only purpoſes they anſwer, thoſe of corrupt influence, " an influence, " which loads us more than mil- " lions, takes away vigour from our " arms, wiſdom from our coun- " cils, and credit from our " conſtitution."

He confeſſes that his plan carries with it a parſimonious ſpirit, bordering on unkindneſs, that he riſques odium, if he ſucceeds, and contempt if he fails.

He ſeems earneſtly to inſiſt, on a truiſm, which kings, as well as miniſters would do well to conſider, " that our reſources, however " great, are not likely to be in- " creaſed by prodigality and waſte."

Speaking of the patriotic views, and domeſtic retrenchments of the French king, he ſays, the miniſter who does theſe things is a great man, but the king who deſires they ſhould be done, is a greater.

The diſturbances which took place in Wales, on the appointment of a Mr. Probart, to improve the crown rents of that principality are happily deſcribed, and picturesque.

" He went, ſays Mr. Burke, " like his maſters on other occa- " ſions to ſeek revenue, and like " them he found rebellion; he " was no ſooner arrived in Wales, " than all were in arms to meet " him, tumult, alarm, and uproar " were heard through the region " of Preſtatyn, Snowdon ſhook " to its baſe, and Cader Edris was " looſened from its foundation.

" The fury of diſcord blew her " horn on the mountains, the " rocks poured down their goat- " herds, and the deep caverns vo- " mited out their miners, every thing " above ground, and every thing " under ground was convulſed.

" Thus an attempt to improve " revenue produced reſiſtance, " which was followed by ſubmiſ- " ſion, and the whole ends in pen- " ſion."

Mr. Burke dwells pointedly on the impediments laid in the way of reform, by members of parliament enjoying places in the royal houſehold.

The humourous deſcription of lord Talbot's diſpute in the kitchen, and the difficulties his lordſhip met with in his œconomic plan—*becauſe the king's turnſpit was a member of parliament*, ſet the whole houſe in a roar of laughter: but the deductions to be drawn from

from theſe evils are ſeriouſly felt, and after ſo much has been ſaid by declaimers both in and out of place, no unprejudiced man can ever think well of any miniſter, who does not define and ſet ſtrict bounds to regal expence, and ſhorten the duration of parliaments, which the ſame *worthy gentlemen* who voted them ſeptennial, might to the full as legally and conſtitutionally have made perpetual.

I lament, that the glorious revolution in France, has produced intemperate heat in the opinions and declarations, of this reſpectable ſenator.

His applying to the acts of the national aſſembly, harſh epithets, which are only applicable to a lawleſs and unauthorized banditti, his ſaying France *had* already a good government, and his calling their eccleſiaſtical reform, atheiſtical, can only be excuſed in the imbecility of old age, or the culpable warmth of a temper naturally irritable.

I expect from his good ſenſe and his cooler reaſon, an honourable apology and ample recantation.

After all his elaborate declamation and ſubtle ſophiſtry, I ſee no one reaſon for an archbiſhop's receiving 10,000l. a year, nor can he perſuade me that the doctrines contained in his reflections on the French revolution, are at all compatible with what have been called whig principles.

CADOGAN, WILLIAM, an ingenious phyſician of the old ſchool, and, of courſe, ſtrongly prejudiced, againſt the improvements of modern practice.

His treatiſe on the gout excited *in its day* much attention; it contains the opinions of Sydenham, and the doctor's old maſter, Boerhaave, cloathed in good language, and may be peruſed with advantage by the gouty man and valetudinarian, as I have myſelf experienced.

That temperance and exerciſe are the parents of health, that moſt diſeaſes originate from indigeſtion, produced by exceſs or indolence, and that to remove thoſe evils we muſt recur rather to the cauſes that produced them, than to medicine, are the doctrines he enforces.

If his book has not any ſtrong claim to novelty, it however has the merit of inculcating important truths in a forcible manner, and of ſetting them in new points of view. He errs occaſionally in vague theory, and refined hypotheſis.

On the ſubject of wine he deals rather in paradox, perhaps he thought a little extravaganza neceſſary to catch the public eye. Yet this gentleman is ſaid to have departed occaſionally from his own maxims, at the St. Alban's Tavern, and the Thatched Houſe, in St. James's-ſtreet. Probably he thought it right to *try all things*, and conſidered it as his duty to ſpeak *experimentally* on both ſides of the queſtion, to qualify himſelf to ſay with the poet,

"Haud ignarus mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco."

The emaciated ſons of patience and flannel have been long induced to expect ſome further inſtructions on diet and domeſtic management from this phyſician, who appears to be a zealous friend to the ſick man, but no great favourite of the apothecary.

CHAPE-

CHAPELAIN, JOHN, the firſt writer who attempted a poem on the ſubject of the Maid of Orleans, in rugged verſe and uncouth French. Voltaire ſays, he got more by it than Homer by his Iliad, an aſſertion which might be true, but does not prove the greatneſs of Chapelaine's profit. The ſuperficial, but lively philoſopher of Ferney, afterwards reſcued the virgin from Chapelaine's rude embrace, and has produced a compoſition replete with wit, humour, delicate ſatire, and frequently fine poetry, but diſgraced by a wretched mixture of groſs impiety, and rank lewdneſs.

I give Chapelain a place in this collection, to recite an improbable ſtory he tells concerning ſome of the loſt Decades of Livy. It is taken from a little volume of letters publiſhed under the auſpices of Chriſtiana, after her ſeceſſion from the throne of Sweden.

I was told, ſays Chapelain, by the tutor of the marquis de Rouville's ſon, whoſe veracity I have no reaſon to doubt, (but his name he does not mention:) that having occaſion to play at tennis, he had purchaſed ſome parchment battledores.

While he and his pupil were one day amuſing themſelves at this ſalutary exerciſe, he diſcovered accidentally the Latin titles of the eighth, tenth, and eleventh Decades of Livy on the parchment of the battledores. Prompted by a laudable curioſity, and enquiring of the ſhopkeeper where the parchment was procured, he was informed, that it was bought of an apothecary.

On applying for further information to this gentleman, who was employed profeſſionally at the abbey of Fontevraud, he told him, that he had often obſerved a heap of duſty parchment lying neglected in an obſcure corner of a dirty room at that place. After looking at them, and finding they were the writings of Livy, he begged them of the abbeſs, telling her, they could be of no uſe to any one, as the works of that author were in print. This account will not bear the touchſtone of criticiſm for many obvious reaſons: the name of the tutor ought to have been mentioned, beſides the rackets generally uſed for tennis have no parchment on them, but, in its ſtead, a kind of catgut netting. It ſerved to amuſe the leiſure of the Swediſh queen, who was ſoothed by the flattering title of patroneſs of arts and of learning.

CHATEAUNEUF, Mr. keeper of the ſeals in the tumultuous minority of Lewis the Thirteenth.

But it is not for keeping ſeals, or keeping a king's conſcience, that he is mentioned.

At the age of nine he was introduced to a French biſhop, who ſaid he would give him an orange if he would tell him where God is. "My lord, I will give you "two if you will tell me where he "is not," replied the boy. He had hardly read the ſublime ſcepticiſm of Lucretius.

"Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides quocunque moveris."

CHESTERFIELD, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of, a wit, a man of pleaſure, an embaſſador, a lord lieutenant of Ireland,

land, and laſtly ſecretary of ſtate. He ſupported theſe ſeveral characters with ability and reputation, notwithſtanding the ſarcaſm of Dr. Johnſon, "that he was a lord "among wits, and a wit among "lords."

How much ſo ever his literary fame may have been improved by the poſthumous, and, I think, the unjuſtifiable publication of his confidential letters, it is at the expence of his heart.

The theory of diſſimulation, and the ſyſtematic hypocriſy laid down in thoſe letters, have exhauſted the arrows of the divine and the moraliſt; they have been attacked in ſatire, and the noveliſt has been furniſhed with materials from the ſame ſource. "This nobleman" ſays one of his aſſailants, "has "plundered his ſyſtem from the "perfumer, the dancing maſter, "and the devil."

Mr. Pratt, in his pleaſant novel, The Pupil of Pleaſure, has fallen into the very error which he profeſſes he wrote the book to guard againſt. By the richneſs of his colouring, the luxuriancy of his deſcriptions, and the decided ſucceſs of his hero, notwithſtanding his fatal exit, the book is ſufficient to tempt a young man with a full pulſe and ſtrong paſſions, to become of Cheſterfield's ſchool. Like the view of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, by Soame Jennings, it injures the cauſe it profeſſes to defend.

I truſt it will not be ſuſpected that I am a defender of his lordſhip's maxims, yet the evil tendency of them has been much exaggerated. For if I am to be cheated and plundered, as is the fate of many an open hearted undeſigning man, I would rather fall into the hands of a ſpecious ſcoundrel, who would perform the operation in a workman-like manner, than be butchered by a blunt blundering knave, who would at the ſame time deprive me of my property, and torture my feelings: in ſhort, I would prefer being genteelly eaſed of my purſe by the accompliſhed Barrington, to being knocked down and robbed by a villainous footpad.

If it is my fate to be cornuted, or to have my daughter debauched, I am ſurely no worſe off to have it regularly and preconcertedly performed by a well bred man of the town, than he who is under this ſingular obligation to a Brighton taylor, or a raſcal in his own livery. This nobleman, after beſtowing on his ſon an education ſo elaborate and expenſive, after days of toil and pains, and nights of anxiety, it is a natural and perhaps a uſeful queſtion to aſk, how was this fond father repaid? was the harveſt adequate to ſo much labour and cultivation?

Mr. Stanhope, as a politician, a member of the corps diplomatique, as a ſcholar, was highly reſpectable. But as a pupil of the graces, as a cultivator of the little decorums, and the minute elegancies of life, was not only unſucceſsful but groſsly deficient. Yet I record with pleaſure that the leſſons of inſincerity, duplicity and nuptial infidelity, laid down by his lordſhip, were, in a manner, almoſt wholly forgotten, or obliterated by an enlightened underſtanding, and a heart naturally good, and well diſpoſed.

Lord Cheſterfield, early in life, lapſed into the abyſs of deep play, which he frequently complains injured him in the opinion of the late king, and retarded his political career. He very properly guards his young man againſt this bewitching purſuit, by collecting arguments, and recounting common-place maxims, which have been and will be heard and neglected by thouſands, againſt an evil which, if confined to the enormouſly wealthy, would almoſt ceaſe to be one. For the preſent ſtate of ſociety produces ſuch numbers of men in affluent and independant circumſtances, that with every want and every wiſh either gratified or anticipated, they are without that neceſſary ingredient to happineſs in this life, the ardent and frequent impulſes of hope and of fear, and of courſe are ſo perpetually ſinking into liſtleſsneſs, ennui, or ſuicide. But as deſperate diſeaſes, call for deſperate remedies, the ſpirit of play (I care not in what ſhape) ſteps in, and gives to theſe idols of greatneſs, that ſtimulating and energetic vigor, which, in a greater or leſs degree makes us feel that we exiſt, and which the ambitious courtier, the keen commercial man, and the candidate engaged in a liberal but laborious profeſſion, ſo pleaſantly and ſo honourably experience. But young Stanhope had that which exceeds a thouſand rules and moral ſentences, he had employment to fill up and enliven the intervals of life; bleſt employment! the want of which, drives the infatuated exhauſted lordling to his opera girl, the heir to the gaming houſe, and the bacchanalian to his bottle. The conſequences of perſons of moderate income taking a turn to play, are I confeſs alarming, and frequently dreadful; but I ſee no one evil that can reſult to ſociety or individuals, by ſweating down the bulk of Aſiatic plunder to a more moderate ſize, or by reducing the rent roll of an unwieldy commoner, or a wealthy peer, from ſixteen to eight thouſand pounds a year.

CLIVE, ROBERT, Baron of Plaſſey, a warrior, who ſaved our Eaſt-India poſſeſſions, at a moment, when they might indeed be ſaid to hang on the ſlender thread of opinion: great alike in the cabinet and field, he occupies this ſhort article ſolely with a view of reminding the editors of the new Biographia Britannica, that the life of lord Clive, notwithſtanding the brilliancy of his military career, has by no means a juſt claim to indiſcriminate and laviſh panegyric. Notwithſtanding the warm admiration of his relations and acquaintance, for he was an affectionate ſon, a good father, and an excellent friend, his name illuſtrious as it undoubtedly is, will be handed down to poſterity with a long liſt of Indian delinquents, who dazzled by gold, and commanding that powerful engine, military power, have converted public authority to private emolument, and levied immenſe ſums, on the hopes or fears of the natives under the ſpecious name of voluntary preſents.

I am ſenſible that it is a faſhion in the preſent day to place great public ſervices as a *ſet-off* againſt offence, but ſuch conduct is neither calculated to attach our diſtant poſſeſſions, or to produce honourable effects on future commanders: if

performing

performing a man's duty in nine inſtances be conſidered as a ſufficient excuſe for fraud and oppreſſion in a tenth; Verres, after plundering and inſulting the Sicilians for many years, might have pleaded, that he had deſtroyed a fleet of pirates, and ſuppreſſed an inſurrection of the ſlaves.

The great and chief purpoſes of biography are defeated, if ſplendid tranſgreſſors are to eſcape the laſh, and only little villains are to be ſuſpended on the gibbets of infamy.

CORBET, Mrs. a female character handed down to poſterity in a celebrated epitaph, from the elegant pen of Mr. Pope.

I have enquired and find with pleaſure that this ſepulchral inſcription was not a fiction as is too often the caſe with the language of poets.

Mrs. Corbet, ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was not diſcriminated by any ſhining or eminent peculiarities.

"Yet ſhe was a character that "makes the felicity though not "the ſplendor of life, and ſuch a "one as every wiſe man will chuſe "for his final and laſting companion, in the quiet of privacy "and in the languor of age, when "he departs weary and diſguſted, "from the oſtentatious, the volatile, "and the vain.

"Of ſuch a character which the "dull overlook, and the gay deſpiſe, it was fit that the value "ſhould be made known, and the "dignity eſtabliſhed.

"Domeſtic virtue as it is exerted "without great occaſions, or conſpicuous conſequences, in an "even unnoted tenor, required "the genius of Pope to diſplay it "in ſuch a manner, as might attract "regard and enforce reverence."

It is common to lament the increaſing number of batchelors, and to cry out againſt the number of young men in the preſent age, who, preferring an unſettled life and licentious amours, to the ſolid comforts, and manly cares of a family, ſink into old age, without that beſt ſolace for infirmity, a tender wife, and fall into the management of inſolent favorites, or ſelfiſh relations:

"Who mould their paſſions till
"they make their will;"

God forbid that I ſhould be the defender of diſſipation, or illicit love, the general tenor of this work, and other proofs I could give, will, I hope, exculpate me from the charge.

But is not he a bold man, who, in a profeſſion, a buſineſs, or even with a tolerable fortune, ventures to marry.

Is a woman capable (even if ſhe were inclined) of forming a rational companion, or to inſpect and ſuperintend the concerns of a family, whoſe education has been wholly and ſolely directed to accompliſhment, to ornament, and to pleaſure.

Depoſited in a female boarding ſchool, thoſe peſts calculated for the ſemblance, but not the reality of virtue, a young lady able to draw, talk bad French, work in fillagree, dance and thrum her harpſichord, conſiders her education as compleat.

If indeed dreſs and amuſement were the only buſineſs of life, her deciſion would not be wrong, but the frequent, the hourly bankruptcies, journeys to the continent, and ſuits at doctors commons, prove the preſent ſyſtem of my fair countrywomen to be fundamentally

mentally wrong. I agree that there are many exceptions, and that "among the ſex, there are "numbers as greatly good as they "are fair"

Yet I ſtill affirm, that the expenſive turn for dreſs and amuſement, which equally pervades the daughter of the peer, and the tradeſman, is the grand ſource of the preſent faſhionable celibacy.

Nor can we hope this enormous evil will be remedied, till parents ſhall be wiſe enough to devote *ſome* portion of their miſpent time, to inſpecting, if not managing the education of their offspring. Every deſirable purpoſe of emulation can be anſwered, by ſending our children to a well regulated day ſchool, but out of ſchool hours, ſons and daughters ought to be under the roof of their parents, to correct the redundancy of evil habits, to form their manners, and adorn their hearts!

We have no right to expect that a mercenary motive will act ſufficiently powerful on a *preceptor*, to fulfill thoſe duties, which *we* neglect, and young people left together uncontrouled and undirected in their hours of leiſure and amuſement, will inevitably corrupt each other.

I wiſh not to offend my female readers, I love them, (and a ſigh burſts from my boſom whilſt I make the declaration) I love them with ardour, honour, and diſintereſtedneſs.

But let them not imagine, that every young man they ſee profeſſing to live ſingle remains ſo from choice, let them be aſſured, that there is a woman on whom he doats with all the fondneſs of genuine love, but that her purſuits, her habits, and her pleaſures, put it out of the power of one, who is not a nabob, a contractor, or a friend of Mr. Pitt's, to make an offer of his hand and his heart.

For no man in his ſenſes, would prefer the obſcene and bought embraces of a proſtitute, ſteaming with diſeaſe, with all the unintereſting hurry, and deceitful joys of diſſipation, to the bliſsful enjoyment of beauty, virtue, health and tranquility, if the marriage ſtate had not; like the garden of Eden, a flaming ſword at every corner.

I cannot quit the contemplation of ſo amiable a woman as Mrs. Corbet, without repeating to thoſe young people, who are ambitious of attaining different renown, the following lines of Prior.

"All this world which tempts them ſo,
"Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow;
"Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau;
"A riddle of romance and lies,
"Falſe oaths, and real perjuries,
"Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir,
"The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare."

DAVIS, ——— a furious antagoniſt of Gibbon, better ſkilled in religious controverſy, than in courteſy, or good manners. His familiar acquaintance with the fathers, and his devoting the beſt years of his life to whatever related to the firſt ages of chriſtianity; buried in huge duſty volumes, which at this time few have the inclination, and few the ability to read, induce me almoſt to rank him with biſhop Bull, whom

whom he alſo reſembled in ſtubborn unaccommodating orthodoxy; with a juſt confidence in his cauſe, and perfectly maſter of his weapons, he has attacked Gibbon with ſucceſs, and has undoubtedly ſtarted ſome unanſwerable objections.

But the crying evil of Davis's book, (and where is the book without evil) is, that he quotes different editions from thoſe quoted by Gibbon, a circumſtance which conſiderably weakens the ſtrength of ſtrictures and obſervations, in other reſpects, ſolid and acute;—add to this, that many of his deductions are unfair, and his language groſs, illiberal, and indecent.—He perhaps thought Luther an example ſufficiently reſpectable to authoriſe illiberal ſcurrility, and that no terms ought to be kept with the enemy of revelation.

The king made him a handſome pecuniary preſent for writing the book, I believe two hundred pounds, and a ſhort time before, or a ſhort time after, ſigned Mr. Gibbon's commiſſion, as a lord of trade and plantations.

I think it is not difficult to diſcover, that Davis is the only one of the hiſtorian's antagoniſts, who has irritated his temper.—After applying to the attack of Dr. Watſon, the elegant chymiſt, and the *good* biſhop, (the term keen weapon) he calls Mr. Davis's, a ruſtic cudgel.

A man, not remarkable for the truth of his ſtories, told me, he heard Gibbon declare with ſome warmth, that nothing but the colour of Davis's coat, prevented his ſending him a challenge. "Mr. "Davis," ſays the Engliſh Tacitus, "accuſes me of not having a ſuf-"ficient number of books, if he "will call any time *when I am not* "*at home*, my ſervant ſhall ſhow "him the library."

This genius of polemic divinity, acquired no ſmall reputation by his book, but he had qualified himſelf at the expence of his conſtitution, and died, early in life, of a complication of diſorders, brought on by a ſtudious and ſedentary life.

DE RETZ, John Francis Paul de Gondy, Cardinal, and coadjutor to the archbiſhop of Paris, his uncle, whom he ſucceeded in form, but not in effect. This ambitious and turbulent prelate, taking advantage of the diſcontented ſpirit of the times, privately fomented, but at firſt publicly reprehended a faction, who called themſelves Frondeurs, (ſlingers) during the minority of Lewis the thirteenth.

Few people will deny that Mazarine was a cruel, unprincipled, and deſpotic miniſter, who by every means in his power, attempted to depreſs and enſlave mankind. But it does not appear that the motives of Cardinal de Retz, and thoſe he joined, were either laudable or patriotic. Like other popular demagogues, they ſeem to have guided the juſt reſentments of the oppreſſed people, as inſtruments to promote their own ambitious views, or to ſatisfy their revenge.

De Retz has left memoirs, which like thoſe of his ſecretary Guy Joli, are occaſionally intereſting, and give a juſt picture of a country plunged in a civil war; but the narrative is ſo frequently interrupted

terrupted and perplexed by trifling incident, or circumſtances foreign to the buſineſs, and the facts are ſo irregularly thrown together, that I remember many years ago, on peruſing theſe volumes, I frequently was tempted to throw them down unfiniſhed, in a mixture of confuſion, perplexity, and chagrin: they poſſeſs the art of irritating the curioſity, without ſatisfying it.

The book of Guy Joli, proves what has been often ſaid, that no great man was ever a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre. The Cardinal owed much of his management of parties to female intrigue, but oftener injured his intereſt, and neglected great occaſions, that he might indulge the variety of his amorous exceſſes.

It was the faſhion of his day, to quote the claſſics in public debate, and he had the fame of doing it very aptly. On a certain occaſion, he perceived that his hearers were expecting this cuſtomary ornament of ſpeech, but not recollecting a paſſage exactly to the purpoſe, he ſucceſsfully ventured an extempore effuſion; and on being told by thoſe about him, that they did not remember from whence he took his quotation, he replied, "It is in ſome "of Cicero's works, but I cannot "exactly point out the place."—That could not be bad Latin which paſſed for the language of Tully.

Yet he did not diſcover on all occaſions this uſeful preſence of mind, for after his friends had effected his eſcape from a caſtle in which he had been confined, his fears and apprehenſions were ſo ſtrong, that he ſeemed for many hours deprived of his ſenſes, and could not ſit on his horſe.

When kings, or mankind, who are the makers of kings, delegated ſo much authority and power to churchmen, they did not recollect what powerful antagoniſts they were raiſing againſt themſelves. It muſt be confeſſed, that this two-edged ſword has not often been drawn in favor of the people, but if Conſtantine, Charlemagne, or Alfred, had been permitted to dive into futurity, they would have ſeen, with ſurpriſe and horror, ſovereigns defied by pontifs, and their ſubjects plundered, impriſoned, and tortured by inquiſitions. Starting at the arrogant turbulency of Thomas-à-Becket, and the ſeditious hypocriſy of De Retz, they would not have permitted the ſeeds of eccleſiaſtic greatneſs, to have been ſcattered with ſo laviſh a hand. They would have heard with regret, and have believed with reluctance, "that a bloody and myſ-"terious ſyſtem of tyranny, fraud, "and extortion, could have been "built on the pure and ſublime "precepts of the goſpel."

DEBBIEG, COLONEL, an Engineer remarkable for military ſagacity, a life devoted to the ſervice of his country, and his ſufferings for preſuming to differ in opinion with the maſter general of the ordnance. The folly of ſurrounding with baſtions, an iſland like Great Britain, whoſe ſafeguard and pride are its wooden walls, requires not an argument. After ſecuring ninety-nine points, you are equally open to an attack at the hundredth; beſides the inſuperable argument, which

which all modern generals are aware of, that you are providing a retreat and batteries for an enemy, which (if he once makes a lodgment) he turns againſt yourſelf. With our docks properly attended to, and an active, well-diſciplined, *moveable* force kept up, we have little to fear; without expending on earth, brick, and mortar, ſums that might create a navy ſufficient to awe the world.

Every friend to his country, muſt tremble when he recollects, that the abſurd fortification plan, which would have involved us in uſeleſs and endleſs expence, was rejected only by a majority of one.

A court martial was held to enquire into the conduct of this worthy veteran, and the ſentence pronounced by the gentlemen who preſided, diſcovers evidently their good ſenſe, and their real opinion of the ſubject. On this occaſion, the duke of Richmond talked of benefits which he had, or which he meant to have conferred on this honeſt man.

"If I have experienced any "benefits from his grace, (ſaid "the old ſoldier) they have, like "certain bleſſings of the Almighty, "*appeared in diſguiſe.*"

DODD, WILLIAM, a divine, with a moderate ſhare of natural abilities, of ſuperficial acquirements, but of unbounded vanity. It was his crime, his folly, or his misfortune, to marry early in life, without paying any attention to money; a ſtep, which if it can be excuſed in any man of a genteel profeſſion, without fortune, may admit of ſome exculpation in clergymen, who in general have not thoſe ſafe methods of keeping down the ſolicitations of paſſion, which the reſt of mankind unhappily think themſelves juſtified in having recourſe to. This falſe ſtep might however have been recovered, as by a pleaſing exterior, plauſible manners, and a decent delivery, he gradually preached, or puſhed himſelf into preferment, became a preacher to ſeveral charitable inſtitutions, and was made one of the king's chaplains in ordinary.

But the extravagance of the times, which involves us all in the madneſs of living beyond our incomes, entangled him, and he was induced, in the eagerneſs of his wants, to write, or cauſe to be written, a letter to the wife of a great officer of ſtate, in which it was ſuggeſted, that if Dr. Dodd could be appointed to the vacant living of St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, ſeveral thouſand pounds ſhould be given her; I have heard the preciſe ſum, but forget it. This application met with the contempt it deſerved, and on its reaching the royal ear, he was immediately ſtruck out of the liſt of court chaplains, and was conſiderably lowered in the public eſtimation; Foote caught the circumſtance, introduced it happily into his comedy of the Cozeners, and the poor doctor became ridiculous to thoſe few who did not before deſpiſe him.

Yet even after this violation of the ſacerdotal character, by an attempt at ſimony, his circumſtances were not irretrievable; but

a wiſh to live in a manner to which he had no right or pretenſion, and a fondneſs for inconſiſtent ſplendor, ſtill ruled in his heart. He endeavoured to improve his income by taking private pupils, by publiſhing the bible, with annotations, and ſcribbling novels. His ſtyle of writing, is a ſpecimen of the florid and diffuſe, with few proofs either of taſte, invention, or correct judgment; and he is groſly deficient in that art, without which, in the preſent day, few writers will be able to gain attention, I mean the art of expreſſing what we have to ſay, either inſtructive or amuſing, in few words.

One of his productions, the Siſters, exhibits ſome ſcenes, culpably luſcious, and ſatirically delineates perſons and manners, in particular circumſtances, which could not have been deſcribed but by an eye witneſs. From theſe, and other faults, and perhaps from ſome degree of bad taſte in myſelf, I confeſs I never heard Dr. Dodd preach, or read any of his productions, either with pleaſure or inſtruction. From not liking the man, I ſaw, or fancied I ſaw, that nothing came from the heart.

But the whirlpool of diſſipation drew him ſtronger and ſtronger into its vortex; he had been prevailed on to make an expenſive excurſion to Paris, with a deſign, as it is ſaid, to engage engravers in ſome work he was about to publiſh, but even there the genius of folly poſſeſſed him, for he was recognized on the plains de Sablons, near Paris, in military regimentals, driving a fille de joye in a phaeton. Finding that his pecuniary difficulties increaſed, and having loſt, by his imprudent conduct, many of his friends, he was at laſt tempted to forge the name of his patron, lord Cheſterfield, to raiſe a preſent ſum, which purpoſe, for a time, was anſwered; but the fraud being ſoon diſcovered, and corroborated by his own confeſſion, and refunding the money; he was tried for his life, condemned, and after interceſſions, which have no example either for number or reſpectability, ſuffered an ignominious death.

It was in vain ſuggeſted, that regal clemency which had been extended in caſes of murder to the Kennedies, to Balfe, and to M'Quirck, might have been ſhown to an unhappy man, who, however culpable his conduct, had made ample reſtitution, and in his public capacity as a miniſter of the goſpel, had ſaved, and was lamented by thouſands. But his ſtation was conſidered as a ſtill ſtronger reaſon for enforcing the execution of the law, and in a country which owes its exiſtence to commercial credit, it has been thought neceſſary to imprint in letters of blood, THAT HE WHO IS DETECTED IN FORGERY, SHALL NEVER ESCAPE DEATH.

The conduct which led to Dodd's crime is daily and hourly imitated, in a greater or leſs degree, by us all: at the enchanting voice of faſhion, folly, and diſſipation, we tread the flowery paths of what the world call pleaſure, at the expence of our health, our fortune, and our peace. In purſuit of a phantom which dances before us, but always

ways eludes our graſp, if our fortunes are immenſe, a journey for a few years to the Continent, and a broken conſtitution, are all we ſuffer. But to the million, who diſſipate their whole, in purſuits which they do not enjoy, and in rounds which they travel, with indifference or diſguſt, diſſatisfied with themſelves, and ridiculed by others: how dreadful the alternative, from health, plenty, and friends; to infamy, ſuicide, or penurious obſcurity.

Young people entering into life, are too apt to forget theſe circumſtances, they do not conſider that every guinea they throw away, is an ill uſed friend, which in all changes of life, would have ſhewn them the ſame face, and that in parting from money, they bereave themſelves of thoſe very pleaſures which conſtitute their happineſs, and caſt away all proviſion for domeſtic comfort, and the ſoothing ſolaces of old age.

DODSLEY, ROBERT, an ingenious writer and ſucceſsful bookſeller, who from an humble ſphere of life, (I believe footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope,) raiſed himſelf to competency, and affluence.

The world had been long miſled by an opinion, which, is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities, that it is not eaſy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his eſtate, and that a poet muſt neceſſarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Dodſley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his underſtanding, is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very poſſible for a man to be an author, without neglecting buſineſs.

By the favour of Mr. Pope, Lord Cheſterfield, and other diſtinguiſhed characters, his ſhop became the faſhionable reſort of perſons of literature and rank. His toyſhop contains many lively, pointed, and ſatirical ſtrokes on the vices and follies of the age, the characters are diſtinct and appropriate, and though it is better calculated for the cloſet than the ſtage, I have ſeen it received with no ſmall applauſe.

The Miller of Mansfield, and its Sequel, exhibits an intereſting contraſt between the unadorned ſolidity of country manners, and the ſplendid vices of a court, the blunt honeſty of a miller, and the ſlender importance of a monarch, without his attendants, in a ſequeſtered ſpot, and in midnight darkneſs: it has ſeveral pleaſing ſongs, which from ſome of them continuing ſtill to be popular, muſt have merit.

The world is alſo indebted to him for a judicious ſelection of Engliſh poetry, and a collection of old plays.

His juſt retort on Burnet, for calling Mr. Prior in his hiſtory of his own times *one Prior*, is probably remembered by moſt of my readers.

DUCK, STEPHEN, a threſher, a rhymer, and a favorite of Queen Caroline.

It is not to convey the ſhadow of cenſure on this amiable woman that this article is introduced, for ſhe was a rare inſtance of goodneſs of heart, not corrupted by a court, and in a variety of inſtan-

ces, rewarded merit under the preſſure of want and obſcurity.

It was the fate, or the misfortune, of Mr. Duck, though in a very humble ſphere of life, to attract royal attention, becauſe he diſcovered certain literary, and poetical tendencies, which in a man of a common claſſical education, would not have been conſidered as above mediocrity; for theſe and other reaſons, a biſhop was prevailed on to admit him into the eſtabliſhed church, he partook of the uſual advantages of regal patronage, and I wiſh it were conſiſtent with hiſtoric truth, to add, that his happineſs increaſed, as his proſpects improved.

Had he been promoted from the barn and ſtable to the poſt of a bailiff, a ſteward, or a rural ſuperintendant, his ambition and intereſt would have been gratified in a line of life, to which his firſt hopes and earlieſt habits were formed; had a farm of fifty pounds a year been ſtocked and preſented to him, it would have been affluence, when compared with the original wages of his ſituation; but torn and tranſplanted, (if I may be allowed the term) by the violent hand of patronage, he aſſociated with men, every way his ſuperiors in rank, as well as acquirements, he felt himſelf unable to ſupport that reputation, which the notice of a Queen had in ſome degree created for him.

Thus that pride which we all abuſe, but all poſſeſs, was mortified in the extreme, that pride, which among his brother cottagers, had elevated him to the dignity, of "a "giant among the pigmies, a one-"eyed monarch of the blind," received a mortal wound, and he fled from the pangs of regret and diſappointment, to the ſhocking receſſes of ſuicide, that imp of hell, who ſo frequently, and ſo naturally offers her aſſiſtance to thoſe, who conſidering themſelves as outcaſts of God and mankind, "boldly venture on that world un-"known" under the fatal deluſion, that "it cannot uſe them worſe "than this has done."

DUNDEE, Viscount, a valiant Scotch commander, and a faithful adherent of the unfortunate or rather the fooliſh James the Second: he has been celebrated as the Wolfe of North Briton, and deſcribed by his countrymen as reaping at the Paſs of Killicranky where he fell, laurels equal to thoſe of the moſt renowned heroes of antiquity; with this difference in his favour, that although his troops were irregular and undiſciplined, he generally defeated veteran forces.

The panegyriſts of this nobleman have dwelt with the paſſionate warmth of national partiality on his diſintereſted attachment to a deſerted ſovereign, but revenge againſt king William appears to have animated his zeal, for he fought under the banners of that warrior when prince of Orange, at the battle of Seneffe, was inſtrumental in ſaving his life, and retired from that ſervice in diſguſt, on William's refuſing him a regiment, which he told our young ſoldier could not be given him without a violation of military etiquette, and injuring or offending the brave old officers through his whole army: yet this receſſion did not prevent his behaviour being reported in the public orders with a warmth of laviſh

viſh encomium, extraordinary in a cold unfeeling temper like William's.

Dundee had inflamed his mind by an early peruſal of the ancient poets, hiſtorians and philoſophers, who taught him to conſider life as of no account, when put in competion with honour; and he declared, with an unfeigned enthuſiaſtic rapture, "that to die for his country "was the object of his fond hopes "and warmeſt wiſhes."

Having received poſitive orders not to fight general Mackay, till a reinforcement arrived from Ireland, he was hemmed in in a mortifying manner, and for ſeveral months had to contend with famine, diſeaſe and a vigilant enemy; yet, by making himſelf rather the friend than the commander of his men, by ſharing every difficulty and danger, and refuſing every ſpecies of indulgence, he induced them to ſubmit to the worſt hardſhips without repining. His diſcipline was, at the ſame time, inexorable and terrific, his only puniſhment was death, for it was his opinion that every other puniſhment was diſgraceful to a ſoldier, who was by profeſſion a gentleman, but that death was deſirable to a man loaded with the conſciouſneſs of a crime.

A young volunteer was ſeen retreating in an engagement, but his commander for once overlooked it, and pretended he had ſent him on a meſſage in the rear. This diſgraceful circumſtance happening to the young man a ſecond time, he led him to the front of his army, and, after ſaying, "That a gen-"tleman's ſon ought not to fall "by the hands of an executioner," Dundee directly ſhot him with his own piſtol.

The gallant viſcount appears to have been a valuable and earneſt partizan in the cauſe to which he had attached himſelf, and probably acted like other ſoldiers of fortune, or keen lawyers, who, if they exert themſelves to the utmoſt for their employers, do not always think themſelves obliged to enquire into the juſtice and equity of their cauſe. Had William gratified him with a regiment after the battle of Seneffe, he perhaps might have meaſured ſwords with king James on the Banks of the Boyne, and his deſcendants at the preſent hour might have been ſlumbering in our houſe of peers with the favoured offſpring of the Zuyleſteins, Bentincks, and Keppells.

Although, in the action at Killicranky, Mackay's forces were put to flight, Dundee thought his victory uſeleſs, unleſs he could cut off their retreat; but, in his eagerneſs to ſecure an important paſs, he was ſeparated from his men, and while raiſing his hand, and waving it to haſten them, a fatal ſhot took place under his arm. His death gave the enemy an opportunity to rally, and the advantages of a bloody victory were loſt. I have ſeen an epitaph of Dr. Pitcairn's to his memory, two lines of which I remember, as they refer to the revolution and the abolition of epiſcopacy:

"Te moriente novos accepit Scotia reges,
"Accepitque novos te moriente Deos."

I doubt if the word accepit in the firſt line is ſtrictly proper.

ELWES, JOHN, a ſingular character, notorious for irrational parſimony, and immenſe pecuniary accumulation.

He deſcended from a family whoſe original name was Meggott, and to prove, in ſome degree, that evil habits of the mind, as well as body, are ſometimes hereditary, we are informed, by his biographer, that his mother ſtarved herſelf to death. Although Mr. Elwes received a claſſical education at Weſtminſter School, and paſſed ſome years at Geneva, he did not ſcruple confeſſing, that he never read afterwards, becauſe books coſt money; and his library, at any period of his life, could not be valued at more than forty ſhillings.

In the uſual fortuitous turn of events, which often throws property into the lap of thoſe who have the leaſt occaſion for it; he inherited the vaſt wealth of his uncle, and great prototype in frugality, ſir Harvey Elwes, who, without matter for reflection, without a literary taſte, and without paſſions (for nature had denied him a conſtitution) lived ſeventy years alone, excepting an occaſional viſit from his nephew. On theſe occaſions, it was the great fear of the young man, that his uncle would think he gave way too much to the faſhionable gaiety and extravagance of the times: to prevent ſuch ſuſpicions, it was his conſtant practice to provide a ragged coat, a ruſty hat, and a dirty pair of ſhoes, whenever he made his appearance before this worthy relation.

The peculiarities of the ſubject of this article did not eſcape the piercing eye of the author of Chryſal, and he has been deſcribed by that writer, as aſſociating in the early part of life with characters of faſhion and ſplendor, and indulging with them in the faſcinating exceſſes of play, that paſſion which, however, ſome may poſſeſs ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt it, is wonderfully inherent in the breaſts of us all. At the gaming table, where honour is ſo much talked of, and ſo little practiced, it was a conſtant rule with him to pay his loſings by a draft on his banker, before he quitted the room; but meeting few either able or willing to imitate him in this reſpect, he was ſoon tired of paying, but never receiving, and left the ſociety in diſguſt: he is ſaid at one ſitting to have loſt more than 30000l. at picquet.

Keeping foxhounds was another inſtance in which his ſyſtematic œconomy relaxed, but they were managed on the moſt ſaving plan, for his horſes, dogs and ſervant coſt ſcarcely three hundred pounds a year; the ſame man was his valet, huntſman and groom, ſuch intervals as the care of eight horſes and a pack of hounds afforded him, being employed in milking cows, gardening and other country buſineſs. This ſervant of all work he once complained of as a very idle fellow.

Yet notwithſtanding his penurious diſpoſition, and unconquerable love of money, he poſſeſſed a gentleneſs of manners which nothing could ſhake, and a pliability of temper rarely to be met with in a miſer. Having been perſuaded to take a day's ſhooting with a gentleman, who exhibited during the whole day conſtant proofs either of ill luck or unſkilfulneſs, he at laſt,

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in ſhooting through the hedge, lodged ſeveral ſhot in the old gentleman's cheek; as the unfortunate markſman approached him, with evident embarraſſment and concern, Mr. Elwes anticipated his apologies by reaching out his hand, and ſaying, "My dear ſir, I give "you joy on your improvement, I "knew you would hit ſomething "at laſt."

Although poſſeſſed by an habitual and increaſing love of gold, which is too apt to render us little ſcrupulous in the methods by which we attain it, yet did he not allow himſelf to employ uſury as a method of improving his fortune. Contrary to the oſtentatious meanneſs of the preſent times, which accompanies vicious extravagance, and originates from luxurious indulgence; *his* ſyſtem of heaping up was founded on ſelf-denial, and perſonal fatigue; he would walk from one end of London to the other in the rain, rather than hire a coach; ſit half a day in wet cloaths, rather than be at the expence of a fire, and made it a rule never to have freſh meat from the butcher's, till the laſt joint was finiſhed, though it was literally in a ſtate of putrefaction; and, in many inſtances, he has been known to riſque his own neck and that of his horſe, to ſave a penny at a turnpike. After a night ſpent at the gaming table, and riſquing or loſing ſeveral thouſands, he has been known to walk through wet and dirt to Smithfield, where he met his people with cattle out of Eſſex, and would diſpute an hour with butchers to get a ſhilling. He once extricated a neighbour from a long and troubleſome eccleſiaſtical ſuit, by taking a journey of near ſixty miles on horſeback at midnight, almoſt at a moment's warning; and this to ſerve a perſon for whom no motives or entreaties could have prevailed on him to part with a guinea. In this and all his long journies, a few hard-boiled eggs and a dry cruſt, carried in his pocket, the next ſtream of water, and a ſpot of freſh graſs, while he repoſed himſelf under the hedge, were the whole of the travelling expences of himſelf and his horſe.

When his vaſt property was generally known, applications from a variety of quarters were made to him as a monied man, and he became a prey to every adventurer, who had a want or a ſcheme. On ſuch occaſions it was ſoon found by thoſe, who made a profitable uſe of their knowledge, that paving the way with a little preſent was the ſureſt method of ſucceeding in their wiſhes. By theſe and other arts he was tempted to advance money on faulty ſecurities, and it is aſſerted, on unqueſtionable authority, that he loſt, by bad debts, conſiderably more than a hundred thouſand pounds. Lending money to neceſſitous builders, and bankrupt architects and ſurveyors, was one of the infatuations of his life, and, for his own ſecurity, he gradually became poſſeſſed of a great number of houſes in Marybone. Inſpecting repairs, and overlooking workmen, was alſo a favourite occupation; but he would never hear of alteration beyond what was abſolutely neceſſary to prevent the building from tumbling down; as he denied ſuch indulgences to himſelf, he could not be expected to allow

allow them to others; of courſe he was a ſtranger to what are called the comforts of a houſe.

A near relation once ſlept at his ſeat in the country, but his bed-chamber was open to the wind and weather, and he was waked in the night, by the rain pouring in torrents upon him. After removing the bed ſeveral times, he at laſt found a place in the room, through which the rain did not penetrate. On remarking the circumſtance to Mr. Elwes, in the morning, "Aye," ſaid the old gentleman, "I don't mind it my-"ſelf; but, to thoſe who do, that's "a *nice corner* in the rain."

To preſerve peace in the county, he was choſen member of parliament for Berkſhire, in 1774; and, tho' an old man, (for he was then ſixty-three,) uſed to call himſelf a young member, and boaſted, that he came into parliament for eighteen-pence, which was the price of the election dinner. During the American war, he was a ſteady Lord North's man; yet the praiſe of independance and diſintereſtedneſs cannot be denied him; as to be thought poor, was the favourite wiſh of his heart, he deſired neither poſt, rank, or emolument.

After ſitting in the houſe of commons twelve years, parliament was diſſolved, during the popular phrenzy conjured up by the oppoſers of Mr. Fox's India Bill; but nothing could prevail on Mr. Elwes to riſque the trouble and expence of a conteſted election, and he retired to the uninterrupted enjoyment of pounds, ſhillings, and pence. This pupil of frugality ſeems to have poſſeſſed the rare power of impoſing even on the rebellious paſſions (for he was very amorous) the ſame œconomic rules which guided every action of his life, and regulated the retirement of thoſe looſer hours of dalliance, when the purſe-ſtring of the miſer is often found to relax.

A high-bred kept miſtreſs, he feared would make deep inroads on his eſtate; and a modern wife, with every poſſible comfort attached to the character, he well knew would be an expenſive addition to his houſhold. Under ſuch impreſſions, he was content to take a bedfellow from his kitchen, who, without poſſeſſing ſufficient influence or authority to break through his favourite ſyſtem, might add to his ſatisfactions, and diminiſh the expence as well as trouble of the family. By this woman, who filled with propriety the awkward, double character of a ſervant and a favourite, he had ſeveral children, who, I underſtand, inherit the bulk of his unentailed property.

In forming an humble female attachment, he is ſaid to have imitated Matthew Prior, the poet and ſtateſman, who once made the following reply to lord Oxford, who had been reproaching him for low amours, "Lord trea-"ſurers, and men of certain in-"come, and great independent "fortunes, may afford to marry, "or keep a French opera girl; "but, for a poor poet, whoſe "daily bread depends on the life "of an unhealthy queen, and the "continuance of a jarring admi-"niſtration, he deſerves to have his "ears cropped, if he aſpires be-

"yond

" yond the ſnug felicity of a bux-
" ome, tender-hearted wench, who
" can dreſs his dinner, and waſh
" his ſhirt,

As Mr. Elwes increaſed in years, his parſimonious habits, and love of money, became inveterate and irrational. He grudged himſelf food and cloaths;—anxiety and fear of loſing his property were ever uppermoſt in his thoughts, and he watched opportunities of hiding guineas and bank notes in different parts of the houſe. Tho' diſtant from pecuniary diſtreſs, as Ganges from the Northern pole, poverty ſeemed to ſtare him in the face, and the fever of accumulation raged with redoubled fury, when the avenues that lead to enjoyment were cloſed up for ever. He was a compound of folly and ſenſe, of meanneſs and magnanimity—he was a ſtriking example of that provoking indigence of wealth, which does not confer happineſs on its poſſeſſors, and that aggravating impotence in gold, when it does not enlarge the underſtanding, or rouze the ſocial affections.

ELLWOOD, THOMAS, a quaker, almoſt at the commencement of that religious ſect, and an unreſiſting ſufferer, under the tyrannic preſſure of a code of laws, whoſe exiſtence (notwithſtanding a partial repeal) is a libel on the Engliſh conſtitution.

He was the companion, rather than ſcholar of the author of Paradiſe Loſt; and, by reading to him different authors in the learned languages, contributed as well to his own improvement, as to the ſolace of the dark hours of the poet, who had loſt his ſight by an affection of the optic nerves, called Gutta Serena; a diſeaſe, in which neither the beauty or appearance of the eye are at all impaired, although viſion is utterly and irreparably extinguiſhed.

" The curious ear of John Mil-
" ton (ſays Ellwood, in the his-
" tory of his own life) could diſ-
" cover, by the tone of my voice,
" when I did not clearly under-
" ſtand what I read; and, on ſuch
" occaſions, he would ſtop to ex-
" amine me, and open the difficult
" paſſages."

Milton appears to have entertained a good opinion of his abilities, as well as his integrity; for, (ſays Ellwood,) " On a viſit I
" made him at Giles Charlſont,
" he called for a manuſcript,
" which, being brought, he de-
" livered to me, bidding me take
" it home with me, and read it
" at my leiſure; and, when I had
" ſo done, return it to him, with
" my judgement thereupon.

" I ſet myſelf to read it, and
" found it was that excellent poem,
" which he entitled Paradiſe Loſt.
" When I had, with the beſt at-
" tention, read it through, I re-
" turned his book, with due ac-
" knowledgements. He aſked me
" how I liked it, and what I
" thought of it; which I modeſtly,
" but freely, told him; and *plea-*
" *ſantly* ſaid to him, " Thou haſt
" ſaid much of Paradiſe Loſt,
" but what haſt thou to ſay of
" Paradiſe Found? He made me
" no anſwer, but ſat ſome time
" in a muſe. When, afterwards,
" my occaſions drew me to Lon-
" don, I waited on him there.
" He then ſhewed me his ſecond
" poem, called Paradiſe Regained,

" and

"and, in a *pleaſant* tone, ſaid to "me, "This is owing to you, "for you put it into my head, by "the queſtion you aſked me at "Charlſont, which before I had "not thought of."

During the reign of Charles the ſecond, Ellwood ſuffered, in common, with his fraternity, the rigors of intolerant laws, which, from the evils of a former reign, were deſigned by the legiſlature againſt a deſcription of men of very different principles. The treatment he experienced whilſt in his father's family, where the inward light of quakeriſm burſt on his ſoul, by the excitement of an accidental preaching in the neighbourhood, was alſo highly mortifying.

It has been ſaid, by a humourous writer, "Some cry out againſt "the Turk, and ſome againſt the "Pope; but *I* find *my* worſt ene-"my is my neighbour." And Ellwood's ſevereſt trials were in the houſe of his father, a juſtice of peace, who had been active in ſuppreſſing conventicles. We may eaſily imagine the old gentleman's emotions, on perceiving his ſon, a young man of hope and expectation, forſaking the eſtabliſhed religion in which he had been educated, and joining zealouſly in the auſterities, and unpleaſant peculiarities, of a proſcribed and ridiculed ſect, againſt whom the activity of his zeal, had been ſo lately exerted.

Our young convert, to a ſtrong and enthuſiaſtic conviction of the juſtice of his tenets, added a fund of good ſenſe, and knowledge of the world; on joining the family at dinner time, with a covered head, inſtead of partaking a hearty meal, he was ordered out of the room with a box on the ear, and much humiliating ſevere reproof.

From the ſociety of his father's houſe, and afterwards from the improving converſe of Milton, he made a quick and unpleaſant tranſition to jails, to counters, and Newgate, in a country, which, a few years before, had puniſhed its firſt magiſtrate for a violation of the freedom of the ſubject. But Ellwood, however contrary he thought it to his duty, as a chriſtian, to oppoſe his enemies, with carnal weapons, was a copious writer, and ſucceſsful aſſailant from the preſs. Many of his tracts, as well as the Apology of Barclay, appear, in my opinion, never to have been effectually anſwered.

It has long been the faſhion among the elegant and the gay, to laugh at, and expoſe, the inflated feelings, the ſtarched affectation, and unaccommodating manners of Quakers; yet their ſyſtematic oppoſition to eccleſiaſtical extortion, their general purity of manners, and generous attention to their own indigent members, without burthening the public, which is bound to provide for them, with their quiet, inoffenſive deportment, and conſcientious diſcharge of the duties of private life, have conciliated the good will of the ſober and rational part of mankind:—and, after a revolution of ſixteen centuries, if the fiſhermen of Gallilee were to be deputed by their Maſter to reviſit the earth, and report the ſtate of that religious ſyſtem, which He had exemplified by precept as well

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as example, and ſealed with his blood, after beſtowing an indignant glance on the profane idolatry of Rome, the half-done work of Luther, and the irrational reveries of Calvin; after lamenting the frauds, oppreſſions, and cruelties of councils, prieſts, and eſtabliſhments, I very much doubt if the cœleſtial miſſionaries would allow, that any genuine remains of primitive chriſtianity could be diſcovered, but among the proſcribed followers of Barclay and of Fox.

ESTE, CHARLES, a medical writer, an apothecary, and, laſtly, a clergyman, who has united with his clerical function, an employment, by ſome thought unbecoming a ſacerdotal character, the conducting a faſhionable morning paper.

His ſucceſs, as a medical man, ſeems to have been moderate, a circumſtance which ought not to ſurprize us, ſince, in a ſmall collection of his tracts, publiſhed early, he does not ſcruple to declare, that patients, in a certain, faſhionable diſorder, *ought to ſmart*; a declaration, in which his love of moral and retributive juſtice makes him forget his duty, as a ſurgeon, and a man. The doctrine might be ſupported with ſome faint degree of plauſibility in a ſchool of caſuiſts, but was not likely to procure him many patients.

Yet is he not without talents, and exhibits frequent proofs of intellectual depth, retentive memory, and happy combination of circumſtance.

The ſcandalous anecdote of the day, the ſtray joke of the moment, the ſlight biographic ſketch, the virulent party lie, plauſibly told, and too often the indecent, tho well-wrapt bon mot, are the happieſt efforts of his pen.

He has favoured the world with what he calls, "The Hiſtory of "my own Life," at once obſcure and unintereſting; among other particulars, he tells the reader, that, when he turned his thoughts to the church, he ordered his hair-dreſſer to be with him by four o'clock in the morning. He ſeems to have thought, he could not improve the inſide of his head, till the outſide was properly ornamented.

Yet from affectation, or from bad taſte, which leads him to a vicious imitation of obſcure writers, he is very often unintelligible.

He ſcatters ſo aſſiduouſly thro' his diurnal paragraphs, ſuch a quaintneſs of phraſe, ſuch an elaborate prettineſs of expreſſion, that the reader is often puzzled to underſtand the ſenſe.

If this way of writing be, after all, only an ingenious effort, to prevent any legal advantages being taken of the political falſehood, and perſonal malignity, which perpetually recur in the paper, it may be ſaid, in ſome degree, to anſwer the purpoſe; for the conductor "evades all de-"tection, by hiding his meaning."

Yet, with all his faults, (and a thouſand faults he has,) I can diſcover, inveloped in tons of droſs, a few grains of ſterling metal, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhable from the party cant, idle chit chat, faſhionable phraſe, and flippant, frothy common-place of Topham.

The World, that proper gazette of the miniſter, (as Mr. Sheridan calls it,) has been rather

unfortunate, on the ſcore of panegyric; it was pouring a troubled ſtream of turbid praiſe on Mr. Pitt, as a financier, and a friend to liberty, at the moment he was fettering the preſs, and embarraſſing a valuable branch of our commerce, with additional regulations in exciſe, and extolling him as a financier, while more than an unprovided million of the public revenue was floating in arrears:—it was extolling Kemble, of Drury Lane, for eaſy, faſhionable geſture, and an agreeable pliancy of manners, whom neither nature or art has calculated for the pleaſing walks of the drama.

"Tis only praiſe like this, that "damns our friends!"

The manager of the puppets in Downing-ſtreet, I will not preſume to adviſe; tho', if I were his perſonal enemy, I could dwell on the popularity he has abuſed, and the credit his inconſiſtency has loſt. I might add, that his paraſites, aware of thoſe, being fondeſt of praiſe who deſerve it leaſt, are determined to deal it forth to him by the lump.

It is not my wiſh to diminiſh Mr. Kemble's juſt claim to the accuracy of dramatic criticiſm, and verbal pronunciation, but, as a man of ſenſe, he cannot but know and feel, that the harſh, the odious, and the horror-inſpiring perſonages of tragedy, the ſtern, rugged Coriolanus, the hateful Richard, and the dauntleſs Macbeth, are characters, for which alone he is calculated, by form, feature, and voice, with the exception of Petruchio, and a very few others in comedy.

I would adviſe him, when he reads the criticiſms of Pro Roſcio, as I am told is always the caſe before they are printed, to draw his pen over laviſh, irrational and unmerited panegyric, which injures his juſt fame, and renders us unwilling to allow even his real merits.

I ſhall be thought remiſs to diſpatch this article without noticing the Poetry of the World, which, under the names of Della Cruſca, Laura, Anna Matilda, &c. has been uſhered to the public with no little pomp.

In the preſent dearth of real poetic genius, though Mr. Hayley thinks we have many poets, I ſee with pleaſure, in theſe compoſitions, ſtrength of paſſion and forcible ſentiment delineated in glowing diction and harmonious verſe; but they have the original ſin of the vehicle in which they were produced; ſometimes obſcure, ſometimes unnatural, and often degenerating into rant, fuſtian and bombaſt.

The laſt piece, called "The In-"terview," is attributed to Mr. Merry, and poſſeſſes much ſplendid imagery, with fewer of the faults I juſt now mentioned than any of the reſt—it is impaſſioned, animated and affecting.

It would be unjuſt on this occaſion not to mention the name of Bell, who has embelliſhed theſe poems, and has introduced to the public many national works of genius, with all the taſte and elegance that type, paper and firſt rate artiſts could procure.

But I conſider the paper called the World, without any retroſpect to

to its merits, as rather in its wane; and, for this reaſon, the novelty of the thing is gone off, the temporary curioſity of the public has ſubſided.

And I am convinced any enterpriſing man, with money in his pocket and proper aſſiſtants, might, in the ſame manner, every three or four years eſtabliſh a new paper, bring it into faſhion, and that, like the World, it would have its day; but, that as its ſucceſsful rivals acquired fame, it would gradually decline and ſink into oblivion.

Even before this periſhable bagatelle reaches the preſs, my prediction approaches to its accompliſhment, new rivals have ariſen to equal, if not eclipſe the glories of the World.

Mr. Eſte and his employer have turned their literary weapons and diurnal abuſe againſt each other, and the diſputes of this par nobile fratrum, promiſe fair to conclude in the King's Bench or the Court of Chancery.

FIESCA, JOHN LOUIS DE, Count of Lavagna, a rich and powerful noble of Genoa, which may be called the Land of political Experiment, as there ſcarce ſubſiſts a form of government which this city has not tried and been diſcontented with. After emerging from the alternate yoke of the Romans, the Lombards and Charlemagne, they have at different times been governed by dukes and by counts, by conſuls, podeſtats, captains of the people, councils of twelve or of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in ſpite of every precaution, have uniformly experienced family faction and civil commotion.

After ages of inteſtine diſcord, Andrew Doria (a name ſtill revered in Genoa) was ſent by Heaven to reſcue his bleeding country from a foreign yoke, and to heal her wounds.

It was during this ſhort-lived interval of tranquility that the ſubject of this article, aſſiſted by the intriguing ſpirit of France and the Vatican, conſpired againſt his country.

Moſt conſpiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppreſſed people, or the deſperate hopes and ruined fortunes of the inſurgents.

But, in the preſent caſe, Genoa appears to have been in a ſtate of more real freedom and happineſs, than it had enjoyed for ſome centuries; and Fieſca poſſeſſed the gifts of fortune, fame, form and underſtanding, in a degree that falls to the lot of few men.

In the prime of life, for he was only twenty-two, bleſt with the affections of a wife, whom he ardently loved, the beautiful, the tender, the accompliſhed Eleanor; and enjoying the friendſhip of all good men, he was ſtimulated by a boundleſs and reſtleſs ambition to aim at ſupreme power.

And, it muſt be confeſſed, he purſued his deſigns with an ardor that ſurmounted every obſtacle, with a refined policy and impenetrable ſecrecy that baffled ſuſpicion.

After ſecuring effectual aſſiſtance of men, money, and armed gallies from the king of France and the Pope, whom he ſo far overreached as to make them believe he was only fighting *their* battles; he proceeded to the execution of

his daring purpoſe, and won the affections of the populace by largeſſes of money and corn, under the ſpecious plea of charitable contributions. He diſplayed himſelf on all public occaſions in ſplendid attire, and on fine horſes, richly capariſoned, by his air, manners and graceful familiarity, faſcinating all ranks of men; for he particularly excelled in equeſtrian and other manly exerciſes; he alſo took care occaſionally to drop hints of the pride and oppreſſive behaviour of the nobles, affecting to cenſure and lament it.

He ſometimes would venture to intimate, that a remedy was not impoſſible, but, after a pauſe, always exhorted them to patience and ſubmiſſion.

He continued his viſits to the two Dorias, Andrew, and his nephew Jeannetin, treated them with great reſpect and attention, and affected an openneſs of manners with the latter who had offended him, by ſome real or imaginary arrogance. Fieſca had ſpent the ſummer at his country ſeat, in arming and exerciſing his vaſſals, under a pretence that he expected an inſult from the duke of Placentia, though, in reality, that prince had promiſed him two thouſand men, and his own people amounted to that number.

To prevent any alarm at the appearance of his gallies in the port, and armed men entering the city, he declared in public that he was going on a cruize againſt the Turks. He made it his buſineſs, at the ſame time, to ſecure the ambitious, the diſcontented, the idle, and the neceſſitous of all parties, by ſplendid promiſes, by flattery, and by gold, without imparting to them the particulars of his plan, which, for a conſiderable time, was known only to three of his moſt intimate friends, Calcagno, Sacco and Verrina; the two firſt cautious, deliberate and timid; the laſt haughty, violent, intrepid; conſidering, like his employer, the gratification of perſonal revenge, and the greatneſs of their undertaking, rather than the probability of its ſucceſs, but all alike devoted to the will of the count.

After ſeveral deliberations on the mode of executing their deſign, after removing their doubts, ſtrengthening their hopes, and ſoothing their apprehenſions, it was at laſt determined, that if Fieſca dar'd to be ſupreme, he poſſeſs'd ſufficient power and reſources to make himſelf ſo.

It was propos'd to invite Andrew and Jeannetin Doria, with other perſons of diſtinction who it might be ſuppos'd would be inimical to their purpoſe, to an entertainment at the count's, and to diſpatch them, while the city-gates were to be taken poſſeſſion of by the partizans of the conſpirators; Fieſca was to raiſe the people, and make himſelf maſter of the palace, and Verrina at the head of a truſty band, was to proclaim him Doge: but an accidental indiſpoſition of the elder of the Dorias, obliged them to alter their meaſures.

In the mean time the plot was hinted to Paul Panſa, the friend, and formerly the tutor of the count, venerable from his age, his virtue, his love of his country and literary acquirements; for Fieſca, though in the cloſeſt friendſhip with

with this good old man, had not yet diſcovered the fatal, the guilty ſecret to him, from a conviction, that nothing could have perſuaded him to join in the conſpiracy.

But Panſa, though he could not aſſiſt, would not betray, and thought he acted a proper part between his friend and his country, by endeavouring to diſſuade him from his dangerous projects: calling at the count's houſe, and retiring with him to a private ſaloon, he told the young man, that from the alteration in his looks and behaviour, and from his aſſociating with perſons beneath him, both in rank and reputation, he was convinced he had ſome dangerous enterprize in view.

He conjured him by the honour of his family, by his eſteem, fame and friendſhip, by his locks which were grown grey in the ſervice of him and his family, not to throw away the real and certain happineſs which was in his power, for chimerical and dangerous expectations, which, if they ſucceeded, could not elevate him to a ſituation more ſplendid, honourable and happy, than that in which he was already plac'd, and if they failed, entailed death, ignominy, and confiſcation on himſelf, his friends and adherents.

But dazzled by the bewitching proſpects of ambition, Fieſca was not to be diverted from his purpoſe by argument or entreaty, and the good old man departed from his palace in tears.

The next day, an entertainment was to be given by the count of Lavagna, and the evening was ultimately fixed for the execution of the deſperate deed.

A gun fired from a galley in the harbour by Verrina, was to be the ſignal for ſeizing Doria's gallies, and for the forces on ſhore, beginning to act.

The gueſts of Fieſca aſſembled at the appointed time, and were ſurpriſed to find his houſe crowded with ſtrangers and armed ſoldiers; they were conducted to a remote ſaloon, when he addreſſed them in the following words.

"The time is at length come, "when you have it in your power "to free Genoa from the tyranny "of a few nobles: one hour more "entirely accompliſhes her free-"dom.

"This is the glorious feaſt to "which you are invited.

"The younger Doria is for "making himſelf abſolute, of which "I have ſufficient proof; he con-"ſiders me as one who will reſo-"lutely oppoſe every effort he can "make to enſlave you, and has "therefore reſolved to aſſaſſinate "me, I have hitherto eſcaped his "treacherous attempts, but he ſtill "meditates my deſtruction.

"You are trampled on by a "haughty and arrogant nobility, "whoſe oppreſſions will only in-"creaſe by the elevation and ſuc-"ceſs of the Dorias.

"Reſcue yourſelves, follow me, "I will reſtore the popular go-"vernment, and cement it by the "blood of our enemies.

"My precautions and meaſures "are ſuch, that ſucceſs is certain.

"I have in my houſe, three "hundred armed ſoldiers, and "gallies well provided in the har-"bour.

"The guards are devoted to "my purpoſe, and with fifteen

"hun-

" hundred artificers, two thouſand " of my own vaſſals, and two " thouſand ſoldiers from the duke " of Placentia, wait only for the " appointed ſignal.

" My deſign is a profound ſe- " cret, and the enemies of liberty " and our country, unſuſpecting, " and off their guard.

" I have undergone all the " danger and all the anxiety, of " forming the plan, and only make " choice of you to ſhare in the " glory.

" But as I wiſh no one to join " in an undertaking which he does " not entirely approve; if there " ſhould be any ſuch in this com- " pany, let them retire to an adjoin- " ing room, where they may " remain in ſafety, till the great " work we have undertaken, is " executed; I pledge my honour " that they ſhall then return, un- " moleſted, to their families."

The gueſts ſtood for ſome minutes ſilent and motionleſs, but at laſt, excepting two, they joined in acclamations, that they would ſupport the count of Lavagna with their lives and fortunes.

Whilſt they took a haſty repaſt, Fieſca withdrew to his wife's apartment.

Under a pretence of urgent buſineſs, he had invited his friend Panſa for the evening, hoping, that the engaging manners and agreeable converſation of an old man for whom ſhe had the higheſt reſpect, would prevent his wife from obſerving the concourſe of people, and unuſual noiſe in the houſe; for, with a degree of cruel kindneſs, he had not yet made her acquainted with what was in agitation.

Torn by the alternate ſtruggles of love, ambition and friendſhip, he diſcovered, in a few words, the nature of his views, and ſaid to the trembling affrighted Eleanor, who on her knees, and in tears, conjured him to abandon his purpoſe, " It is now too late, and " in leſs than an hour, you will " be a widow, or miſtreſs of " Genoa."

At this moment, a cannon fired from the harbour by Verrina, which accidentally had been delayed, proclaimed the promis'd ſignal.

The count tearing himſelf from the arms of his diſtracted wife and friend, drew his ſword, joined his impatient aſſociates, and ſallied forth.

The gates of the city were inſtantly taken poſſeſſion of, the gallies of the Dorias ſecur'd, and the populace in arms, crying, Fieſca and liberty, through the ſtreets.

Jeannetin Doria, on firſt hearing the alarm, ruſhed towards the harbour with no other arms than a ſword and two attendants, and was immediately cut to pieces.

His uncle, the venerable Andrew, oppreſſed with age and infirmities, was conveyed by the help of his faithful domeſtics, to a retired ſituation, by a poſtern gate, ſome miles from the city.

Every thing ſeemed to ſucceed according to the moſt ſanguine wiſhes and expectations of Fieſca, but amidſt the hurry and confuſion, while the Senate were waiting in the palace to hear his propoſals, the ill fated count was no more.

During

During the tumult, this principal actor, for whom every thing was in motion, was going on board a galley, to give ſome neceſſary orders, but treading on the landing-plank, which was inſecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water, which was not very deep, but the weight of his armour, and the darkneſs of the night, prevented him from extricating himſelf, and others from rendering him aſſiſtance, ſo that this unfortunate man at once an ornament and an enemy to his country, periſhed by an unexpected accident, and his deſigns periſhed with him.

Jerome, the count's brother, attempted to conduct the conſpiracy, but when the populace and ſoldiers heard of the death of their liberal benefactor, they retired in ſudden melancholy to their houſes and quarters.

A general amneſty, without examination, trial, or puniſhment, was proclaimed; and Jerome, with Verrina, Sacco, and Calcagno, immediately left the city, which ſoon recovered its tranquility.

The friends of the republic, mingling their tears with thoſe of the venerable Paul, attempted, by every means in their power, to ſoothe the ſorrows of the widowed, the beautiful, the forlorn Eleanora.

In the preſent enlightened ſtate of Europe, few popular inſurrections can be excuſed, except to ſhake off a foreign yoke, or to reſiſt ſome very palpable and odious ſtretch of authority.

To guard effectually againſt theſe ſeditious tendencies, which are at once impotent and deſtructive, "the lower and induſtrious claſſes "of people ſhould be taught, even "as it were againſt their will, "their weight and importance in "the ſtate.

"For they are too apt to let "themſelves indolently ſink into "dependance, neglect, contempt, "and oppreſſion.

"They then are provoked to "violence, in order to redreſs "themſelves, but they know not "how; they cannot take their own "parts, as they form a body "which cannot move without do-"ing miſchief.

"They therefore muſt only act "by their repreſentatives," and after all the ſtudied declamation, and frothy invective, concerning the anarchy and confuſion, that a pure and general repreſentation, and more frequent elections would produce: I am convinced, that this or any country where thoſe deſireable purpoſes have taken place, bids the faireſt for internal tranquility and happineſs.

I hope that kings have been by this time convinced that a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would not *now* be tolerated, I truſt, and I ſpeak from my own feelings and ſettled purpoſe, *not for a moment*.

In the modern grievances of ſociety, from legiſlation, religion, or impoſt, a free preſs will be found a ſafe, and an effectual battery, from which a fooliſh monarch, a haughty miniſter, or an unprincipled eccleſiaſtic may be annoyed with vigour and ſucceſs.

No tyranny however powerful, no oppreſſion however reſpected, no chicane however artful or terrific, can long hold out againſt the *repeated and perſevering* attacks of this glorious bulwark, ſeconded by

by the keen weapons of truth and common ſenſe.

France, emancipated France, affords, at this inſtant, an evidence ſingularly favourable to my poſition.

From abſolute deſpotiſm, from an attachment to kings nationally characteriſtic, from the ſlumbers of unconditional ſubmiſſion, they have been gradually awakened by the mild voice of literary diſquiſition, to a ſenſe of the importance of freedom and repreſentation, and to a reſolution to obtain them. Civil and religious tyranny are monſters, which can only exiſt in the thick miſts of ignorance and impoſition; they vaniſh at the radiant approach of literature and ſcience.

I have already ſaid, that in the preſent ſtate of ſociety we are in no imminent danger from the perſonal oppreſſion and tyrannic cruelty of deſpots.

But evils await us, of a nature equally grievous and deſtructive, though not ſo terrible to look at.

Our wives and daughters are not torn from our arms, we are not immured in dungeons for life for nameleſs crimes, nor are we ſhocked by viewing the bodies of our fellow citizens conſuming in ſlow fires, or quivering under the tortures and wheels of the inquiſitor or ſtate executioner.

But by long and ruinous wars, and from that execrable, though neceſſary evil, ſtanding armies in time of peace, and the exorbitant price of the neceſſaries of life, the burthens of ſociety, though unfelt and unpitied by the rich, the elevated and the gay, preſs with intolerable weight on the middle and moſt uſeful ranks of mankind, who have not the reſources of public aſſiſtance or private contribution, which the loweſt claſſes demand with ſtubborn inſolence, or enjoy with ſilent ingratitude.

A countryman is ſaid to have once complained to a prieſt of Hercules, that his flock was dreadfully thinned by the frequent ſacrifices to that beef-eating deity, for he is called Βοφαγος, by the Greek writers.

"He preſerves the cattle from "diſeaſe, and from the wild beaſts," ſaid the prieſt. "What difference "does it make to *me*," replied the farmer, "whether my herd is de-"voured by the wolves or by their "protectors?"

In the preſent age of popular ferment and political regeneration, when princes ought to be cautious how they render royalty unpopular, and its trappings extravagant and coſtly, I cannot cloſe this article without a ſerious and an earneſt exhortation to kings, their deſcendants, and their favourites: to diminiſh every unneceſſary branch of expence, whether devoted to uſeleſs pageantry, or the purpoſes of conducting with eaſe the buſineſs of government, leaſt mankind ſhould conſider themſelves in the ſituation of the farmer's cattle; leaſt, ſurrounded by the gifts of Heaven, which are liberally diſpenſed for all, they ſhould complain that *their* cup of human felicity is embittered; leaſt, in a land of liberty and plenty, they ſink under the rude and remorſeleſs gripe of penury and want.

In

In countries bending under evils, which perhaps *all* have in a degree aſſiſted in producing, no ſituation, however highly exalted, ſhould claim exemption from œconomy, no rank ought to murmur at curtailing expences, derived from national reſources almoſt exhauſted.

And in certain ſituations, if ſovereigns and miniſters were voluntarily to give up, or for a time to lower their annual demands on the public, it would be the moſt deciſive proof they could give of a diſintereſted regard for the happineſs of the people they govern.

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, the grandſon of Sir Stephen, an old courtier and faithful adherent of Charles the Second, and, I believe, pay-maſter of his forces, remarkable for a vigorous effort in old age. When Sir Stephen Fox was upwards of eighty, his wife, a woman of unimpeached reputation, was delivered of twins, from whom are deſcended the preſent Holland and Ilcheſter families.

Need I dwell on the youthful follies of his deſcendant—that he was never to be contradicted was the great outline of his education, a conduct inexcuſable in a man of his father's good ſenſe; a fatal ſyſtem which brought its own puniſhment, and produced in Mr. Charles Fox every licentious exceſs that money could procure, or appetite demand. Thoſe who now remark the negligence of his dreſs and perſon, will ſcarcely believe that he was once a fop and petit maitre; that he made the tour of Europe with manners, and engaged in purſuits that have too often attached ridicule and contempt to the name and character of an Engliſhman.

Plucked by every adventurer, and duped by every painted thing that wore a petticoat, he ſoon returned to diſſipate the miniſterial and unpopular wealth of his father. This taſk he compleated with a rapidity which has been the prominent feature of his life, and he ſoon got rid of thoſe vulgar incumbrances, money and domeſtic comfort.

Yet he had ſnatched ſome moments from folly, and ſome from vice, in which he attained a correct taſte for claſſic literature, improved a natural fund of good ſenſe, and planted, however contradictory it may ſeem, the ſeeds of future ſolidity of character, amidſt the follies of diſſipation and the diſtractions of play. This circumſtance will, perhaps, appear leſs extraordinary when we recollect that Dr. Francis, the elegant tranſlator of Horace, was his tutor, and that lord Macartney, the ſon-in-law of the mighty Thane, accompanied him in his travels.

In a ſubordinate capacity, which he filled for a ſhort time during lord North's adminiſtration, he ſoon taught that unfortunate ſtateſman, that he was not formed to move in the traminels of inferior office, or to tread the dull routine of parliamentary duty as an underling. The ſtrong impulſe of genius and independence throbbing at his boſom, urged him to throw off the ſervile yoke of dependance, and he was ſoon after invited to join an illuſtrious band of ſenators and patriots, who, during the exe-

crable American war, had enforced every argument that reaſon or intereſt could ſuggeſt, to prevent or put an end to it. He came forward on every popular queſtion with an open explicitneſs and decided conduct, which has forced admiration from thoſe few who did not agree with him in opinion; he was choſen member for Weſtminſter, with the whole weight of miniſterial influence and court intrigue againſt him, he was hailed with one voice—Man of the People—a title which miniſters tremble at, and ſovereigns have deſired in vain. I have obſerved in another part of this work, that in defining the nature and eſſence of the regal power, he had given offence at St. James's. "But it is not in "this country that *ſuch* men *can* "be diſgraced by the frowns of a "king."

Though his private life was ſuch as prudence cannot defend, or morality admit, he was adored by his friends, dreaded by thoſe few whom intereſt and party views made his enemies, and at a certain period of his life, had he choſen to have given the leaſt indication of his wiſhes, I believe any object, however high in church or ſtate, would have fallen a ſacrifice to popular indignation. But there is not, at this moment, a truer friend to the conſtitution than Mr. Fox, or a more loyal ſubject in the true and literal ſenſe of the term; he loves his king, not from the ſlaviſh irrational idea of there being any thing ſacred in the perſon or office of a firſt magiſtrate *created* by the people, but becauſe the regal office is *one* of the three branches that conſtitute our happy form of government; happy, indeed, were it adminiſtered in its true ſpirit.

After a ſtruggle of years, in which our hero was joined by many of the firſt characters in this country for talents, rank and property, lord North was obliged to declare, that he was no longer one of his majeſty's miniſters.

The marquis of Rockingham was, after a ſhort pauſe, called to the treaſury, and Mr. Fox was appointed one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate. The ſame energy of mind which had hurried him into the exceſſes of deep play, and had inſpired him with a vigorous and unremitting ſpirit of oppoſition for ſo many years, now took a new turn, and impelled him to fulfill the duties of his new poſt with all the patient induſtry of a plodder. He was regular and attentive, as the dulleſt rogue alive, and as ſcrupulouſly exact in office minutiæ and miniſterial arrangement, as if he had not poſſeſſed a ſingle ray of genius. He ſeized this favourable opportunity of convincing the world that there *was* an interval of his life, of which he could liſten to the imperious voice of duty, and quit without a ſigh, the faſcinations of the gaming table, and the allurements of pleaſure.

But theſe proſpects, ſo flattering to national welfare, as well as Mr. Fox's ambition, ſoon vaniſhed; the death of Lord Rockingham diſſolved an adminiſtration which, during its ſhort continuance, rendered eſſential ſervices to the cauſe of the people, and took ſeveral important ſteps towards purifying parliamentary elections and repreſentation. He ſoon found it neceſſary to reſign, in conſequence of certain

certain diſſentions in the cabinet, in which, as is generally the caſe in life, the intriguing ſpirit and low cunning of his opponents, over-reached the ſuperior genius and unſuſpecting honeſty of Mr. Fox, and he appeared a few days after in the houſe of commons, with no other dignities annexed to his perſon, than thoſe invaluable and unalienable ones which God and nature had given him.

It would be ſwelling this article to a ſize inconſiſtent with the nature of my work, to enter into a detail of the various combination of circumſtance which compelled lord Shelburne to retire reluctantly from the treaſury, induced lord North to hide himſelf in the triumphant train of the whigs, and placed the duke of Portland at the head of a new miniſtry. I will not tire my reader by recounting the *honourable* appointment of Mr. Pitt, through the kind helps of his couſin the marquis of Buckingham; it is not neceſſary to repeat the ingenious manner in which the nation was infatuated by unfounded terrors of Mr. Fox's India bill, a meaſure which oriental inſolvency and ſound policy rendered abſolutely neceſſary.

It is not the firſt inſtance in modern or antient hiſtory in which a friend to mankind, an honeſt ſpirit that would not bend to the corrupt purpoſes of a court, has been rendered obnoxious and unpopular by hollow arts and political manœuvre.

I confeſs Mr. Fox's India bill pleaſed me, with all its faults, and many faults it had.

"Ardent ſpirit and deciſive re-
"gulation characteriſed the mea-
"ſure; it was no ſcheme of the
"day to poſtpone the hour of
"danger, no crude undigeſted
"plan, imploring the doubtful aſ-
"ſiſtance of explanatory bills and
"declaratory acts."

Its beſt panegyric is the puny bill of his rival and ſucceſſor, which under the deceitful but odious name of a board of controul, has in effect adopted, as far as pride and naughtineſs of heart would permit, the ſpirit of its great prototype.

That it ſeparated the executive power from the crown, is an argument now almoſt abandoned by thoſe who defended the propoſed reſtrictions of Mr. Pitt, in the debates on the regency. But allowing the bill to be pregnant with every fault and every miſchief its worſt enemies can alledge, why was the nation to be put in a ferment, and the public mind to be inflamed. Could not its extravagant and erring ſpirit have been reſtrained, might not exceptionable paſſages have been expunged or modified? could it not have been altered and re-altered, as has regularly been the caſe with almoſt every bill ſince introduced.

But in that caſe, the concealed purpoſe had not been anſwered; thoſe officious eyes planted round a drawing room and bed chamber, which reading looks, and tranſlating ſmiles, "watch the ſign to "hate," had not been gratified by the removal of a reforming miniſter, perſonally offenſive to their maſter, for there at laſt was the root of all the evil:

Hinc illæ lachrymæ——
Hæſit lateri lethalis Arundo.

Mr. Fox is once more a private member of parliament, but I am much miſtaken if his popularity be not again budding forth, for, with all his obliquities and political ſins, there hangs about him a conciliating integrity, a rugged open honeſty that attracts, intereſts and binds. And if I miſtake not, there ſtill exiſts in this country, a fund of good ſenſe that will never ſuffer firſt rate genius and ſplendid talent, to paſs unnoticed and unrequited.

How very few of us attain eminence, independent of the aids of education, wealth, and other extraneous adventitious circumſtances? placed in obſcurity we probably ſhould live undiſtinguiſhed, and die without notice. But had the ſubject of this article ſprung from the dregs of ſociety, I am convinced he would have emerged with credit from his depreſſion. Had he been a ploughman or a ſhepherd, I cannot but think he would have turned the beſt furrow, and have reared the fineſt flock in the hamlet. He probably would have intrigued with the milk-maid, loitered in the ſkittle-ground, and have had a long ſcore at the ale-houſe, yet whatever had been his purſuit, in that I am perſuaded he *muſt* have excelled.

" Such, heaven-born genius, ſuch
the gifts from thee."

He is ſaid, when a very young man, to have been deſperately enamoured of a lady, as diſtinguiſhed for her beauty as her misfortunes, who, unlike many of her ſex, withdrew in time from the flowery dangerous bewitching paths of pleaſure and ſeduction.

I have ſeen lines addreſſed to her on her marriage, which would not diſgrace the firſt of poets to own; they have all the bold energy and melting pathos of Hammond, without his whining and unmanly cant: they abound in ſtrong expreſſive imagery, they paint far beyond the powers of the pencil, in fervid glowing colours, the wild conflicts that rob us of peace, the anguiſh of jealouſy, and the furious rage of unextinguiſhed diſappointed deſire; yet is the ardour of fiery paſſion ſweetly tempered, by ſentiments of the moſt affectionate fondneſs, by winning yet manly tenderneſs.

Theſe, if I recollect right, are ſome of them:

" The ſtar of the evening now
" bids thee retire,
" Accurs'd be its orb, and ex-
" tinguiſh'd its fire,
" For it ſhows me my rival,
" prepar'd to invade,
" Thoſe charms which I once
" both admir'd and obey'd;
" Oh had I been bleſt with thy
" beauties, my fair,
" With fondeſt attention, with
" delicate care,
" My heart would have ſtrove
" evr'y pang to remove,
" And have pluck'd ev'ry thorn
" from the roſes of love;
" My inſolent rival leſs proud
" of his right,
" Contemns the ſweet office, that
" ſoul of delight,
" Leſs tender he ſeizes thy lips as
" his prey,
" And all thy dear charms the
" rough ſummons obey;
" Even now more licentious,—
" raſh mortal forbear,
" Reſtraint

" Reſtrain him, O Venus—let " him too deſpair.

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" And yet the fond ſigh 'midſt " enjoyment will ſtray,

" And a tear is the tribute " which rapture muſt pay,

" Still, ſtill doſt thou tremble " that rapture to ſeek,

" Which pants on thy boſom, " and glows in thy cheek,

" Confuſion and ſhame thy ſoft " wiſhes deſtroy,

" And terror deranges the bloſ- " ſoms of joy."

" Mr. Fox," ſays an able but not an impartial writer, whom I have quoted in other articles, " Mr. Fox wants the exterior ad- " vantages of an orator, for his " perſon and appearance are mean " and diſagreeable; his voice is in- " harmonious, and he manages it " unſkilfully. He poſſeſſes ſtrong " ingredients to form a political " character; accuſtomed to the vi- " ciſſitudes of fortune, and marked " by the ſtorms of fate.

" He has experienced all the diſ- " tractions of play; he has been " reduced from affluence and proſ- " perity, from a command of for- " tune and friends, to a depend- " ance on uſurious creditors.

" He is not ſuppoſed to poſſeſs a " great fund of information, but " his mind ſupplies theſe deficien- " cies from its own inexhauſti- " ble treaſures. His underſtand- " ing is ſtrong and maſculine, his " expreſſion full and copious. In " proportion to the quickneſs of " his conceptions, his delivery is " rapid. The torrent of argu- " ment comes rolling from him " with irreſiſtible force.

" A perfect maſter of the art of " debate, he does not leave his " hearers to follow, but drives " them before him, and diſguiſes " the ſentiments of his opponents " with ſo much dexterity, that the " ſtrongeſt ſenſe is not proof " againſt his power. His elo- " quence never fails producing its " effect it ſtrikes the whole aſ- " ſembly, and every man commu- " nicates the ſhock to his neigh- " bour. Yet, with theſe qualifi- " cations, his invincible attach- " ment to play deprives him of " our confidence; we all admire " his abilities, yet, from a ſuſpi- " cion of his principles, no man " wiſhes him to be employed."

It would undoubtedly be highly gratifying to the nation, and conſiſtent with the pure moral character of his majeſty, if every department of government could be filled by individuals of irreproachable life. Yet, in the preſent humiliating ſtate of perſonal correctneſs, I cannot think that one purſuit dangerous only in its *private* tendency, ſhould deprive this country of acknowledged *public* virtue, and powers unequalled. When our health or our property are at ſtake, we heſitate not a moment in employing the moſt abandoned lawyer or profligate phyſician, we are anxious only for profeſſional ſkill, and turn with contempt from an ignorant practitioner, though " prayers were his " morality, and kneeling his re- " ligion."

Beſides, if I ſuſpected any want of principle in Mr. Fox, which I freely confeſs I do not, his illuſtri-

ous

ous aſſociates, the venerable houſes of Cavendiſh, Ruſſel, Bentinck, Fitzwilliam, and a reſpectable train, too long here to recount, are ſufficient ſureties of his integrity and political conſiſtency. And I cannot reflect, without exultation, that the people of this country have in Mr. Fox a tried and faſt friend, not to be diſheartened by the temporary fluctuation of popular applauſe, nor to be ſeduced by royal or princely ſmiles, from his country's cauſe.

I conſider him, whether in or out of place, as a faithful incorruptible watchman of the public weal, who will ſtrictly guard the ſacred barriers of the conſtitution, diſpute every inch of ground with the enemy; and though he cannot always prevent encroachment, yet he will on every neceſſary occaſion raiſe his voice, and give an alarm to the friends of liberty.

I beg leave (as one who venerates and loves him) to ſuggeſt a conſideration to Mr. Fox: As nothing but a preſſing urgency of affairs and the ſtrong call of political neceſſity will, during the preſent reign, introduce him as a miniſter at St. James's, let him recollect, with manly pride, let him recollect, that he may make his own terms. He will then deceive the expectations of his friends, and the juſt demands of the people at large, if he loſes ſight of the following deſirable purpoſes, however they may claſh with the intereſts of a few of his adherents, o his own private opinion.

1ſt. A liberal unfettered toleration.

2dly. To define, and if poſſible diminiſh, but at every riſque ſet inſurmountable obſtacles to an augmentation of regal expence, in a country exhauſted by taxation.

3dly. To ſhorten the duration of parliaments, and amend the preſent very defective mode of election, and unequal repreſentation in that aſſembly.

To conclude, boundleſs imprudence, fatal propenſities, and political diſaſters, which would have blown up and buried in irretrievable ruin every *other* man, have only ſerved to ſet this gentleman's actual worth, fertile reſource, and ſtrength of mind, in a more exalted point of view:

——durus ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
——————ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

And I ſhould hope that the majority of young men, unable to equal the tranſcendent merits of Mr. Fox, will not be induced to follow his example in the culpable exceſſes and inexcuſable parts of his character, "for the ſame fire "which burns a worthleſs piece of "wood to aſhes, can only melt a "guinea, which ſtill retains its in-"trinſic value, though his ma-"jeſty's countenance no longer "ſhines upon it."

FOOTE, SAMUEL, a man of genius, a dramatic writer, and a mimic. His paternal fortune, which was more than competent to the wants of a prudent man, was ſoon ſpent, and he had recourſe to thoſe convivial talents and powers of ridicule, for ſupport, which rendered his company generally ſought, and had contributed, in a conſiderable degree, to involve him in pecuniary difficulty. It was frequently obſerved by him, that no man ever knew the proper value

value of a guinea, till he lived to want one; an obſervation not without truth, but even this experience had not a proper effect on Mr. Foote.

Not being able at firſt to procure a licence for his dramatic entertainments at the Hay-market, he advertiſed it as a place of reſort for tea-drinking, and drew large audiences. He ſucceſsfully laſhed vicious affectation, ſtrange whim, and perſonal peculiarity, by licentious diſtortion, and broad caricature; while ſelfiſhneſs, and impoſition, diſguiſed in the demure exterior of religion, and pretended ſanctity, were unmaſked, ridiculed, and ſet in the moſt abſurd points of view.

By theſe means he often forced us to join in the laugh of the moment, though we could not help quickly correcting ourſelves for ſuch uncharitable ebullitions of mirth, becauſe they were frequently at the expence of misfortune, perſonal deformity, friendſhip, and private worth. The gentleman from whom the character of Cadwallader was drawn, is ſaid to have been once his intimate friend: and who can hear, without indignation, that thoſe peculiarities and infirmities, which Foote introduced on the ſtage, were obſerved and copied at times devoted to convivial merriment, and domeſtic hoſpitality.

This is not the firſt inſtance, in the hiſtory of human vanity, where the feelings of a friend have been violated, for the ſake of ſaying a humourous or a witty thing. It alſo enforces a ſentiment, which has often been repeated, that we ought not to look for the ſoothing balm of laſting friendſhip, or uſeful aſſociation, among perſons elevated in the regions of power, learning, wit, or the arts: exceptions will undoubtedly ſometimes occur, but ambition, like ſenſuality, is ſelfiſh, and not ſcrupulous in its manner of procuring gratification; and he who has attained eminence, will ſacrifice almoſt any thing to ſecure himſelf in the ſtrong holds of ſuperiority.

If Foote exerciſed his buffoonery on the corporal defects of others, he did not ſpare himſelf, with whom it may be ſaid, he had an undoubted right to take ſuch liberties. He often called himſelf Captain Timber-toe, and where a piece has ſeemed to languiſh and flag, I have ſeen him, by a hobbling walk acroſs the ſtage, accompanied with ſignificant geſture and grimace, ſet the houſe in a roar. He was threatened by a gentleman for *taking him off*: "I uſe you no "worſe than myſelf, for" (ſaid Foote) "I will *take myſelf off*," and he inſtantly quitted the room.

I ſaid he was a man of genius; his converſation, and his dramatic writings, ſurely authorize the aſſertion; but I have ſometimes been inclined to doubt, if I could ſay the ſame of David Garrick, who, by the help of an eye, which from its anatomical ſtructure, touched the ſtrings of the heart, and a happy aſſociation of features, which accurately repreſented the paſſions, aſſiſted by habit and experience, acquired excellence in the profeſſion of acting, which is *an imitative and mechanic art*.

The faſcinating art of converſation, the knack of pleaſing in company beyond moſt people, Mr. Garrick

Garrick eminently poſſeſſed; but the eye of a keen obſerver could not but perceive, "that when he "was off the ſtage he was acting." Strenuous effort, and the toil of attention, were palpably evident in the whole of his behaviour; while the amiable fear of giving offence, or exciting reſentment, gave at times ſuch a peculiar degree of reſerve to his manners and utterance, that Foote, whom he dreaded, uſed ſometimes to tell him, he was not perfect in his part.

Many who have enjoyed the pleaſure of Mr. Garrick's company, and an exalted pleaſure it was, have acknowledged the juſtice of this obſervation.

Indeed it were to be wiſhed, that characters which ſtudy rather to pleaſe, than ſhine in company, were more frequent, we probably might have leſs wit, and leſs noiſy merriment; but that inconvenience would be amply made up by leſs wrangling, and leſs ill blood.

I uſed formerly to divert myſelf with imagining poor Roſcius ſitting in eaſy chit-chat at breakfaſt with Mrs. Garrick, when they expected a large company to dinner at Hampton, and giving her a ſort of cautionary lecture for the day.

"We ſhall have Lord George "Germaine, and General Bur-"goyne; you know, my dear, of "courſe you won't ſpeak of Min-"den or Saratoga; and as we ex-"pect Mr. Fox and Mr. Rigby, it "would be ridiculous to touch on "gaming, or the peculation of "public money; as George Sel-"wyn and Monſey promiſed to "come, I need not caution you "againſt ridiculing people who "fabricate ſtale jeſts, and tell naſty "ſtories."

If the manager were living in the preſent day, and to invite a party, I am inclined to think he would not ſpeak of a parliamentary reform, the ſlave trade, or the Iriſh propoſitions, in the hearing of Mr. Pitt: he would be too polite to touch on long ſpeeches, or recantation pamphlets, in the preſence of Mr. Burke; nor would he venture to mention toleration, and the mild ſpirit of chriſtianity, to Dr. Horſley, or the danger of credulity and implicit faith, to the copious Dr. Prieſtley.

To a man like Garrick, who ſhrunk from, and was alive all over to the fear of giving or ſuffering offence, the company of Foote was irkſome and terrifying, "for, "like me, he will ſay or do any "thing," ſaid George Boedens, whoſe unbounded licentiouſneſs, brutality, profaneneſs and profligacy procured him with ſome, the character of a wit and a pleaſant companion, which he attained in certain circles by a ſavage reſolution, to ſay whatever came uppermoſt, however incompatible with decency, order, or good ſenſe, it was "running muck" with a vengeance, and merited the ſame treatment, being knocked on the head, or kicked down ſtairs. "You did not know that I was be-"hind you, Garrick, when you "were repeating the ſoliloquy, as "you walked up the Haymarket, "a few days ago," ſaid Foote. Garrick lowered his brow. "Was "it from Hamlet or Macbeth," ſaid one of the company. "I ſhould "fancy, by the concluſion," replied

plied Foote, "that it was from an "eſſay on compound intereſt; but "you ſhall hear it: I was ſtump-"ing gently along behind him, "and was going to ſpeak, but "hearing him talk to himſelf, I "liſtened, and it was as follows: "Yes—yes—*I will*—I poſitively "*will* leave off making a drudge "of myſelf, I have already a ſuf-"ficiency for every purpoſe of dig-"nity as well as comfort, and why "ſhould I be a ſlave to every im-"pertinent puppy who can throw "down his ſhilling? I poſitively "will live like a gentleman. He "remained in this opinion," continued Foote, "till he got to the "corner of Coventry-ſtreet, when "he met with the ghoſt of a far-"thing, coming out of the ſnuff-"ſhop, at which he ſtarted, and "it put every generous and noble "idea to flight; he ſunk again into "the manager, and marched on "to Leiceſter-fields, full of pounds, "ſhillings and pence, and wholly "abſorbed in mortgages, bank "notes, and three per cent. con-"ſols."

There appears very little in this when written, but the whole company were in one convulſive burſt of laughter for five minutes; and Garrick, ſeizing his hat, left the room, evidently chagrined.

But latterly, Mr. Foote's ſpirits failed him, and he applied to his old reſource the bottle, but in vain: yet even in thoſe temporary flaſhes, which this falſe friend affords, I have obſerved intervals of ſilence in his company, which I could account for no otherwiſe than from the fear inſpired, by the keenneſs of his ſarcaſm, and the overwhelming tumultuous attack of his humour, which, when exerted, always predominated, and bore down every thing and every body before it.

But a life ſpent in a violation of the moral duties, and whoſe beſt praiſe was, that it provided laughter for the giddy, and indecent merriment for the unthinking, while the good and reaſonable ſighed at his fate; ſuch a life could not be expected to end with comfort or ſubſtantial hope.

In the midſt of company he was latterly obſerved to be often loſt in reveries, whilſt frequent ſighs and a correſponding countenance betrayed a heart ill at eaſe, and he replied to a friend, who congratulating him on having ſettled his annuity buſineſs with Colman, obſerved, that he might now paſs the remainder of his life with tranquility:

"I was miſerable before, and "now I am far from being happy."

He died at Dover, on his way to France, from an over doſe of laudanum, taken either by miſtake or deſign, though, from an authentic relation of the circumſtance, by a perſon preſent, I ſtrongly incline to the latter opinion.

GANGANELLI, JEANNE VINCENT ANTOINE, a proteſtant Pope, the ſon of an apothecary, at St. Angelo, near Rimini; diſtinguiſhed early in life for great abilities, unabating application, and modeſt manners. At eighteen he commenced his noviciate as a Franciſcan, but fortunately before that period he had taken the habit of a more important order, the order of good ſenſe, which taught him, though a rigid fulfiller of his duty, to

deſpiſe empty ceremonies, and to conſider religion not as an enemy to reaſon, but its brighteſt ornament and beſt reward; a ſource of comfort, and reliance for human weakneſs, but not a mercenary indulger of it, a diſintereſted healer of the wounds inflicted by misfortune and the world.

He read lectures on philoſophy and theology at Milan and Bologna, with great reputation, but occaſionally offended ſome of the zealous bigots, by his liberality and candour. His literary correſpondence was conſiderable, entertaining and inſtructive. A poſthumous publication of his letters is generally conſidered as a fabricated work, I think by a Mr. Caraccioli, but is by no means a bad deſcription of the ſentiments and manners of the man: and ſome of the letters from their intrinſic value, and the vanity of thoſe who received them, had been ſhown to ſelect circles before his death. They were probably procured by the editor to enrich and give credit to his collection. The addreſs to a young man on his burying himſelf in a convent, is confeſſedly genuine; it exhibits every internal evidence of the mild ſpirit, acute underſtanding, and enlightened ideas of Ganganelli. In the monaſtery and on the throne of St. Peter's he was alike rational, charitable, unaſſuming and humane.

He finally ſuppreſſed the Jeſuits, a work which his timid predeceſſor commenced with heſitation. "It is my duty to do it," he would ſay, "and I am reſolved to "perſevere, though I know it will "end in my deſtruction;" a prophetic declaration, ſaid, on doubtful evidence, to have been literally fulfilled.

He poſſeſſed a correct taſte for ſculpture, admired and encouraged the arts and ſciences, and was particularly fond of anatomical preparations. His predilection for England, and all that came from that country, and his marked civilities to them, were very obſervable, and ſometimes gave offence. He would frequently repeat the well known anecdote of Leo, one of his predeceſſors, who ſeeing certain handſome young men at Rome, aſked them in Latin who they were? "Angli" was their anſwer "Non "Angli hercule ſed Angeli," ſaid the punning but polite Pope.

He excelled peculiarly in converſation, adapting, without apparent effort, his ſubject to the temper, opinions and circumſtances of thoſe he converſed with, equally avoiding bigotry, faction or party. He once ſaid to an Engliſh Clergyman, who was introduced at the Vatican, "I am ſorry you Engliſh are "not part of my flock; thoſe who "know me will not think it is on "account of the revenue, it is be-"cauſe I loſe an opportunity of "ſhowing how kind and gentle a "ſhepherd I would be."

Clement the Fourteenth (for that was the title he aſſumed on being exalted to the popedom) has been called a philoſophical and "almoſt a chriſtian Pope, for he "united gravity and chearfulneſs, "ſcience and ſimplicity, mildneſs "and reſolution, dignity and hu-"mility, admirably tempering a "love of ſolitude with a conſcien-"tious diſcharge of the duties of "ſocial life."

If

If ſubjects of biography were all like Ganganelli, the harſh but neceſſary language of invective would be loſt or forgotten in the pleaſing taſk of juſt panegyric.

GARTH, Sir SAMUEL, a man of wit, a phyſician, and a favourite poet of the whigs, in the reign of king William, by whom he was knighted: his pen is ſaid to have produced much pleaſanter lines than preſcriptions, a circumſtance we may eaſily credit, for at table and the jovial board, he was a faſcinating companion and in his element; but the dry buſineſs of phyſic, and the diſguſting circumſtances of a ſick room, he uſed to confeſs in confidential moments, were the objects of his averſion, nor is it probable that he would ever have forwarded himſelf in that profeſſion, but by the helps of party ſupport and court favor.

The benevolent deſign of his once popular poem, called the Diſpenſary, ought to ſhelter it from the ſeverity of criticiſm: it was written to promote a plan for providing the poor with advice gratis, and furniſhing them with medicines at prime coſt: among many careleſs, and many languid lines, it exhibits much learning and ſome vigorous, but a greater number of highly poliſhed paſſages: the extravagant flattery which he pours out ſo profuſely on the *great Naſſau*, lord Sommers and the reſt of his party, is where he ſhines the leaſt; it is to be lamented, that the ſubject was of ſo temporary and local a nature, that the objects of his ſatire were obſcure, known only in a narrow circle, and of courſe ſpeedily forgotten, a danger from which the poem itſelf is not wholly exempt. His enemies accuſed him of ſtealing from the Lutrin of Boileau, and of borrowing liberally from the ancients, an allowable ſpecies of theft, which he has committed with much taſte and diſcernment, giving ſeveral paſſages of Homer a turn of exquiſite humour, a knack in which the merit of mock heroic poetry principally conſiſts; an inſtance of this occurs at the 125th line of his fifth canto, which a curious reader may compare with a paſſage analogous to it in the ſixth Iliad, as I quote by memory, I cannot mention the line; it begins

Αφ δο παϊς προς κολπον, &c.

The ſame *good-natured* gentleman alſo told him he ſpoke feelingly in his deſcription of the ſituation of the Ghoſt of Guaiacum in the ſhades below, who was tormented by the ſpectres of deceaſed patients, the victims of his ill conduct and injudicious treatment on earth:

" Who vex'd with endleſs cla-
" mour his repoſe,
" This wants a palate, that de-
" mands a noſe;
" And here they execute ſtern
" Pluto's will,
" And ply'd him ev'ry moment
" with a pill."

The ſcandalous anecdote of the day was, that Guaiacum, whom Garth in his poem calls his once loved friend, had early in life almoſt perſuaded our poet to be of his opinion, that a certain faſhionable diſeaſe was curable by guaiacum, ptiſans, &c. without the uſe of mercury, and that our young whig phyſician did not change his mind till he felt his miſtake experimen-

tally, and carried proofs of an erroneous theory with him to the grave.

A declaration of Garth's is alſo recorded, which I cannot with decency quote exactly in his words: after a long and ſevere indiſpoſition, finding himſelf ſomewhat recovered, he ventured out among his friends, who congratulated him on his being better, and obſerved that, although he could not hope to be ever ſtrong and vigorous again, he had ſtill a proſpect of enjoying his future life in eaſe and comfort. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," ſaid he, "but to drag on ſuch an "exiſtence as you deſcribe, is by "no means deſirable; what is the "enjoyment of life without that of "women?"

Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora noſtra,
Sed vitam faciunt, balnea, vina, Venus.

Baths, women, wine, corrupt our lives,
And cut life's ſcanty line,
But what is life or love or joy,
Without baths, women, wine.

It is to be feared, that his deſires remained after his powers had forſaken him; a common effect of exceſs, which it would be well for us in the bliſsful hours of youth and pleaſure, if we were ſometimes to bear in mind.

Pope, in one of his letters, mentions this gentleman in a manner ſingularly ambiguous: "If there "was ever a good chriſtian, with-"out knowing it, Sir Samuel "Garth was one;" and if chriſtianity conſiſted only in the exerciſe of a benevolent diſpoſition, Pope may be right, for his friend was undoubtedly a philanthropiſt, and poſſeſſed an excellent temper; but the pure tenets of Chriſt can ſurely never be imputed to him, who appears neither to have felt their influence, or acknowledged their worth, whoſe appetites were feebly reſtrained by lax morality, who, with all his genius and endearing qualities, ſeems not to have aſpired beyond the praiſe of good-natured ſenſuality.

But I have been enticed beyond the original deſign of this article, which was to introduce part of the dedication of the Diſpenſary, as a ſpecimen of refined well written flattery, which may be read without diſguſt, a circumſtance not often the caſe with flattering dedications: it was addreſſed to Mr. Henley, the father of lord Northington, the chancellor, and I believe the writer of a very laughable letter to Swift, which may be found in the dean's works among his correſpondence. Garth commences his addreſs in the following words:

"A man of your character can "no more prevent a dedication, "than he would encourage one; "for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, "is ſtill moſt diſcovered when it "labours moſt to be concealed.

"It is hard that to think well of "you ſhould be but juſtice, and "that to tell you ſo ſhould be an "offence; thus rather than violate "your modeſty, I muſt be want-"ing to your other virtues, and to "gratify one good quality, do "wrong to a thouſand.

"The world generally meaſures "our eſteem by the ardour of our "pretences; and will ſcarce believe "that ſo much zeal in the heart "can be conſiſtent with ſuch faint-

"neſs

" neſs in the expreſſion; but, when " they reflect on your readineſs to " do good, and your induſtry to " hide it, on your paſſion to oblige " and your pain to hear it owned, " they will conclude that acknow- " ledgments would be ungrateful " to a perſon, who even ſeems to " receive the obligations he con- " fers. * * * * * * * * * * * * " * * * * * * * * * * * * * * " * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Your approbation of this po- " em is the only exception to the " opinion the world entertains of " your judgment, but you forget " you are a critic while you are " thinking of your friend; to ſay " more would be uneaſy to you, " and to ſay leſs would be unjuſt " in your humble ſervant."

GARRICK, DAVID, for an enquiry whether his excellence as an actor, may be called genius or mechanic art, ſee Foote, Samuel, page 79.

GERMAINE, LORD GEORGE. See Sackville, Viſcount.

GIBBON, EDWARD, a celebrated hiſtorian, who, after inflicting deep and incurable wounds on prieſthood, and the hierarchy, ſeriouſly declares that " he wiſhes to be at peace with all " mankind, and is unwilling to " offend the pope and clergy of " Rome." Uſing ſuch language, is as if Sheridan, when he had finiſhed his memorable philippic againſt Haſtings, had approached him with mild congratulation, and offers of peace and friendſhip.

Since however, ſo much has been ſaid and ſung on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, a candid critic may perhaps be permitted to aſk, what are the ſtriking faults and moſt conſpicuous errors of Mr. Gibbon's production?

After paying a juſt tribute to the genius of philoſophy, and vigorous ſentiment which inſpires his pen, we probably may regret, that the ſimplicity of the Engliſh language is ſo deeply tinctured with the Gallic idiom, that the epithets are numerous, the ſtyle poetic, and the periods flowery, in a degree wholly imcompatible with a grave hiſtoric compoſition.

Perhaps too, we might mention its wanting that cloſe and intimate connection of parts, which at once ſtimulates and gratifies curioſity.

That the repeated ill treatment this excellent writer has experienced from his antagoniſts, has at times induced him to *ſtep a little out of his way* on the ſubject of religion and its profeſſors, no one will deny; and perhaps the ſame bias induced him to bring forward on every occaſion the virtues and magnanimity of Julian, whoſe character he cloſes by obſerving, " that the apoſtate was the friend " of mankind, and deſerved the " empire of the world;" while the vices of Conſtantine, whoſe reputation has been exalted far beyond his merits, are minutely detailed and dwelt on with apparent complacency and ſatisfaction.

I readily agree with this enlightened writer, " that a candid " but rational enquiry into the " Riſe and Progreſs of Chriſti- " anity" to a certain extent, may be conſidered as a neceſſary part of the Hiſtory of the Roman Empire. The avarice of the clergy, the mild unreſiſting doctrines of Chriſt, and the rage for monaſtic retirement, as producing memorable

memorable effects on the people and the empire, lay fairly in his way, but I doubt if these were sufficient reasons for swelling, or rather converting his book into an ecclesiastical history of heresies, martyrs, councils, and Trinitarian controversy, by far the dullest and least interesting part of his work, while his account of the seven sleepers, delivered in a manner that renders it impossible to judge whether he is serious or not, has caused a frown from the pious, and smiles from the ungodly. The same objection I have made to his very minute investigation of the christian religion, might be applied to the Jewish, the Pagan, the Persian, the German and other systems of national worship, which he has so diffusely discussed.

Had our historian not entered so fully into these and some other subjects, the world, it is true, would have been deprived of much pleasant and much instructive reading, but my pocket as well as shelf would have had to groan under only six instead of twelve octavo volumes; and Mr. Cadell's productive generosity would have been taxed at somewhat a less rate than six thousand pounds, which he is said to have given for the work. For the encouragement of him, who unites with Mr. Gibbon's abilities, the same diligence and inclination to trim the midnight lamp, I cannot help adding, that his public-spirited, and, in every instance of life, his fortunate bookseller, has declared his willingness to advance the same sum for a work of equal merit and promise.

If the *warm* passages in some of his notes, had been omitted, the goodness of our author's taste had not been less, though, on this point, only those who understand Latin and Greek have a right to censure him. While the fashionable conversations after dinner are so *highly seasoned* with obscenity, if luscious anecdotes were to be related only in a learned language, the mischievous tendency of this vicious foible would be very circumscribed in its limits.

With these blemishes, which many will not be disposed to allow, I cannot but consider him as the first of English historians, with whom Dr. Robertson and the late Dr. Watson only have a just claim to rank.

The man, who from a mass of materials, crude, undigested, and often contradictory, who, from a period wilfully darkened, perplexed and confused, has been able to produce *such* a work, has indeed converted an unprofitable wilderness into a useful and highly cultivated spot, and Gibbon, after extracting excellence from so much rubbish, may be said to possess, in a very exalted degree, the art of turning all to gold.

The established clergy will not think themselves obliged to him for observing, that the doctrines of the church of England, are *far removed* from the knowledge and belief of its private members; nor will the dissenters thank him for saying "that they preserve the name "without the substance of re-"ligion, that they indulge the "licence without the temper of "philosophy, and that they shake "the pillars of christianity."

I believe

I believe that Dr. Prieſtley is pleaſed by the hiſtorian's telling him, "that there *are* paſſages in "the works of the Doctor, *ſome* at "which the prieſt, and *ſome* at "which the magiſtrate may trem-"ble."

The peculiar merit and diſtinct character of Gibbon as a ſceptic, is liberality and candour, a praiſe to which neither Hume or Voltaire have any juſt claim; in *their* ſtrictures on revelation, they have proved themſelves the mere bigots of infidelity, and have carried into the wilds of deiſm the narrow unſocial ſpirit of the cloyſter; whilſt the unerring ſhafts of the Engliſh hiſtorian are directed againſt the ſuperſtition and tyranny of the prieſt, he is ever ready to do juſtice to the philanthropy and heroiſm of the man.

To conclude, the outcry that has been raiſed againſt this and other books, brings to my mind a ſtory of a man famous in the year 1745 for knocking down impertinent exciſemen and impudent tax-gatherers: theſe officious and incenſed gentlemen repreſented him as diſaffected to government, and he was carried before a juſtice of the peace, who ſeverely reprimanded him, and accuſed him of diſloyalty "King George, God bleſs "him," ſaid the man, "has not "a more faithful ſubject in the "county, but as to thoſe ſcoundrels "who brought me before your "worſhip, I ſhould give them a "drubbing if it was to do again, "for the exciſeman was inter-"fering in my private concerns "with my wife, and the tax-ga-"therer was picking the lock of "my bureau."

In a word, reformation, however neceſſary, (and who will ſay that nothing now remains to be done) is always an invidious taſk; and if we look back to the days of Luther and his predeceſſors, we ſhall find the titles of heretics, atheiſts, freethinkers, &c. were liberally beſtowed on Huſs, Melancthon, Jerom of Prague, and other illuſtrious coadjutors in the glorious work.

GIBRALTAR, the importance of. See Jardin, Major.

HARDOUIN, JOHN, a learned Jeſuit of the ſeventeenth century, remarkable for broaching ſtrange paradoxes. It was his opinion, that the monks of the fourteenth century, in their cells, "thoſe ſtorehouſes of atheiſm and "hereſy," as he calls them, had fabricated the Æneis and Odes of Horace, with ſeveral other productions, which we have for ages been taught to conſider as precious remains of the Auguſtan and other remote times.

On publiſhing an edition of his favourite Pliny, the dawn of doubt firſt broke in upon him, and ſcepticiſm is ſeldom at a ſtand in ſtudious and contemplative minds. He began to ſmell a rat (ſubodorari is his word) in the year 1690, and after many ſtruggles and much laborious inveſtigation, at laſt convinced *himſelf*, if not others, that we have no genuine productions of antiquity but the following: Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, the Eclogues and Georgicks of Virgil, the Satires and Epiſtles of Horace, the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer, and the nine books of Herodotus. But it was againſt St. Auſtin and his wicked crew (impia cohors) that his

that his fury was principally directed, and the arrows of criticiſm were ſharpened by religious and ſuperſtitious zeal.

Had he been able to eſtabliſh his favourite poſition, (and he believed he had) his inference was this, that men hackneyed in forgeries, who had been ſo long impoſing on mankind in matters of taſte and ſcience, could not be very nice and ſcrupulous in their *management* of the Holy Scriptures.

His argument is like the reaſoning of a man who having had his houſe broke open, ſhould ſeize a fellow he met in the ſtreet becauſe he had picked his pocket a year or two before.

"They had" ſays this ſingular man, "artificers in every ſtyle, "who exerciſed their *nefarious* pens "with ſkill, but they all fall ſhort "of (latinitas Pliniana) the claſſi-"cal purity of Pliny," an author whom he conſiders as the touch-ſtone of originality. "What they "could not find in the Holy Scrip-"tures to anſwer their *atheiſtical* "purpoſes, they created by the "arts of forgery and interpola-"tion. In the Goſpel of St. Mat-"thew and St. Paul's Epiſtles, they "ſcattered their heretical ſeeds, "which in copies artfully diſ-"perſed in the libraries of con-"vents, before printing was known, "have ſince ſprung up, and pro-"duced ſuch *baneful* doctrines

"So elaborate" ſays father Hardouin, "were theſe *atrocious rea-"ſoners* in the cauſe of atheiſm, "againſt the holy catholic faith," but he forgets to mention how very implicit their credulity and how very hood-winked they were on moſt other ſubjects.

On theſe grounds he boldly accuſes Auſtin, Ambroſe, Wicliffe, Luther, Calvin, the Janſeniſts, and a long train of their *deluded* followers, of induſtriouſly attacking the true religion in favour of infidelity. It is a curious circumſtance worthy the attention of an impartial and philoſophic reader to perceive how this Antæus of doubt in literature, dwindles when he touches the ſandy ground of eccleſiaſtical tradition, into the meereſt dwarf of papiſtical infatuation and blind credulity.

Some of the nobleſt and moſt pleaſing monuments of the chriſtian revelation, antient learning and elegant mythology, even St. Matthew and St. Paul are to be ſacrificed, becauſe they tell againſt mother church.

This author has hit on the art (Jeſuit like) of introducing in a work, which rouſed the attention of the learned world, ſome of the fundamental doctrines in favour of the holy ſee, where one would not have expected to meet with them; he has ingeniouſly handled and ſet in new points of view the logical jargon, ſoleciſms and abſurdities of Mariana and Bellarmine.

I read his book as a literary curioſity, I was pleaſed with his claſſical ſtyle and language, it gave me (as is the caſe with many other books) much entertainment, but carried no conviction with it. Dr. Warburton was compared to Hardouin by ſome of his controverſial adverſaries, which nettled him very much, he called the compariſon inſolent and injurious, yet Pere Hardouin was a lamb, compared to the zealous biſhop.

HAWKINS,

HAWKINS, SIR JOHN, an hiſtorian of muſic without taſte, a biographer of Dr. Johnſon without information, but uſeful as a juſtice of the peace, and reſpectable as a chairman at a quarter ſeſſions; yet our aſpiring magiſtrate could not be content, till he had eſſayed to twine the laurel round his civic crown, an attempt which has attached a ridicule to the ſolemn pedantry of his character. This writer, to whom every term of critical ſeverity has been applied and almoſt exhauſted, conſiders all modern muſic as abſurd and unnatural, and in what he calls a hiſtory of that ſcience, after neglecting or ſlightly mentioning perſons and circumſtances the moſt obviouſly intereſting, devotes page after page to the petty detail of obſcure clubs, alehouſe biography, and chimney-corner anecdote.

The writer of this article preſumes he has a claim to the rare, and, in this inſtance, to the unenvied praiſe of patient diligence and indefatigable reſolution, for he once read through the work, which, totally deficient in plan, order, or arrangement, conſiſts of bold aſſertion without argument; and while it exhibits a minute and ridiculous preciſion in trifles, is groſsly inaccurate in matters of moment. Sir John may be ſtiled a raker together of antiquarian fragments, a ſcavenger among duſty ſhelves and obſolete chronicles, who collects with important aſſiduity, the venerable rubbiſh of other times, from books which few can and few will read. His five oppreſſive maſſy quarto volumes are larded with mutilated quotation and black letter type, which he thinks a ſufficient excuſe for long digreſſions, unintereſting and foreign to his buſineſs; a work thus conducted, without judgment, taſte, diſcrimination, or indeed any merit but that of a heavy compilation, muſt naturally conclude without pleaſure or profit to the reader, and with much diſgrace to its author.

HAYLEY, WILLIAM, a ſenſible writer, a ſmooth harmonious verſifier, a friend to liberty, and the rights of mankind, who exhibited early in life every appearance of ideotiſm, but, after a certain time, reaſon, that lamp of the ſoul, "that bright emanation of the deity" began to dawn. He has attained no ſmall degree of fame by powers which have had every aid that laborious cultivation, that uſeful and polite learning could give: he poſſeſſes a judgment critically exact, but has not an highly creative imagination.

The ſentiments of gratitude he expreſſes to a good mother, for her unceaſing cares and anxieties during his infancy and childhood, are truly poetic, elegant, and intereſting, they come from the heart.

"'Twas thine, with conſtant love
thro' ling'ring years,
"To bathe an ideot orphan with
thy tears;
——— "Thy child, from pow'rs
above,
"Receiv'd the ſenſe to feel and
bleſs thy love."

A ſatirical writer, who, in a fictitious vacancy of the laureatſhip, makes Mr. Hayley one of the candidates, has pronounced the following ſentence on him with more ſeverity I think than juſtice, tho'

not without truth in ſome of the remarks:

" The poliſh'd period, the ſmooth flowing line,
" And faultleſs texture, all muſt own are thine;
" For theſe thy rank thou ſhalt unenvied keep,
" While all muſt praiſe, but while they praiſe they ſleep:
" No flames of genius through thy verſes burn,
" Languor and ſweetneſs take their place by turn,
" Nor force or vigour there——

" Select in phraſe, in ripen'd judgment cool,
" Deep haſt thou ſtudied the Italian ſchool,
" Correctly cold thy wiſhes here are vain."

Yet who can read without emotion his deſcriptive complaints of the rare and tardy rewards of ill-fated genius? Who can contemplate without a ſigh, if not a tear, the affecting picture (and a picture it ſurely is, drawn in glowing colours) of that death bed, where the unhappy ſuicide Chatterton "drains "the poiſoned phial, tears the "ſtrings from his once lov'd lyre, "and dies in the phrenzy of "deſpair."

I remember reading that highly finiſhed poem, The Triumphs of Temper, with alternate pleaſure and diſappointment; I experienced much amuſement in thoſe cantos, which carry on the narrative; the charming but *faultleſs* Serena and her maiden aunt, with nothing remaining but the ghoſt of her beauty, who ſcolds her niece and ſnatches from her hand a novel, which ſhe pockets for her own peruſal; and the old whig "turned to a tory in "his elbow chair," are conceived and introduced with much happy humour. But my memory was burthened, my attention fatigued, and my ideas confuſed by Mr. Hayley's alternate cantos, which deſcribe the ſubterraneous voyages of his heroine and her guide. I will not deny that this journey exhibits many happy imitations of Dante, and much ſplendid imagery, that the great moral truths are inculcated by apt and elegant allegories.

A French author uſed to read his productions to his old woman, and found that the parts ſhe reliſhed beſt, generally were moſt agreeable to the public. At the firſt publication of this poem, on the eve of my departure for the country, I put it in my portmanteau, and among my rural friends read it to occaſional circles; thoſe to whom I read the *whole* poem, regularly yawned before it was finiſhed, and ſaid they did not ſee much in it. Taught by experience, to others I read only the narrative cantos, and they were, without exception, highly entertained by the production. The deciſion of ſuch critics will not perhaps have much weight with the learned. Yet, after all, it is for the public we write, and if we wiſh to inſtruct, we *muſt* amuſe; in other words, write what people will read; and, after making allowance for newſpaper puffs, and lying title pages, numerous editions of a work will be found, generally ſpeaking, as good teſts of merit in a book, as a good receipt at the treaſury of a theatre is of dramatic excellence.

Mr.

Mr. Hayley's compliment to his old favourites, ancient virgins, beginning,

"'Twas theirs to preſs all ſelfiſh views above,
"A ſiſter's offſpring with parental love," &c.

is happy, and applicable to life. Our poet's admonitions on the ſubject of ſweetmeats and preſerves, being only deceitful vehicles for drams and liqueurs, is well managed; their deſtructive effects are ſtrikingly held up to view, and this uſeful piece of ſatire was extremely well timed and neceſſary, when our women of faſhion were ſinking into all the groſs abuſe of what I once called a gin-ſhop in maſquerade. The figure of the fiend Ennui is monſtrous, and bordering on caricature; but it is juſt. The odious ſimile taken from that kind of ſerpent which, by a particular and nauſeous proceſs, has the power of ſwallowing beaſts larger than itſelf, however ſtrictly applicable and reſembling, ought not to have been introduced. For in poetry, as in the intercourſes of mankind, truth, particularly when diſguſting, is not always to be told. A judicious ſelection of pleaſing objects of agreeable, but appropriate reſemblances, is the criterion of a man of taſte, and a good writer.

It has been obſerved by Pope, though he forgets to mention that one of the ancients had ſaid it before him, that the buſineſs of a writer of paſtoral is judiciouſly to ſelect and pick out the moſt agreeable and pleaſant circumſtances of a rural life, and to paint them in ſimple, but attractive, colours. Were an author to determine to repreſent in his paſtoral the real ſtate of ruſtic manners and ſituations, and with truth and fact for his guides, minutely to deſcribe the drudgery, oppreſſion and poverty, the low pleaſures and multiplied pains, the laborious youth and neglected age of the ploughman, the milk-maid, the cottager, the little farmer, and the peaſant, his work would in effect be a ſatire of the ſevereſt kind.

This taſk indeed has been undertaken, and executed with no ſmall judgment by Mr. Crabbe, in oppoſition to the Utopian deſcriptions, primitive innocence, and undiſturbed rural felicity of many writers. Mr. Crabbe's portraits of the ſporting curate, and the pariſh apothecary viſiting the workhouſe, are ſurely drawn from the life.

To conclude, it falls to the lot of few clergymen who reſide in the country to be able, with the curate in the poem, to play their rubber at whiſt, keep a gelding, or aſſociate with the ſquire. It is the happineſs of few to enjoy or deſerve, like Mr. Crabbe, the ſmiles of the great; the majority of theſe unhappy men paſs their lives in penury, oblivion, and contempt; they toil and ſtarve on leſs than forty pounds a year, while their principals, who have the trouble of coming down twice a year to receive their money, are either feeding luxuriouſly at the chaplain's table at St. James's, or ſlumbering in prebendal ſtalls.

HESSE, Mr. For an account of his melancholy death, ſee Adair, Robert, page 3.

HOWARD, Mr. a benevolent reformer of hoſpitals and priſons, who, animated and ſtimulated by practical philanthropy, perſonally and minutely inſpected moſt of the lazarettos and places of confinement in Europe.

"His plan," ſaid Mr. Burke, "is original, and it is as full of "genius as it is of humanity. He "has viſited all Europe, not to "ſurvey the ſumptuouſneſs of pa-"laces, or the ſtatelineſs of temples, "not to make accurate meaſure-"ments of ancient grandeur, nor "to form a ſcale of the curioſities "of modern art, not to collect "medals, or to collate manuſcripts: "—but to dive into the depth of "dungeons, to plunge into the in-"fection of hoſpitals, to ſurvey the "manſions of ſorrow and pain; to "take the gauge and dimenſions of "miſery, depreſſion, and contempt; "to remember the forgotten, to "attend to the neglected, to viſit "the forſaken, and to compare "and collate the diſtreſſes of all men "in all countries."

Solitude, labour, temperance, and moral inſtruction, with a ſcrupulous attention to cleanlineſs, warmth, and ventilation, are his great principles of reform. To mitigate human calamity, to check vice, to ſubdue the refractory, and ſoothe the repenting, to reclaim as well as to puniſh, were the darling objects of his wiſhes; objects ſurely worthy the attention of every wiſe and humane government.

But while the public, as well as individuals, are diſpenſing comfort to the unfortunate, and purifying the dungeons of the guilty, it is much to be wiſhed, that ſome of Mr. Howard's ſuggeſtions may be attended to, in the conſtruction or alteration of our places of worſhip and public amuſement: that burying-grounds, noxious trades, and ſtagnant waters, might be removed from the metropolis, and indeed from all cities or large provincial towns. Neglecting theſe important objects, we incur the hazard of damp walls, injurious currents of air, peſtilential vapour, and pent up noiſome exhalation; we too often imbibe the ſeeds of diſeaſe and death in our hours of devotion, buſineſs, and rational amuſement.

This worthy member of ſociety, after devoting the greater portion of his life and fortune to charitable exertion, fell a victim to the plague at Cherſon, a place he had viſited with a view of inveſtigating the nature and treatment of that tremendous ſcourge of the Eaſt, whoſe ravages are continued, and aggravated, by the incautious and predeſtinarian doctrines of the Muſſelmen. This advocate for the diſtreſſes of mankind, this ambaſſador of peace and compaſſion, was frequently admitted to an audience with crowned heads; need I add, that the glorious taſk he was engaged in, rendered him frequently their ſuperior. In one of theſe royal interviews with the late emperor Joſeph the Second, who, I really think, merited a better fate than he experienced, Mr. Howard was expatiating, with an honeſt warmth, on the comfortleſs and pernicious ſtate of the Auſtrian and Hungarian priſons, and the ſhocking ſituation of the priſoners. The emperor, who valued himſelf on a penal code of laws, more efficacious, but leſs ſanguinary, than the Engliſh, was nettled, and replied, "I don't uſe them worſe "than you do in England, where "you hang them up by dozens at "a time." "Very true," replied Howard, "but permit me to aſſure "your majeſty, that I had rather "be *hang'd* in England, than *live*

"in

" in your German dungeons." He ſoon took his leave; " In truth" ſaid the emperor to prince Kaunitz, " this little Engliſhman is " no flatterer."

HOWE, Sir WILLIAM, a general, and commander in chief of the Britiſh army, during part of the American war. This gentleman would have no claim to a place in this catalogue, either for natural or acquired endowments, but for a ſingular, and I think, in his caſe, an improper ceremony, which took place on his leaving America; a country, which I believe no one will deny that he left unconquered.

With what propriety a miſchianza, conſiſting of triumphal arches, tilts, tournaments, and dances, where knights and ſquires, celebrated with their damſels, in midnight ſong, the praiſes of their general, I cannot conceive. A feſtival ſo various in its parts, ſo gaudy, ſumptuous, and elaborate in its decorations, muſt have required much previous preparation. Nor was it conſiſtent with that modeſty, the conſtant companion of true courage and real merit, which ever induſtriouſly avoids " the mobs' huzza, " the crowds' unmeaning ſtare;" to ſuffer ſuch ſplendid mockery, ſuch miſapplied mummery to be exhibited. Sir William's not forbidding it, clearly proves, that it met with his approbation, and his approving it, was evidently wrong.

HUNTER, WILLIAM, a phyſician and anatomiſt; a native of Scotland, with a conſiderable ſhare of that ſagacity, which characterizes the inhabitants of that kingdom, in which, as learning is procured at a cheaper rate, it is of courſe more generally diffuſed; a circumſtance, which enables Scotchmen to avail themſelves of thoſe fortunate contingencies, which are ſaid, at one time or other, to preſent themſelves in the life of every man, but which the illiterate, the dull, the indolent, or the ſenſual, either neglect, or cannot avail themſelves of. He came to London with no other helps, than the fruitful reſources of a mind ſtored with profeſſional knowledge; but he found them ample and ſufficient.

As an anatomical lecturer, and an accoucheur, he gradually advanced into notice; and I have been told, by profeſſional men, that conſiderable, and uſeful diſcoveries, were made by the joint efforts of Dr. Hunter, and the ingenious Mr. Hewſon, in a ſyſtem of veſſels, called lymphatics. He alſo publiſhed propoſals for a ſeries of copper-plates, on ſubjects in his own particular branch of practice; a work afterwards finiſhed, at once ſplendid, expenſive, and aided by every aſſiſtance that accuracy, or firſt-rate artiſts could furniſh. It frequently afforded him matter of regret, that plates, deſcriptive of ſubjects of ſcience, were too often ſervilely copied from former writers, to ſave the trouble of actual ocular inſpection, by diſſecting, a charge, which I have never heard produced againſt himſelf.

Being a ſingle man, and not expenſive, his fortune increaſed with his fame, and he was enabled to build himſelf a capacious houſe, and anatomical theatre, with a muſæum for the reception of his books, medals, preparations, and other

other curioſities. He had previouſly applied, by letter, to a ſecretary of ſtate for the time, I believe (but am not certain) it was lord Hillſborough, to know if a piece of ground, in a proper ſituation, could be granted him by government, as he conſidered it a national object. But miniſters have other things to attend to, and it is probable, that Dr. Hunter's letter was forgot among the hurries of American negociations, and the buſtle of conteſted elections.

Conſcious of the eminence on which he ſtood, which placed him as a benefactor to mankind, far above kings, or the favourites of kings, Hunter took fire at the treatment. He addreſſed the ſecretary in manly, bold, but reſpectful language; he told his lordſhip, he was not aſking a favor, but conferring one, that he would now give him no further trouble, as he was reſolved to rely rather on his own private reſources, than the generoſity of the public. It was a language, which none but fools and cowards ever take offence at, which minds, truly great, are conſcious is the proper mode, by which man ought to be addreſſed by man.

A happy and a peculiar art of communicating inſtruction, was the diſtinct characteriſtic merit of this gentleman: clear, conciſe, and patient, he amuſed the volatile, while he fixed their attention: the dull of comprehenſion and the timid, he led by the hand, with the anxiety and temper of a parent: the ardent, the curious, and the diligent, he intereſted, gratified, and rewarded. Few men, I believe, ſent pupils out into the world with more obligations to their profeſſor. "Be "diligent, deſerve well, and you "*muſt* ſucceed," was his animating advice to young men, on their launching into life.

I have ſomewhere ſeen ſome lines on his death, in which, this didactic qualification is adverted to: theſe, I believe, are ſome of them.

"Cold is that hand, which na-
"ture's paths diſplay'd
"Dead are thoſe lips, on which in-
"ſtruction hung;
"Fix'd are thoſe eyes, enſiven-
"ing all he ſaid;
"For ever mute is that perſuaſive
"tongue!
"When a dry ſubject claim'd
"the winter's eve,
"With uſeful knowledge he the
"pleaſing mix'd;
"The tir'd attention he would
"oft relieve,
"While ſtriking anecdotes the doc-
"trine fix'd.
"When fancy, warm, too oft
"will lead aſtray,
"Bleſt be that art which guides
"our youthful hours,
"To eminence, helps up the ar-
"duous way,
"And ſtrews inſtruction's rugged
"paths with flow'rs.
"The wreath of myrtle for his
"tomb prepare;
"Fold round his urn the philoſo-
"phic robe;
"Let Fame and Gratitude be
"pictur'd there;—
"He health and ſcience ſpread
"o'er half the globe."

In purſuits, as highly uſeful to the world, as they were delightful to himſelf, he lived to a good old age; and was never happier, than when he could aſſiſt the unfortunate

fortunate with advice, (in which the writer of this article has been a witneſs to his diſintereſtedneſs) could render ſervice to ſcience, or gratify and amuſe the curious and ſcientific, by exhibiting his muſæum.

It has been juſtly obſerved by a writer, ſpeaking of Dr. Hunter, "that we do not often meet with "that liberality of diſpoſition, "which makes the poſſeſſors of "collections eager to communi-"cate their ſtores, and to diffuſe "both the taſte for ſcience, as well "as the means for gratifying it. "Contented with their own enjoy-"ments, or the limited applauſe "of a narrow circle, they deſire "no more. To collect is often to "hide. A contrary conduct does "not always enſure applauſe; and "thoſe, whom the cynic cannot "cenſure as avaricious, he will "ſometimes deſpiſe as vain.

JARDIN, MAJOR, a well-informed, judicious officer, in the corps of Engineers, but evidently neither a diſciple, or favourite, of the duke of Richmond. This gentleman has favoured the public with two volumes of letters, written during his travels in Morocco, France, and Spain. His journey forms only a ſmall part of the work; and if Spain and Morocco were ſunk to the centre of the earth, his books contain ineſtimable truths, which would amply repay the loſs of rulers, ſtill determined to ſupport the ancient reign of ignorance, prejudice, and abject ſuperſtition; and of beings, who ſubmit to that barbarian, "whom we condeſcend to call the "Emperor of Morocco."

This writer has been accuſed of giving only mere outlines of thought, of ſtopping ſhort with abbreviated ſketches, and rapid tranſitory ideas, when he ought to have purſued them. "And, for the "ſame reaſon," ſays a certain critic, "that phyſicians generally "ſhorten Latin words in their "preſcriptions, becauſe they gene-"rally are ignorant of the proper "terminations of them: it ſaves "much trouble in finding out "grammatical mood and tenſe."

If this raiſer of objections had ſuffered himſelf to conſider for a moment, with what reluctance mankind are diſpoſed to relinquiſh any long-eſtabliſhed, or generally received opinion; and how much alarm and abuſive outcry uſually take place on ſuch occaſions, he would probably have imputed the prudent caution of our public-ſpirited writer, to more amiable motives.

The human mind, like the body, ſeems incapable of undergoing ſudden and violent changes. The ſpirit, the underſtanding, the heart of a people muſt be gradually raiſed, amended, and enlightened, before political, religious, or legiſlative improvement can be introduced with ſafety, or practiſed with advantage. This doctrine cannot be more ſtrongly illuſtrated, than in the two revolutions, which have ſo lately taken place on the Continent. France long depreſſed by deſpotiſm, nobility, and the church, was gradually awakened by the diſquiſitions of Roſſeau, Monteſquieu, Raynall, and other friends of human nature, to think, to reaſon, and to act. "Thus prepared, and thus excited, "ſhe walked forth to battle" againſt civil and religious tyranny, hoary with age, and illuſtrious by deſcent

deſcent, and her victory (I thank God) has been compleat. Prepared by an intercourſe with freemen, during the American war, matured and ripened by theory and inveſtigation, a gallant and enthuſiaſtic nation has burſt from the ignominious ſhell of thraldom, into real exiſtence and importance, as citizens and men. On the ruins of the Baſtile, a noble, capacious, and comprehenſive ſtructure, has been reared, well worthy the imitation of other nations; and, in the building of which, many of the acknowledged evils of the Britiſh conſtitution, have been cautiouſly avoided. "It hath been "weighed in the balance, and is "found wanting:" was aptly applied to the Engliſh form of government, by Mirabeau.

Stimulated by an incenſed clergy, and probably encouraged by the Emperor's ill health, and the circumſtance of his being engaged in a foreign war, the Auſtrian Netherlands boldly declared themſelves independent. But the bandage of ſuperſtitious bigotry had not been removed from their eyes, the ſacred ſeeds of liberty and toleration had not been ſown in their boſoms, and deciſive meaſures, which in France have confirmed the empire of freedom and good ſenſe, have ſerved in Brabant to ſtrengthen the power of prieſthood, and rivet the fetters of religious prejudice. Had they ſucceeded, it would only have been changing the ſplendid imperial ſceptre, for the iron rod of eccleſiaſtic ariſtocracy.

Government and legiſlation, are not the only ſubjects which major Jardin has touched with a pen of taſte; in ſpeaking of religion, arts, commerce, and war, he has diſcovered an enlightened mind, and much uſeful *practical* knowledge; in ſhort, he has proved, to uſe his own words, "that a man "who can fight, is generally good "for ſomething." He ſtands forth a firm, and eloquent pleader, in the cauſe of women; and wiſhes them, in education, dreſs, and manners, to make a nearer approach to the maſculine habits of men. I agree that the fair ſex would in many inſtances be happier, and that they might be rendered more ſerviceable members of ſociety, if *ſome* of the major's hints were adopted; but I query if we ſhould after all like them ſo well for wives, mothers, and ſiſters, if they entirely ſhook off the bewitching weakneſs, and attractive ſoftneſs of women. And I believe our philoſophic author himſelf, would have formerly been diſguſted, if one of his fair friends in Kent, had taken the air with him in breeches, and aſtride on the horſe; a mode he approves of, and expreſsly mentions.

Speaking of national peculiarities, he obſerves "that an En-"gliſhman may agree with a "Frenchman on a problem or a "picture; but he will always pre-"fer roaſt beef and Shakeſpear, to "Racine and ſoup maigre. Their "writers have more variety and "grace, they have many *pretty* "ways of *inſinuating* what they "mean, but they are very defi-"cient in our forcible, and man-"ly way of *ſpeaking out*.

"I am glad," (continues this writer,) addreſſing himſelf to his correſpondent, "I am glad you "approve

" approve of brevity and ſimplicity " of ſtyle, the art of ſpinning out " a little matter into a long ſtory, " is beneath the dignity, ſenſe and " preciſion of the Engliſh langu- " age; your words ſhould be all " weight and ſubſtance, full mea- " ſure, preſſed together, and run- " ning over in a redundancy of " ſenſe, but not of ſound: we " muſt not look for the beauties of " a rough, manly, and powerful " language, in the ſickly fancy of " modern refinement, nor in the " mincing jargon of faſhionable " converſation. The vulgarity of " great towns is inſupportable, " there is ſomething romantic and " antiquated that renders ruſtic ig- " norance ſufferable; but in great " towns, the lower claſſes have ei- " ther no taſte, or worſe than " none. Your Cocknies have " contributed largely towards ſpoil- " ing both your language and " your taſte. An education in " France, that pernicious prejudice " of Engliſh parents, can only be " proper when relations or friends " accompany young people. The " great object in the ſchool con- " vents is to convert the children " to their own ſuperſtition," and if they ſucceed, to teach them by jeſuitical arts to evade enquiries at their return. " You are too " apt to fancy in England, that " mankind are in general become " moderate, rational, and tole- " rant, nothing like it, the bulk of " the people, at too great a diſtance " from the ſuperior circles, ſtill " retain the deep ſown lurking " ſeeds of hatred and animoſity; " the bloody inquiſitorial, ſpirit " of religious intolerancy, only " pretends to ſleep. The moſt " probable means of inſuring " ſafety will be a gradual and hu- " mane diſſolution of the monaſtic " and regular orders, future wars, " and a thorough improvement " of the preſent modes of edu- " cation. Were toleration clearly " underſtood, eſtabliſhments and " national ſuperſtitions might be " baniſhed without danger, the " experience of America proves, " that a juſt and equal govern- " ment wants not ſuch aſſiſtance, " indeed they are modes of ter- " rifying and ſubduing a people " which tyranny and injuſtice on- " ly require.

" It is difficult to improve ſa- " vage man, or to entice him " even to common decency, they " have very lately left off des- " troying the glaſs windows in " Spain, of thoſe who ventured " to have them, and to deface " ſtatues and avenues.

" How can we improve him " who will not learn, or teach " thoſe, whoſe taſte, and judg- " ment, natural as well as mo- " ral, are vitiated and revers- " ed? who conſider ſome of the " moſt uſeful occupations, as dis- " graceful, but look on begging " and aſſaſſination in a better light. " They prefer dirt and indolence, " to induſtry, cleanlineſs, and the " comforts of life. Diſliking, in " general, milk, greens, and other " ſimple kinds of natural food, " and indulging a factitious fond- " neſs for garlic, onions, and high " ſeaſoning. But man is the crea- " ture of habit, and when from " want, oppreſſion or indulgence, " he abandons the firſt ſimple " feelings or inſtincts of nature, " nothing ſeems able to ſtop him

" from gradually deſtroying, his " ſenſes and himſelf. He may " go on from ſtupifying himſelf " with ſpirits, and eating aſſafœ- " tida, till he does miſchief for " pleaſure, and ultimately the " whole animal is ſpoiled or an- " nihilated.

" We are apt to miſtake the " character of the Spaniards, there " is in the very exceſs and abund- " ance of their wit, joy, and good " humour, a certain ſteady even- " neſs of manners, equally diſtant " from pedantry, levity and af- " fectation, more mirth of the " heart, than in all the gaiety, " and noiſe of their neighbours, " a kind of dry, grave humour, " with a ſerene and placid firm- " neſs of countenance. But from " too much of the religious and " then of the military ſpirit, they " have rapidly declined into en- " thuſiaſm and cruelty; and as " the human character never ſtops, " have ſunk ſtill lower into in- " difference, pride, indolence and " barren devotion: the generality " of the people, are not to be ex- " cited to great efforts, but by " ſuperſtitious terrors, love, re- " venge, and a fandango.

" A wiſh to reform, is, I con- " feſs, too often a reſpectable " error, to mend the wheels of " ſociety, requires a wiſdom and " dexterity which fall to the lot " of few. For the machine muſt " not be ſtopped, its motions " muſt be followed and watch- " ed, and it muſt be repaired by " gentle means, yet bold and pre- " cipitate reformation, is ſome- " times neceſſary, and ſometimes " ſucceeds. The revolution in " 1788, was an event highly in- " tereſting to every Engliſhman, " but all its tendency and effects, " do not yet appear to have been " thoroughly underſtood, or pro- " portionately followed up. As " it was hurried, it is in a de- " gree incomplete, we may hope " to ſee it gradually improved, " and being born for action, if " we do not go forward, we ſhall " grow worſe, it is therefore bet- " ter to be aiming at perfection, " even at the riſque of doing " wrong.

" Gibraltar, with common pru- " dence, will ſcarcely ever be loſt, " but by corruption, or the te- " dious and expenſive operation " of a blockade, and even then " the chance is againſt the Spa- " niards, who might draw more " advantages from that garriſon " now, than if it were in their " own poſſeſſion, if they could " prevail on themſelves to depart " from their ſullen, inveterate, " improvident meaſures, and be- " have with common politeneſs " and good policy. Moſt nati- " ons wiſh this fortreſs to be in " *our* hands, rather than in thoſe " of Spain, who they know would " tyrannize and deſtroy, but would " never encourage a free trade. " You remember how the duke " de C. like a little trifling French- " man, blabbed the ſecret, by " calling the Straights, his *maſter's* " *ſeas*. The importance of Gib- " raltar, will not be properly " known, till after it is loſt or " given up in ſome fooliſh ne- " gociation; it is the poſſeſſion " of this precious rock, which gives " the Engliſh name a ſuperiority " in influence as well as conſe- " quence, in the countries that ſurround

" ſurround the Mediterranean;
" it muſt be kept for reaſons of
" ſtate, for national honor and
" glory, which miniſters well
" know, cannot be eſtimated at
" pounds, ſhillings and pence. The
" Mediterranean is an important
" commercial ſea, ſurrounded by
" more than ſeventy millions of
" people, and as our eyes may
" hereafter be more open to the
" revival of a trade nearer home,
" it is highly neceſſary to ſupport
" our dignity among nations, who
" rejoice to ſee the Engliſh flag in
" that ſea.

" Spain and Portugal fancy they
" can protect themſelves by diſtance
" and deſolation, on this principle
" they leave moſt of their roads
" impaſſable; as military ſcience
" declined, timidity ſucceeded to
" diſcipline, and men prepared
" for war, by caſing themſelves in
" armour to be ſmothered, or by
" ſhutting themſelves up in caſtles
" to be ſtarved; they forgot that
" national ſtrength conſiſts in an
" active and moving force, and
" that the ſafeſt ſtate of defence
" is being always ready to attack.

" The Portugueſe pride has uſe-
" fully changed its object, from
" the black cloak, ſpectacles, an af-
" fectation of wiſdom and ſanctity,
" and having nothing to do, they
" are grown fond of fine cloaths,
" diligence and activity. Liſbon
" appears a mixture of luxury and
" miſery, at once naſty and ſump-
" tuous; the buildings, ſince the
" earthquake of 1755, are rather
" barbarouſly gigantic. The mar-
" quis de Pombal had the misfor-
" tune of being beyond controul,
" no man preſumed to underſtand
" even his own trade ſo well as
" the marquis.

" It is aſtoniſhing and will be
" more ſo to poſterity, that na-
" tions, ſcarcely able to ſupport
" themſelves, ſhould maintain in
" affluence a ſet of men to tyran-
" nize, to miſlead, and to devour.
" It is a deſideratum in eccleſiaſti-
" cal policy to encourage learning,
" religion, and morality, without
" giving their teachers dangerous
" powers and influence; they have
" had a hand in all the important
" duties of ſociety, education, mar-
" riage and inheritance.

" If the Popiſh ſyſtem could have
" been completely eſtabliſhed on
" its profeſſed principles, which
" conſider a future ſtate and not
" *this* life as worthy of our care
" and attention, it muſt have been
" immovable, and would have put
" an end to ſociety, or perhaps
" the human race, of which there
" was once a probability, during
" the fervors of that madneſs,
" which ſeized mankind, for ſe-
" cluding themſelves from the
" world, and being buried in mo-
" naſteries. Nothing could have
" been better calculated than ſuch a
" theory, to debilitate the human
" character, to arreſt human
" knowledge and improvement, to
" deſtroy happineſs, and to render
" men uſeleſs, detached and in-
" different to the reciprocal duties
" of ſociety.

" Such almoſt inſurmountable
" difficulties have been laid in the
" way of reformation, that the
" blame of all the temporary miſ-
" chief it produces, is conſtantly
" laid on the reformers; yet I hope
" the bugbear Superſtition loſes

" ground; indeed fineſſe, deception, and artifice, however venerable, cannot hold out for ever againſt truth, honeſty, and perſeverance.

" The monaſtic orders are not to be diverted from their purpoſe by any ſocial or human feelings; they have long been burthens to ſociety, and ought to have been aboliſhed, if the rapacity of princes and governments could be truſted with the diſpoſal of their property. Their duties, as members of ſociety, are ſuperſeded or loſt, in the habits and diſcipline of their order; they do not reſemble Turgot, who lately ſaid to his king, 'Sire, 'I was a man before I was an 'intendant.' Yet, after all the improvements in philoſophy, in art, and in ſcience, let us not be lulled aſleep, by ſuppoſing that knowledge and letters are ſo diffuſed and eſtabliſhed as never to be loſt: a miſtaken monarch, or a bad miniſter, the accidental conqueſt of a bad general, may baniſh and ſhut them out for ever; Fez, Campania, and Greece, were once the ſeat of ſcience, laws, and arts."

I hope this extract, from ſo intereſting a work, needs no apology; it may poſſibly be peruſed by thoſe who, not being general readers, have not ſeen the Major's book; the facts they illuſtrate, as well as the ſentiments, come home ſo immediately to the boſoms of us all, that every enlightened man, and every man who wiſhes to be enlightened, ought to read them. To thoſe who have already ſeen them, truth, ſacred important truth, cannot be too often repeated.

On cloſing this article, I lament, that while different parts of the world have been extricating themſelves from the ignominious bonds of civil and religious oppreſſion, Spain, by the expreſs command, by the active and more immediate interpoſition of her young ſovereign, is prevented from participating in theſe advantages. A circumſtance which will ſurpriſe us ſtill more, when we recollect the acknowledged capacity, and patriotic views of this prince. And as kings have a right to a candid interpretation of their actions, as well as other men, I will imagine, for a moment, that he conſiders the embargoes he has laid on literary intelligence, and political diſcuſſion, as rendering a ſervice to his country. But a few years acquaintance with the wiſhes and wants of his people, will, I truſt, induce him to yield with a good grace, what it will be impoſſible for him long to keep. I would wiſh him to reflect on the ruinous and often the bloody effects of intemperate zeal and haſty reform, when a people who have been injured or trifled with, take power into their own hands.

Should this trifle (as once happened to a former one I ventured to publiſh) prove ſo fortunate, as to be occaſionally read to him, by the medium of an ingenious and highly favoured friend; I earneſtly and ſeriouſly entreat him to conſider, that truth has pervaded or o'erleaped higher and ſtronger barriers than Alps or Pyrenees, and that he will prove himſelf the beſt friend to his own intereſt, as well as that of the country where he reſides, by yielding early, and

from

from prudence and foreſight, that which he may be obliged, however reluctantly, to give up from neceſſity at laſt.

But while I write, a friend at my elbow tells me, that this monarch, with all his political acumen, cabinet diligence, and good ſenſe, wants ſtrength of mind; and it is underſtood in the different departments of government, that he will diſpute every inch of ground with thoſe who pretend to make any inroads on what the prieſt or what the nurſe has taught.

"When ſhall we ſee a ſovereign "unite the qualities of Cæſar and "Alexander, with the political "wiſdom of Solon and Lycurgus?"

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, Archduke of Auſtria, and Emperor of Germany, one of the few ſovereigns who appears to have made his duty his chief pleaſure, and the welfare of his people the great object of his life: adapting his conduct to the calls of an enlightened and improving age, reformation of abuſe was the laudable purpoſe he ever had in view; yet it is to be lamented, that, in the execution of ſome of his favourite maxims and plans, he at times defeated the end, by adhering too rigorouſly to certain means; and that in other inſtances he did not ſufficiently conſult, the local attachments and religious opinions of his ſubjects; but good intentions, if they cannot, like charity, conceal, may in ſome degree excuſe a multitude of faults, and the man who quitted, for a time, the pomp and ſplendor of a throne, and the ſeducing maſk of royalty, to converſe with his fellow-creatures on a footing of equality, to feel and experience the elbow and buſtle of common life, to hear the unbiaſſed claſhing opinions of mankind, muſt have been different from moſt monarchs, and many men. "Time is precious, abſtain "from compliment, let me know "the truth, 'tis that only I ſeek, "ſpeak with freedom, I love it; "diſguiſe nothing, my wiſh is to "gather information;" was the common language of the ſubject of this article, who, while he thus ſubmitted to correction, and in a manner invited reproof, though he might occaſionally err, could never be egregiouſly and perverſely miſtaken. A proof of the moderation with which he bore what would have been denominated a ſevere repartee from an equal, may be ſeen in the article allotted to the late Mr. Howard.

Joſeph the Second was the ſon of that Maria Thereſa in whoſe praiſes modern hiſtorians have been profuſely laviſh, though, after minutely ſurveying her actions, and allowing her the common merit of a warm attachment to her children, and an exceſſive fondneſs for her huſband, not unfrequent in devout females; religious bigotry, and political ingratitude, appear to have been the moſt prominent features of her character. In the year 1741, a year to Maria of difficulty, danger, and diſtreſs, her ſon Joſeph, only three months old, was diſplayed in the arms of his mother to the States of Hungary; and it may perhaps be thought not unworthy of remark, that the ſame royal infant, whoſe ſilent eloquence pleaded ſo effectually in behalf of his mother with the German Palatins, ſhould, in a few years, rouſe

rouſe a ſpirit of diſcontent, almoſt amounting to rebellion, in the ſame ſubjects; nor is it leſs extraordinary, that the child of a zealous and rigid Catholic, a ſtrict obſerver and enforcer of the moſt minute ceremony, faſt, or genuflexion, ſhould attempt to ſubvert the pillars of the Holy See, and prove a ſevere ſcourge to the church. During the whole period of his reign, the emperor Joſeph appears to have been at war with the prejudices in favor of the real intereſts of his ſubjects: whilſt his keen eye was minutely exploring national grievances in every department of government, and whilſt he was endeavouring, amidſt a thouſand difficulties, to render his Auſtrian Netherlands a great commercial mart, and giving audience to the meaneſt individual of his realm, the affections of a conſiderable number of his ſubjects were eſtranged by a haſty, but healthy regulation in the mode of interring their dead, in which, with too much of the philoſopher, but too little of the man, he betrayed a total diſregard to the finer feelings, and minute decorum of poliſhed life.

" Too fond of the right, to pur-
" ſue the expedient,"

ſeems to have been his failing.

By diſſolving the monaſtic orders, and deſtroying the papal juriſdiction in his dominions, he proved himſelf a practical ſtateſman; removing ſo cumberſome a weight, which ſuppreſſed, or turned into unnatural channels, the firſt law of nature, buried worth, energy, and talents, in barren ground, and drained his people of an immenſe annual ſum, rank him with the beſt friends of his country, and mankind; but in bringing back, or forcing into ſociety numbers of individuals, incapacitated by the indolent habits of contemplative devotion, by diſeaſe of body, or of mind, from ſupporting themſelves abroad in the world, it is to be feared that reſpect was not paid to age, rank, or education, or ſufficient diſtinction made between the ſturdy mendicant, who preferred eaſe to labour, impoſing on others to exerting himſelf; and the pious matron, or debilitated veteran, who, broken down by ſorrow or misfortune, were humbly ſeeking their God in the ſequeſtered ſhades of repentance and contrition.

He had felt the evil of a want of ſecrecy in a former campaign, during which, ſome of his beſt concerted ſchemes had been counteracted by the enemy procuring intelligence; an edict, almoſt inquiſitorial, determined that no letter ſhould paſs from any individual in his army, without minute official inſpection, a proceeding, which diſguſted his beſt officers, and alienated the affections of an army enthuſiaſtically attached to his family. An Engliſhman need not look from home for proofs, that agents and contractors too often prove devouring locuſts to our fleets and armies; the evil has been, often and ſeriouſly felt, but our imperial reformer forgot for a moment, that to theſe mercileſs defaulters, an army looks up for its very exiſtence; 'till in conſequence of ſome diſguſt, produced by his rigorouſly inforcing a new regulation in the articles of forage and bread, an important expedition

pedition was fruſtrated by impending famine, perhaps artificially increaſed.

Such, after a reign commencing with ſo much promiſe, was the fate of a reforming ſovereign, who appears to have had the aggrandizement, population, and welfare of his ſubjects next his heart; yet, though he ſo often failed, and at laſt is ſaid to have died of a broken heart; let us not forget the power, magnitude and influence of the enemies he had to contend with; a worthleſs herd of court ſycophants, the bane of princes and their ſubjects; a neſt of eccleſiaſtic hornets, armed with ſtings; noiſy, loud and vigilant in defence of their invaded privileges, income and immunities; deeply intrenched in the ſtrong holds of religious bigotry and antient prejudice, with about one in a thouſand of his own ſubjects on his ſide, I mean the rational and diſintereſted portion of mankind.

KIPPIS, ANDREW, a diſſenting miniſter, a doctor of divinity, a candid enlightened writer, and a principal conductor of the Biographia Britannica, who after inducing the public to patronize that work, by his name and acknowledged merits, has formally given notice, that more important concerns have induced him to reſign his office.

I would not wiſh to hurt the feelings of Dr. Kippis by calling ſuch conduct literary deception, yet, at the ſame time, I cannot conſider it as perfectly blameleſs. It was ſurely his duty (and this I have told him before) to have properly weighed his motives, and before he entered on ſo great a work, to have foreſeen what difficulties and obſtructions might preſent themſelves.

Will he pardon my ſuggeſting an opinion, that his ſeceſſion from the editorſhip, if not produced, was haſtened by the occaſional criticiſms and obſervations, to which that oſtenſible ſituation expoſed him. The Doctor ſhould have recollected, that "cenſure is a tax "which every man pays to the "public for being eminent."

Mr. Horace Walpole obſerves, with ſome juſtice, that the Biographia Britannica exhibits too general a tendency to indiſcriminate panegyric; in the ſhort article aſſigned in this work to the late lord Clive it has been noticed. The declaration of Dr. Kippis, that *more important* avocations called him from his office, brings to my mind the words of a judicious critic: "To celebrate," ſays this excellent writer, "to celebrate the "good men who have been the "ornaments of human nature, and "the public bleſſings of mankind, "and to hand down their names "with honour to future ages, is "ſurely one of the moſt delight-"ful ſervices in which an ingenu-"ous mind can poſſibly be em-"ployed, and it is a ſervice as uſe-"ful as it is delightful. But as there "have been men illuſtrious for "their worth and virtue, ſo have "there been *eminently bad men*, the "diſgrace of human nature, the "plagues and curſes of mankind, "for whom there ſhould be ſome "proviſion to perpetuate and im-"mortalize their infamy. This "indeed is a leſs pleaſing, but it is "a neceſſary taſk. It might be "ſome reſtraint upon a haughty "eccleſiaſtic,

"eccleſiaſtic, or ambitious mi-
"niſter in the fulneſs of their
"power, to remember, that a time
"would come, when men might
"dare, without offence or fear,
"to delineate their true characters,
"to render them and their vices
"objects of laſting deteſtation."

Surely then, however high in Dr. Kippis's eſtimation the academic inſtitution at Hackney might be, or his duty as a miniſter of the goſpel, the taſk of aſſigning to each character, according to its merits the nich of panegyric or the gibbet of infamy, is a poſt of no ſmall conſequence in the republic of letters. The wreath of fame, which with other good motives impels the martyr to ſuffer, the hero to fight, and the patriot to die, cannot be diſtributed with too cautious a hand. It is equally tarniſhed and miſplaced by endeavouring to deck with it the trappings of villainy, however dignified by title or ſucceſs, or by laviſhing it on the idols of ſplendid imbecility, however remarkable they may have been for goodneſs of heart, or attached to us by friendſhip or agreement in religious ſentiments.

If we beſtow on the undeſerving and the depraved thoſe rewards which genius and virtue only ought to enjoy, we weaken the main ſpring of human actions, and ſhall gradually deſtroy one great and noble incitement to the energies of virtue and the exertions of intellect.

Under whatever auſpices, or by whatever hands the Biographia ſhall be hereafter conducted, I cannot agree that the editors ſhould be cloſely tied down to tread in the ſteps of their predeceſſors. Panegyric was the favourite topic of Dr. Campbell's pen, for he was a good man himſelf, as well as a pleaſant one, if he had a fault it was prolixity and diffuſeneſs.

The great objects to be attended to, therefore, in the future volumes, will be to drop obſolete articles, to curtail, or rather reject unintereſting ones (ſuch, for inſtance, as Courteen, a long and dull article,) to prune the luxuriancy of unmerited praiſe, and to infuſe a due proportion of cenſure where it has been evidently deſerved.

KYRLL, MR. JOHN, celebrated by Pope as the Man of Roſs, a charitable, humane, and public-ſpirited character, well worthy the imitation of his ſuperiors in rank and fortune; but it was not in his power, with an income which ſcarcely ever amounted to five hundred pounds a year, to compaſs the many beneficent undertakings aſcribed to him. The poet, therefore, muſt be underſtood to mean, that, by the influence of his example, and ſolicitations to his wealthier neighbours, as well as his own contributions, he effected his various benevolent purpoſes.

He gave two public dinners in a week, where perſonal worth, and humble merit, were more attended to, than dignity or fortune, and, after the ſervants had dined, what remained was always diſtributed to the poor. Neither made-diſhes or wine ever appeared at table; his expences for his own perſonal gratification were trifling, by which means he was enabled to lay by for the poor a greater proportion of his income than moſt men have inclination or ſelf-denial enough to give

give up: and during the winter, while the majority of rich people retire to London from dreary proſpects and clouded ſkies, he fulfilled, what is rare in the preſent day, the uſeful and honourable duties of a country gentleman, diffuſing the comforts of food, fuel, raiment, and attendance, among the ſick, the indigent, and the old.

One part of his conduct in relieving the poor, deſerves to be noticed by thoſe who have ability and inclination to diſpenſe the gifts of mercy. He expected every one who applied for relief *to do ſomething*, as far as was conſiſtent with age and health, for he rightly conſidered it as a diſcouragement to, and a tax upon, diligence and induſtry, to ſupport any but the aged and infirm in indolence and inactivity. A conſtant reſource of eleemoſynary employment was therefore regularly provided, ſuch as gathering ſtones, way-mending, clearing wood, tranſplanting young trees into hedge-rows, and other taſks adapted to the ſtrength and abilities of his various ſupplicants.

Never to give *money* would, I think be a good rule, as it is too often ſpent in ſpirituous liquors, which intoxicate and inflame, without affording either ſtrength or nouriſhment to the drinker. Indeed it is to be lamented, that managing the parochial poor is not in general conducted with more attention to œconomy, good policy, and comfort. The poor-rate, that heavy and increaſing tax, is often miſapplied by the artful and ſelfiſh cabals of overſeers and churchwardens, who convert the furniſhing work-houſes with neceſſaries into a lucrative and fraudulent traffic. Gentlemen think attending to this ſubject beneath their notice, as it would ſometimes break in on the fox-chace, or the pleaſures of the table, till they are alarmed by finding their tenants impoveriſhed, and the poor oppreſſed. I know two pariſhes where the people of property could not be ſtimulated to exert themſelves in this buſineſs, till they had ſuffered heavily; but they already find the advantage.

Thoſe who mean to be active in this buſineſs muſt expect the fate of all reformers, the malignancy of diſappointed ſelfiſhneſs and the defamatory abuſe of low people; but they will reap benefits ſufficient to compenſate for theſe diſadvantages, beſides doing their duty; for, in the two inſtances I have before mentioned, the poor-rate in three years has fallen one third, and the poor are maintained in cleanlineſs and comfort, to which they had long been ſtrangers.

The principal points attended to by theſe correctors of petty fraud I ſhall briefly recite, although, except I may be permitted to judge from their good effects, it is a buſineſs of which I am not a competent judge.

Firſt, Every article for the uſe of the poor is furniſhed by that perſon who ſends in the cheapeſt offer, in whatever place or pariſh he reſides, in a ſealed letter, on a particular day, ſubject to the inſpection of proper perſons, who examine the commodity, that it be good and wholſome.

Secondly, A large poor-houſe is erected, or their preſent one enlarged, ſo as to be capable of containing

taining all that become chargeable.

Thirdly, No relief of any kind is given out of the houſe.

Fourthly, A pariſh uniform is worn.

Fifthly, A manufacture is eſtabliſhed in the poor-houſe, in which the maſter has ſome proportionate intereſt, and the poor ſome trifling reward, for encouraging exertion: ten per cent. is alſo offered to thoſe who furniſh raw materials for the manufactory; the different occupations of baking, brewing, waſhing, making cloaths, are carried on under the ſame roof. In all public work on roads, or in harveſt-time, the pariſhioners, or, if they neglect it, others have a power of agreeing with the pariſh-officers for the labour of ſuch as they may chuſe, at a reduced price.

By theſe, and other methods, a growing evil, though it cannot be entirely removed, has been diminiſhed, and pariſh-houſes, inſtead of proving what they too often are, loathſome ſeminaries of indolence, proſtitution, and theft, might be converted into ſchools of ſobriety, induſtry, and ingenuity, in which a riſing generation of uſeful well-edueated domeſtics, and induſtrious handicraftſmen might be reared.

I have heard, or read of a plan for univerſally eſtabliſhing pariſh-clubs, and to render that a general obligation which at preſent is done voluntarily in many towns, and with good effect.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, with diſapprobation, a mode of ſupplying the poor with medical attendance, now generally adopted in moſt country pariſhes of the kingdom. The candidate who will undertake it at the cheapeſt rate is, in every inſtance, preferred, without at all adverting to his age, ability, or experience.

And as it is now become the cuſtom on moſt great eſtates, for tenants to pay the poor-rate; our artificers, labourers, peaſants, and mechanics, are left in ſickneſs and old age, to the unfeeling tempers of ſtewards, bailiffs, and farmers.

In the courſe of my pedeſtrian excurſions in the country, I have often narrowly eſcaped being rode over by young men, who ſurpriſed me, by the eagerneſs of their enquiries, and the fury of their pace; yet, through the dirt of the road, and the foam of the horſe, I could diſcover that they had imported into the deſert a faſhionable dreſs, the town air, and poliſhed manners. On aſking at the next cottage, I was told that it was now Eaſter, that the perſons I met were young doctors riding after pariſhes, racing and galloping acroſs the country in various directions, to ſecure ſupport from different veſtries. Thus the work-houſe, that laſt retreat of age and infirmity, too often becomes a ſcene of experiment to young men, ardent for practice, and brimfull of theories from the lecturer, and diſſecting-room. It is natural to expect, that their behaviour will too often exhibit much of hurry, and little of feeling, which is generally the caſe, where a man is tempted, by poverty or by avarice, to undertake a greal deal of *work* for a very little money.

From what has been ſaid of Mr. Kyrll (whom I have been tempted by my ſubject to wander from,) few will ſuppoſe that dreſs and

and perſonal ornament, conſumed much of his time, attention, or money. He was remarkably plain and homely in this reſpect, and on a journey he once made into Oxfordſhire, without a ſervant, was apprehended at Benſon, in that county, on ſuſpicion of being a highwayman. The juſtice was better acquainted with the penal ſtatutes than with Pope's writings, and our Man of Roſs would certainly have been committed to priſon had he not ſent for ſome of the neighbouring gentlemen, who hurried in their carriages to bail him.

He was for many years a bleſſing to the town of Roſs and its neighbourhood, an aſſiſter of young tradeſmen on their firſt commencing buſineſs, an aſſiduous healer of diſcord and contention, a friend to the fatherleſs and widow, and died at the age of ninety, with that calm confidence and ſerene hope ſuch a life enſures, a death which we all wiſh for, but few of us have a right to expect.

Though reſpected while living, and perhaps immortalized in the ſtrains of Pope, he was deficient in moſt of the requiſites of modern poſthumous fame. He had broken no parent's heart, he did not diſſipate his ſubſtance in the brothel, the club, or at Newmarket, he neither compoſed or ſung obſcene ſongs, nor was it the grand occupation of his life to ride horſes to death, and exterminate foxes, hares and partridges; in a word, he felt not the ambition to ſhine in endowments in which buffoons, gamblers, whippers-in, and ſharpers can at any time excel us.

LUDLOW, EDMUND, a commander in the civil war which raged between Charles the Firſt and his parliament, who contributed by his perſonal courage and patient diligence, to the degradation of that unhappy prince. General Ludlow appears to have poſſeſſed political integrity, and to have acted from a firm conviction of the king's unconſtitutional conduct; he alſo conſidered a republican form of government as the likelieſt model for promoting public virtue as well as private happineſs. Perhaps he was miſtaken, but if his theory was built on the ſuppoſition that the bulk of mankind, were actuated by the ſame public ſpirit which warmed his own boſom, it was a glorious and honeſt miſtake.

After rendering effectual aſſiſtance towards the abolition of regal power, he boldly and conſiſtently oppoſed the ſelfiſh ambition of Cromwell, rejecting with ſcorn the ſplendid offers of that ſucceſsful uſurper, whoſe conduct can be defended on no other plea than ſelf defence; for he had created in thoſe turbulent times a hoſt of enemies of all parties and all denominations, from whoſe open violence or diſguiſed malice, nothing but the maſſy and oppreſſive ſhield of military deſpotiſm was able to protect him. From ſuch men and from ſuch meaſures our ſtern republican retired to Vivay, in Switzerland; the houſe afforded him as an aſylum, by the citizens is diſtinguiſhed by the following inſcription:

Omne ſolum forti patria.

Which our Engliſh travellers, in their flight over the Alps, view

with emotions of triumph, deteſtation or indifference, according to the different impulſes of prejudice and education.

Soon after the revolution of 1688, when the regal prerogatives were duly bounded, and the rights of the people in *ſome* degree aſcertained, Ludlow offered his ſervices to king William the Third, which he readily accepted, but his intentions were counteracted by the hatred of ſome of his perſonal enemies in parliament, abetted by a party, which, during the greater part of that reign, concealed their hatred of a free government, and their efforts to embarraſs all its meaſures, under the ſpecious maſk of public ſpirit, and a timid jealouſy of a prince, to whom we are indebted (whatever might be his motives) for the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty, which I truſt we ſhall long be able as well as willing not only to protect but *extend*, for

"Multum adhuc reſtat operis."
"Tho much is done, yet much re-
"mains to do."

LYTTLETON, Lord, ſon of the venerable and illuſtrious author of the Hiſtory of Henry the Second, as remarkable for an early diſplay as for a flagitious proſtitution of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine deſtroyed, was a ſtrange and as it afterwards proved, a declaration prophetic of his fate, which he is ſaid, on good authority, to have uttered with an oath, when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices, and a total abſence of moral principle, he attained no ſmall conſequence as a parliamentary ſpeaker, and without application on his part, was appointed chief juſtice in eyre, a ſinecure which his father, a man of dignified ſentiment and excellent qualities both of head and heart, could never procure.

This illuſtrious wanderer from the paths of propriety and virtue, united with ſhameleſs profligacy, and a front which no bluſh had ever diſconcerted, a weakneſs not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions or ghoſts occaſionally viſited the earth; and would frequently ring his bell with violence at midnight for the ſervants, who, on entering his apartment, generally found him ſitting in bed in a cold ſweat, with a countenance evincing every ſymptom of terror and diſmay. Theſe viſitations of a guilty conſcience, or a diſordered imagination, were probably produced, or ſometimes aggravated by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domeſtics to ſit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has paſſed a life of ſin and enormity, needs not I believe be haunted by any ſpirit more terrific than the ſtinging reflection of crimes unrepented, time miſpent, and talents uncultivated; in the deſpair of a loſt heaven and the horrors of a hell which awaits him, he may be ſaid to "meet the ghoſts of his departed "days, a numerous train which "frown like furies."

I hope for the honour of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than that kind of bravado,

bravado, which drunkenneſs and iniquitous vanity too often produce; many of them I am perſuaded wholly deduce their origin from one of his well known aſſociates, who I fear is now——— but I will not fill up the ſentence. Yet, if all be a fiction, they are ſuch fictions as would only be conceived in, and applied to, the laſt and moſt execrable ſtate of human depravity.

The death of this young man, who I wiſh had never been born, was haſtened by over heating himſelf in running or walking for a wager, and incautiouſly drinking after it; yet his preternatural preposſeſſions followed him to the laſt; and, on his death bed, he perſiſted, as long as ſenſe remained, that for ſeveral days preceding, the curtain drawn back by an inviſible hand, had opened at the foot of his bed, and preſented to his ſight a fluttering dove; a conviction which no argument or mode of demonſtrating his miſtake in the circumſtance, could at all remove.

A ſmall volume of letters were ſoon after publiſhed, *ſuppoſed* to be written by him, which I believe few have read without pleaſure. That they were not the work of lord Lyttleton is generally underſtood, but moſt people I have heard ſpeak on the ſubject, eſpecially thoſe beſt able to judge, are of opinion that they are, as to compoſition, ſentiment and language, exactly the kind of letters he *would* have written; it is a ſort of epiſtolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a ſtrong likeneſs, and the work of no common hand.

From theſe letters, I cannot forbear making extracts, though it is clearly to my own diſadvantage, as I only ſhew the coarſeneſs of my own *fuſtian*, by ornamenting it with a rich Perſian ſilk.

" My inſenſibility to reputation" ſays this writer, perſonifying my lord, " is not ſo great as you " would believe, for the heart of " a bad man, with all his boaſt- " ing, cannot be at eaſe when he " pretends to deſpiſe the opinion " of mankind. Depend on it, he " is a hypocrite twelve hours out " of the four and twenty, and hy- " pocriſy is the homage which " vice pays to virtue. I acknow- " ledge that I have endeavoured to " turn my back on the good opi- " nion of the world, and that I " have ſometimes accompliſhed " the buſineſs without confuſion " of face, but never without con- " fuſion of heart. An inſtance " highly mortifying to me very " lately preſented itſelf.

" At a numerous public meet- " ing in the county, where, my " father lives, where his pro- " perty and influence are con- " ſiderable, and his name reſpect- " ed, I was not only deſerted but " avoided. I found myſelf alone " in the croud, and what was ſtill " worſe, alone out of the croud: " I paſſed the remainder of the day " without company, and two or " three ſuch evenings would either " have driven me to deſpair, or " have reformed me. I flew from " ſolitude, which muſt have pro- " duced conviction, to diſſipation, " company, riot, and intempe- " rance. Vice, be it what it may, will " ſtill find ſome one or other to

" flatter

" flatter it. There are aſſemblies of " people, where, when public and " honourable ſociety has hiſſed " you from the ſtage, you may " find not only reception but ap- " plauſe. Where you meet with " every art to huſh the pains of re- " flection, and to keep out the in- " truſions of conſcience: this, in- " deed, is an evil, but I ſee not " how it can be remedied, till you " perſuade young men that praiſe " and approbation are only valua- " ble in proportion to the real me- " rits of thoſe who beſtow them."

The following invective, I think, every man cannot but agree with, who has in his time been ſubject to the ſcurrilities of low, trifling, inſignificant people, who are fond of catching every opportunity to dwell on, and enlarge the miſconduct of perſons who *have* ſome character, and whoſe ſuperior endowments are ſufficient reaſons for their blazoning abroad their faults, and at once hating and fearing them.

" My relation then turns up his " eyes, and ſhrugs his ſhoulders " when my name is mentioned— " this indeed is a ſtinging mortifi- " cation, and proves how very in- " ſignificant I muſt be, to be open- " ly deſpiſed by inſignificance. " How loud muſt the hiſs of the " world be, when ſuch a puny " whipſter inſults me. If honour- " able men were to ſpeak of me " with contempt, I would ſubmit " without reſentment, for I have " deſerved it; if they ſhould pity " me, I would thank them, for in- " deed it is more than I merit; if " mankind deſpiſe, I have only to " reſiſt, or fly from their con- " tempt But to be an object of " ſupercilious airs, from one who, " two years ago, would have " wiped the duſt from my ſhoes, " and perhaps two years hence will " be proud of the ſame office, a pu- " ny pratler, who does not poſſeſs a " ſufficient degree of talent or im- " portance to give dignity either to " virtue or crime—to be the butt " of ſuch a one ſeverely mortifies " me. Were I on the other ſide " of the water, his back-biting " looks and ſhrugs ſhould be " changed in a moment to well " made bows, and ſuppliant poſ- " tures. If I live, the ſcurvy " knave ſhall do me homage, his " ſubſervient attentions ſhall give " the lie to the inſolence of his " humbling compaſſion. The day " of my revenge will come, when " he ſhall open his mouth for me " to ſpit in it, as he was wont to " do, and perform every trick of a " paraſite; his genius is to fetch " and carry, a very ſpaniel, made " to fawn, and eat your leav- " ings."

Speaking of a woman, both beautiful and good, he ſays, " She is " capable of making the bad, " good, the inconſtant, ſtable, and " the giddy, wiſe."

The following is ſo very applicable to the crying evil of the preſent times, and to the circumſtances and ſituations of two-thirds of our young men, that I think it cannot meet the public eye too often; if I ought not to ſay, " repetita placebit," I may ſay, " repetita docebit."

" Miſerable is the man who has " nothing to do, for the human " intellect, like nature, abhors a " vacuum, and will embrace any " thing, however criminal or tri- " vial, rather than be without an " object: had I kept my ſeat in " parliament, moſt of the unplea- " ſant

" ſant predicaments in which I am
" involved would have been avoid-
" ed. I ſhould have had employ-
" ment, my paſſions would have
" been incited by proper animating
" objects, and my vanity ſufficient-
" ly ſatisfied. You know me well
" enough to be convinced, that, to
" fix *my* attention, there muſt be
" ſomething which inſpires deſire,
" rouſes activity, keeps hope on
" the ſtretch, and has a degree of
" high colouring about it: power
" and popularity are of this kind,
" and I am convinced they would
" have kept under the baſer paſ-
" ſions, at leaſt if I was deſtined to
" be a ſlave, my ſlavery would
" have been of a more honourable
" kind; but loſing a ſituation ſo
" ſuitable to me, I yielded myſelf
" a victim to diſſolute manners.

" I do not mean to write diſ-
" reſpectfully of my father, but he
" was very ignorant of mankind;
" though an able writer with con-
" ſiderable underſtanding and
" knowledge, he was almoſt child-
" iſh in his management of do-
" meſtic parental concerns. He
" wanted that neceſſary diſcern-
" ment which enables a father to
" read the character of his child,
" to watch its growing diſpoſitions,
" and to gently mould them to his
" will. I have been ſacrificed to
" family vanity, and at a time
" when I was not ſenſible of it.
" There is a good deal of diffe-
" rence between a good man and
" a good father; I have known
" bad men who excelled my father
" as much in parental care, as he
" was ſuperior to them in real
" virtue. Being the only boy, and
" only hope of the family, and
" taught, almoſt before I could un-
" derſtand it, that I had an heredi-
" tary and collateral right to ge-
" nius, talents, and virtue, my
" earlieſt prattle was the ſubject of
" continual admiration: as I in-
" creaſed in years, I was encou-
" raged in boldneſs, which parti-
" al fancy called manly confidence;
" while ſallies of impertinence, for
" which I ought to have been ſcourg-
" ed, were fondly and fatally conſi-
" dered as marks of an aſtoniſh-
" ing prematurity of abilities.

" My diſpoſitions demanded
" preſſure and reſtraint in no
" common degree, but vanity had
" ſo blinded the eyes of my rela-
" tions, that they ſpoilt my mind
" by liberty and encouragement,
" in the hot-bed of flattery,
" for ſuch was every company
" where I was introduced. The
" late lord Bath, Mrs. Montague,
" and many others, joined in the
" family incenſe, and contributed
" to my ruin. I was thus nurſed
" into an early ſtate of audacity,
" and was able at any time to raiſe
" the laugh againſt my father or
" my uncle.

" After travelling, without con-
" troul in point of expence, and
" gratifying every exceſs and every
" paſſion; at my return, becauſe
" I made a flowery bold ſpeech in
" parliament, I was received at
" home with a warmth, delight,
" and triumph, which was due to
" virtue alone. To give ſolidity
" to my character, and to correct
" youthful inexperience, a rich
" and amiable young lady was
" choſen for my wife. I confeſs
" ſhe was handſome, and had
" many good qualities, but ſhe was
" cold as an anchorite, and tho'
" formed to be the beſt wife in the
" world,

" world to a good huſband, was " by no means calculated to re- " claim a bad one."

In another letter, which he is ſuppoſed to write on receiving intelligence of his father's death, thoſe who recollect him muſt be ſtruck with the following:

" I awoke, and behold I was a " lord, from infernal dreams and " an uneaſy pillow, from inſignifi- " cance and deſertion, to a peerage, " with all its privileges, and a good " eſtate. The carriage of thoſe " about me is already altered, and " I ſhall now have it in my power " to look down on thoſe who have " pretended to diſdain me; my co- " ronet ſhall glitter ſcorn at them, " and inſult their low ſouls to " the extreme of mortification. " I have received a letter from " that dirty paraſite ———, full of " condolance and congratulation, " with a my lord in every line. I " will make that raſcal lick the " duſt, and when he has flattered " me till his tongue is parched " with lies, I will upbraid him " with his meanneſs and duplicity, " and turn my back on him " for ever.

" May eternal ignominy over- " take me if I have not ample re- " venge on him and a ſcore or two " more of reptiles of the ſame " character, I will make the ten- " dereſt vein in their hearts ache " with my reproach.

" I have now a full ſcope for ex- " ertion in the line of political du- " ty, and I hope this will ſnatch " me from thoſe Circæan draughts " and other miſerable purſuits, " which of late have been my only " reſource. But you muſt not " expect an inſtant converſion, the " æra of miracles is paſſed, beſides, " the world would ſuſpect its ſin- " cerity. It is true, I am ſinner " ſufficient to call down the inter- " poſition of Heaven, but the pre- " ſent age has no claim to ſuch " cœleſtial notices."

It is time to conclude quotations, which, from the evident merit of the work, have ſwelled beyond my intention; I ſhall, therefore, only give the following ſtory, which I remmber hearing talked of before the book was publiſhed, but can give no ſort of voucher for its authenticity.

" It was in the early part of our " friend's life," ſays the writer of lord Lyttleton's Letters, " that he " attended a hunting club at their " ſport, when a ſtranger of gen- " teel appearance and well mount- " ed, joined the chace. He " was obſerved to ride with a de- " gree of courage and addreſs that " attracted the notice of all, the " hounds could never eſcape him, " and the huntſman was outſtrip- " ped during the whole of the day. " At the concluſion of the ſport, the " ſtranger was invited to dinner, " when he aſtoniſhed the company " as much by the powers of his " converſation and the elegance of " his manners, as he had in the " field by his equeſtrian atchieve- " ments. Whatever was the to- " pic, whether in art or in ſcience, " in poetry, muſic, or in painting, he " was ſure to ſay the beſt thing, and " make the moſt acute obſerva- " tions, and ſuch was the magic of " his diſcourſe, that it kept the " drowſy ſportſman awake long " after their uſual hour. But wea- " ried nature could be charmed " no longer, and the company

" began

" began to ſteal away by degrees to
" their repoſe.

" On his obſerving the ſociety
" diminiſh, he diſcovered manifeſt
" ſigns of uneaſineſs, and endea-
" voured, by a new force of ſpirits,
" and freſh ſallies of wit, to de-
" tain the remaining few. This
" had ſome little effect, but the
" period could not be long delayed
" when he was to be conducted to
" his chamber. The remains of
" the company retired alſo, but
" they had ſcarce cloſed their eyes
" when the houſe was alarmed by
" the moſt terrible ſhrieks that
" ever were heard. Several per-
" ſons were awakened by the noiſe,
" but its continuance being ſhort,
" they concluded that it proceeded
" from a dog accidentally confined
" in ſome part of the houſe: they
" therefore again compoſed them-
" ſelves to ſleep, but were ſoon
" awakened by ſhrieks and cries
" ſtill more terrible than the for-
" mer. Alarmed at what they heard,
" ſeveral of them rang their bells,
" and were told by their ſervants,
" that the horrid ſounds proceed-
" ed from the ſtranger's chamber.
" Some of the gentlemen immedi-
" ately aroſe, to enquire into this
" extraordinary diſturbance; and
" while they were dreſſing them-
" ſelves for that purpoſe, deeper
" groans of deſpair, and ſhriller
" ſhrieks of agony, again aſto-
" niſhed and terrified them. After
" knocking ſome time at his cham-
" ber door, he anſwered them as
" one awakened from ſleep, de-
" clared he had heard no noiſe,
" and rather in an angry tone of
" voice, deſired he might not be
" again diſturbed.

" They returned to one of their
" chambers together, and had
" ſcarce began to communicate
" their ſentiments, when their
" converſation was interrupted by
" a renewal of yells, ſcreams, and
" outcries, which from the horror
" of them ſeemed to iſſue from the
" throats of damned and tortured
" ſpirits. They immediately fol-
" lowed the ſounds, and traced
" them to the chamber of their ex-
" traordinary gueſt, the door of
" which they inſtantly burſt open,
" and found him upon his knees
" in bed, in the act of ſcourging
" himſelf with the moſt unrelent-
" ing ſeverity, his body ſtreaming
" with blood. On their ſeizing
" his hand to ſtop the ſtrokes, he
" begged them to retire, aſſuring
" them that the cauſe of their diſ-
" turbance was over, and that in
" the morning he would acquaint
" them with the reaſons of the
" cries they heard, and the melan-
" choly ſight they ſaw. After a re-
" petition of his entreaties they re-
" tired; and in the morning ſome
" of them went to his chamber,
" but he was not there; and, on
" examining the bed, they found
" the ſheets extremely bloody.
" On further enquiry, the groom
" ſaid, that as ſoon as it was light,
" the ſtrange gentleman came to
" the ſtable, booted and ſpurred,
" deſired his horſe might be im-
" mediately ſaddled, and appeared
" extremely impatient till it was
" done, when he vaulted inſtantly
" into his ſaddle, rode out of the
" yard on full ſpeed, and was nei-
" ther ſeen or heard of after."

MANDEVILLE, Dr. the au-
thor of a book, which in its time raiſed much outcry, was pre-
ſented by a grand jury, and

preached againſt by a biſhop. Yet, after frequent peruſals of his Fable of the Bees, I cannot perceive the doctrine it inculcates to be either new or dangerous. "Providence ſeverely puniſhes "wicked men, but at the ſame time "extracts advantage even from "their vices; an axiom which "ſurely ſets divine wiſdom and "policy in the higheſt point of "view," and counteracts effectually all the evils that have been ſuppoſed to reſult from the free agency of man.

"Mandeville was of Dutch ex"traction, it is not therefore ex"traordinary, that cunning was "part of his inheritance. His "father had fled precipitately from "Holland, becauſe in a popular "commotion, he had pointed out "to an exaſperated mob, a place "where cannon were depoſited, "with which they might ſoon "level the houſe of a concealed "obnoxious burgomaſter. His "advice was inſtantly followed.

"Mandeville, the writer, had "the art of prefixing odd and "alarming titles to his books, by "which means he turned the at"tention of the public to his per"formances, and the purpoſe of an "increaſed ſale was generally an"ſwered. Private Vices Public "Benefits, The Virgin Unmaſked, "A Defence of public Stews, and "his Attack on charitable Found"ations, where he takes an oppor"tunity of ſpeaking acrimoniouſly "of Dr. Rattcliffe, come under "this deſcription.

"His pointing out the motives, "and his deſcription of the general "conduct, of managers of chari"table inſtitutions, are juſt and "humourous, their ill effects oc"caſionally exaggerated, yet his "deductions and cautions, from "late experience, appear well "founded." His calling Addiſon a parſon in a tie-wig, and a reply which one of his clerical opponents made to him, not remarkable either for point or wit, that his name beſpoke his character, man—devil or a devil of a man, are generally known.

MASON, the Rev. WILLIAM, an Engliſh poet, precentor of the Cathedral at York, and editor of Gray and Whitehead, an office which, I fear, has been productive of more diſquiet than honor or profit; it had alſo told more to his credit, if certain ſarcaſtic criticiſms on Dr. Johnſon had appeared during the life of that able but ſurly moraliſt. He has been mentioned as writer of the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, a compoſition which I had rather be the author of, than of any poem in the Engliſh language. Beſides a fine vein of ſolemn irony pervading the epiſtle, it abounds with frequent flaſhes of poetic fire, and the

"Vivida vis animi"

burſts forth ſo often and ſo ardently in tierce metre, and glowing language, not often occurring in Mr. Maſon's performances, that, till he avows it (and ſo reſpectable a teſtimony would inſtantly ſilence doubt,) I cannot conſider it as the production of his pen.

I acknowledge, with pleaſure I acknowledge, that many ſublime and many beautiful paſſages occur in Caractacus and Elfrida, which may vie with the nobleſt productions of the Grecian drama. But if we look for, or wiſh to find, in Mr. Maſon's

Maſon's writings a rapid ſucceſſion of affecting incidents, if we expect to be melted with pity, fired with rapture, or hurried by the magic wand of poetry,

"Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi;"

we ſhall be diſappointed, by tedious declamation, or the cold correctneſs of claſſical erudition. His poem, the Engliſh Garden, contains much uſeful technical knowledge; the narrative is naturally introduced, and well managed; the agonizing ſmile of deſpair,

"Such a ſmile as quite *out-ſorrows* tears,"

is well deſcribed; yet this performance inherits the fault of all long didactic poems, is ſometimes dull and fatiguing, and occaſionally unintereſting; its moral tendency, and public-ſpirited language in the cauſe of freedom and virtue, cannot be too highly praiſed.

It is to be lamented, that the life of a man ſo deſervedly eminent in the paths of literature, a friend to liberty ſo ſtrenuous, and a clergyman ſo exemplary, ſhould be conſumed in adjuſting the petty etiquette of vergers, vicars-choral or ſqueaking chanters; and that his days ſhould be embittered by frivolous altercations with bookſellers, and the vexatious quarrels of a county hoſpital.

"Petty contention and provincial ſtrife,
"Beſtrew'd with thorns his private path of life,"

ſays a late ſatirical rhymer, who has introduced him as an unſucceſsful candidate for the laureat, and diſmiſſes him, by ſaying, that lawn ſleeves, mitres, and croſiers, not laurel, are his and every churchman's dream; and I believe it generally to be underſtood, that this intelligent member of our eſtabliſhed church, has been diſappointed in certain proſpects of honor and preferment, towards which his hopes, and indeed his merits, had taught him to look. This obſervation, I truſt, will not be conſidered as any reflection upon Mr. Maſon, more eſpecially when we ſee around us ſuch numbers of clergymen of high acquirement, and pure character, neglected and unprovided for; I rather conſider it as an actual proof of the ſuperiority and eminence of his clerical claims, but it proves his total ignorance in the arts of borough-jobbing, canvaſſing, levee-hunting, and court-intrigue. I have mentioned his diſputes concerning literary property; and it reminds me how very ſeldom it happens, that authors reap much benefit from the labours of their pens: they frequently are ſhivering in want, or pining in neglect, while the happy bookſeller is feaſting on the fourteenth edition.

I cannot take leave of Mr. Maſon, without giving him a caution not to cenſure ſo illiberally the biographic labours of others, till he is able himſelf to excell them. Were I to ſelect the beſt ſpecimen of biography, at this day extant, it ſhould be choſen (with ſome exceptions) from the works of the perſon he cenſures—if the worſt, I would inſtantly hold forth Mr. Maſon's; it is the only literary effort in which he has *groſsly* failed.

MASSIANELLO—See Aniello Tomaſo, page 12.

MEAD, EDWARD, a phyſician of eminence, ſkill, and

ſucceſs, a zealous encourager of literature and ſcience, to whom merit in diſtreſs, of any country, might always apply, with certainty, for ſolace and relief. His work on poiſons could not have been produced but by a perſon of ſound erudition, and extenſive reading; it contains much uſeful knowledge in botany and minerals, and is a complete hiſtory of what had been ſaid on the ſubject of his book, down to his own times. Dr. Rattcliff's advice to him, "that if "he did not uſe mankind ill, they "would uſe him ſo," has been often repeated.

The ſtubborn aſperity, dignified independance, and ſtern integrity of that old gentleman, will not ſuffer us to ſuſpect that he meant to adviſe an actual breach of moral rectitude. We can only infer, that he thought, and indeed from experience knew, that a phyſician, in his intercourſe with mankind, would meet with many worthleſs, impoſing, and injurious people; and that ſagacity, and a neceſſary attention to his own intereſts would ſometimes render it neceſſary to turn the arts of deſigning ſelfiſhneſs againſt itſelf.

Dr. Mead procured medals, antiquities, and other curioſities, at a very great expence; but there was one branch of profuſion in his eſtabliſhment ſo peculiar, and, I may almoſt ſay, ſo ſuperfluous, that I cannot ſpeak of it without a ſmile. He kept a miſtreſs at the expence of four hundred pounds a year, when, by a confeſſion of the girl, which does little credit to her gratitude, there was no other intercourſe between them, than his innocent paſtime of fondly combing, and occaſionally toying with her hair, which was remarkably fine, and hanging in luxuriant curls, at once ſhaded and contraſted the beauties of her neck. Whether this was the amuſement of exhauſted youth, or impotent old age, I cannot ſay, but am inclined to think, it was in the decline of Mead's life. Greenfield, his exaſperated antagoniſt, with whom he carried on a paper war, touches invidiouſly on this amour, "Puel-"la (for it was in Latin) fabri "vincula tibi finxit, amoris tardi, "et langueſcentis in via vinculo-"ſa;" for ſhe was the maid or daughter (I hope and believe not the wife) of a blackſmith in Fetter-lane. Greenfield had, by writing and by practice, endeavoured to introduce the internal uſe of cantharides, which as he obſerves was not a new thought, but had been exploded as dangerous, from a want of neceſſary prudence and caution in thoſe who had given them. Some diſagreeable conſequences which took place in one of his patients, came to Dr. Mead's knowledge, and he cenſured it. In the heat of controverſy, ſome harſh expreſſions dropping from Greenfield, inflamed the buſineſs, Mead loſt his temper, carried the matter into a court of law, and proſecuted his opponent with unbecoming virulence and acrimony for a mode of treatment, which it was proved, he had at the ſame time adopted in a great meaſure himſelf.

Yet Dr. Mead was a deſirable character, with much to praiſe, and little to blame, a good phyſician, and a pleaſant man, charitable, humane, liberal, and beneficent, a praiſe which, notwithſtanding the ſtruggles

ſtruggles of unobtruding humility, is certainly the juſt due of the preſent Dr. Lettſom; not that I mean to include, in the moſt diſtant manner, the charge of "Amoris tardi "et langueſcentis," againſt that gentleman.

Dr. Woodward and Mead had violent and frequent altercations, which at laſt ended in an accidental perſonal rencounter; they both drew, but, according to Woodward's account, Mead did not love cold iron, and was retreating, when Woodward making a falſe ſtep, fell down; his antagoniſt then ran in, and demanded, as he ſtood over him, if he would ſubmit, and aſk his life. "If you offered me your "phyſic" (ſaid Woodward,) "I "would certainly beg for my life, "but I have no fear of your ſword, "and certainly ſhall not aſk it." Some people paſſing by interfered, and prevented further conſequences.

A modern phyſician, after ſteering clear of the factions of a court, the perſecutions of a college, and the intrigues of a city hoſpital, after equally deſpiſing the ſmiles or the frowns of apothecaries, nurſes, children, and old women, on ſurveying the life and moſt of the actions of Dr. Mead, may ſafely ſay, "I "will go and do likewiſe."

MICA, CHARLES EMANUEL, a private ſoldier, born in the principality of Piedmont, whoſe name and heroic conduct ought not to be forgotten. He poſſeſſed, without education, and without a knowledge of hiſtory, or that ſpirit of gallantry which ſuperior rank, and an acquaintance with bright examples are calculated to inſpire, all the conſummate reſolution and patriotic firmneſs of a hero.

In the year 1706, the French army, after conquering the dutchy of Savoy, entered Piedmont, and laid ſiege to Turin, the capital of the Duke's dominions. The marechal de Marſan, and the duke of Orleans, encouraged their ſoldiers by example, as well as reward, preſſed the ſiege with vigour, and at length ſome of their grenadiers gained poſſeſſion of a ſubterraneous gallery, which led directly to the center of the town: by this paſſage they propoſed, the following night, to make themſelves maſters of the garriſon by ſurpriſe, a deſign which they probably would have accompliſhed. But it fortunately happened, that a body of Piedmonteſe miners were that moment at work exactly under the ſpot; and Mica, the ſubject of this article, as ſoon as he heard the French over his head, concluded, that if a blow was not directly ſtruck, Turin muſt be loſt, and his country ſubject to a foreign power, which he and his countrymen deteſted. The mine was already charged, and he inſtantly reſolved to blow himſelf and the invaders of his country into the air; not having what engineers call a ſauciſſon ready, which would have enabled him to retire in time, he had no alternative, but either to ſacrifice his own life, or loſe the town. After communicating in a few words this deſign to his aſſociates, he begged of them to pray for his ſoul, recommended his wife and children to the prince, and took a laſt and affectionate leave. They then retired as faſt as poſſible, and on their making a ſignal

that

that they were out of danger, this ſecond Curtius ſet fire to the mine, and at once involved himſelf and the enemies of his country in convulſive ruin, promiſcuous carnage, and inevitable death.

I cannot believe that theſe circumſtances will be read without emotions, which are now throbbing at the boſom of him who deſcribes them; for who, unaffected, can ſee a worthy individual, tearing himſelf from a wife and children he loved, and meeting a ſhocking death with cool intrepidity, to ſave his devoted country. His ſovereign lamented that the capital had been redeemed at the expence of ſo valuable a life, but did not leave his family to the ſcanty ſupport of an ill-paid penſion, rendered ſtill leſs by unprincipled agents. He generouſly protected the widow and her family, and ſettled on them a good eſtate, which their deſcendants enjoy to this day.

Such behaviour, and ſuch beneficence were princely; they deſerve, and will generally enſure the genuine exertions of bravery and merit. But the caſe will be far otherwiſe in an army and navy preyed upon by hungry contractors, and rapacious agents, who watch every opportunity to diminiſh the ſcanty pittance of the private ſoldier, the ſailor, or the ſubaltern, and what they cannot at laſt withhold, to embitter with inſolence of office, or the quibbles of delay.

Should an army or navy be thus unfortunately circumſtanced, it will not be ſurpriſing, if men enter ſuch a ſervice with reluctance, or, when entered, that they become liſtleſs, mutinous, and inactive. The martinet, the rigid diſciplinarian, and the bluſtering captain, may deſpiſe ſuch reaſoning, and imagine that the halbert and cat-of-nine-tails, will anſwer ever deſirable purpoſe to quicken and excite—are men then, after all, only moving machines? Theſe gentlemen ſhould recollect, that in the heat of an engagement, the ſame muſket that is pointed at an enemy, may very eaſily, unobſervedly, and I think juſtly, turned againſt an unjuſt and mercileſs commander.

Much has of late been ſaid on the miſeries and oppreſſions of the unhappy Africans; and wretched indeed they are! But let us imagine a ſailor, torn from his ſhip, after many years abſence from his country, with all his hopes and all his expectations about him, and dragged on board a king's ſhip, under an unfeeling and deſpotic captain, who has a proper underſtanding with a fraudulent purſer. To vary the ſcene, but not the wretchedneſs, let us imagine a peaſant or mechanic, in the moment of intoxication, enticed to enliſt himſelf, and ordered to join his regiment in the country, expoſed to finical ſtripling cadets, an agent, maſter of his buſineſs, and a haughty lieutenant-colonel, of furious ungoverned paſſions, while the *ſcented* general is only viſible at court and the club. I cannot but think the ſoldier and ſailor, in theſe ſituations, may look with envy on the negro, broiling and bleeding under the ſcourge of the cruel overſeer.

MIDDLETON, DAVID — See Adair, Robert, page 3.

NORTON, SIR FLETCHER, a barriſter at law, ſpeaker of the

the houſe of commons, and laſtly, on the ſeceſſion of Lord North's adminiſtration, created lord Grantley. A man of invincible countenance, and vigorous intellect, but in ſome degree ſpoiled, as is not unuſual, by a law education; and it cannot be mentioned but with regret, that ſo many young men who bring with them to town worth, modeſty, learning, ingenuous and pleaſing manners, ſhould, after a few years at commons, Weſtminſter-hall and the circuit, exchange thoſe delectable qualities for inſolence, vain attempts at wit, vanity, ſelf-importance, and evaſive contemptible chicane. But Sir Fletcher is not mentioned for the purpoſe of indiſcriminately cenſuring a numerous, and in ſome inſtances a uſeful ſociety of men; he is introduced in this collection for having, on a certain important occaſion, ſpoken the language of truth with energy, boldneſs, and I ſincerely hope, not without effect. The time to which I allude was when he addreſſed the king, on preſenting the civil liſt bill in the year 1777; and the ſpeaker's conduct ſurely deſerves more than common praiſe, when we conſider the trying circumſtances and ſituation in which he was placed, looking forward to a peerage, and poſſeſſing at that moment two conſiderable poſts, which in effect though not in form, he received and held at the pleaſure of the crown; I hope no one who reads this book will think any apology neceſſary for reciting this ſpirited addreſs, which departs ſo eſſentially and ſo properly from the dull repetitions, and verboſe, frothy, unmeaning compliments, generally haſhed up in ſuch compoſitions.

"Your majeſty's faithful com-
"mons" (ſaid Sir Fletcher, erect with honeſt pride,) "your majeſty's
"faithful commons have granted
"a great ſum to diſcharge the
"debt of the civil liſt; and conſi-
"dering that whatever enables
"your majeſty to ſupport with
"grandeur, honour and dignity
"the crown of Great Britain in
"its true luſtre, will reflect honour
"on the nation: they have given
"moſt liberally, even in theſe
"times of great danger and diffi-
"culty, taxed almoſt beyond our
"ability to bear; and they have
"now granted to your majeſty an
"income far exceeding your ma-
"jeſty's higheſt wants, HOPING
"THAT WHAT THEY HAVE
"GIVEN CHEARFULLY,
"YOUR MAJESTY WILL
"SPEND WISELY."

Such were the bold ſentiments forced on Sir Fletcher's mind, by ſtubborn and alarming circumſtances, and preſented at an awful criſis to the royal ear, which ſo ſeldom receives plain matter of fact or important truth, untainted by flattery or miſrepreſentation. Such language, which ſovereigns ought to hear with reverence, cannot be too ſtrongly inculcated or repeated too often by the repreſentatives of a free people. I watched, I narrowly watched the royal eye when this ſpeech was delivered, and declare with pleaſure I did not perceive one ſymptom of diſpleaſure deranging the mild ſerenity and dignified ſoftneſs of the Brunſwick countenance. A lawyer, the creed of whoſe profeſſion is, that God and

man

man muſt be given up if they ſtand in competition with profit or preferment; a lawyer who could for a moment loſe ſight of ſuch darling objects, deſerves much credit; and conſidering the general habits and education of ſome princes, who are taught to look on their ſubjects as born for and deſigned only as ſources of ſupport or amuſement, and to regard advice as inſolence, and reproof, as treaſon, the king has an undoubted claim to his ſhare of praiſe, for liſtening without reſentment, and afterwards elevating the author of this harangue to the peerage.

Were I to have my choice of chuſing or rather of creating *any little comfortable place* at St. James's, I would be appointed (ſtart not my good bed-chamber lords) I would be appointed, notwithſtanding the novelty of the poſt, ſpeaker of truth at court, with the privilege of repeating, at proper intervals, the ſentiments contained in this ſpeech to his majeſty; and I perſuade myſelf, from the active benevolence of his character, and his attention to the increaſing burthens of his heavily taxed ſubjects, that it would not be repeated in vain. A great ſalary would not be my object, I ſhould be content with what is given to the laureat, for ſerving up his annual ſugared treat of palatable panegyric, an office, the abolition of which would prevent the puzzling perplexities of Mr. Pye, and many future poets, reflect credit on the Engliſh court, and indeed is become highly neceſſary in the preſent æra of propriety and juſt diſcernment. I cannot diſmiſs the ſtern virtues of Sir Fletcher, without repeating Mr. Burke's compliment to him, when ſpeaking of his appointment as chief juſtice in eyre. "Your "dignity, Sir, is too high for a "juriſdiction over wild beaſts, "your learning and talents are too "valuable to be waſted in gloomy "pomp as chief juſtice of a deſert. "I cannot reconcile it to myſelf "that you ſhould be ſtuck up as a "uſeleſs piece of antiquity."

PITT, WILLIAM, ſecond ſon of the firſt earl of Chatham, who ſtudied, and I believe for a ſhort time practiſed as a barriſter at law; but it was not his fate to loſe himſelf in the intricate mazes of modern juriſprudence, or retail his lungs and conſcience for gold; a more ſplendid ſituation was reſerved for him. And at a time of life when we are too often ſowing, with profuſion, the bitter ſeeds of future repentance and remorſe, by unmanly purſuits or irrational diſſipation, he launched (with the youthful down ſtill on his cheek) into the tumultuous ſea of politics: After ſteering amidſt the quick-ſands of party, and weathering the ſtormy billows of oppoſition, he gained the wiſhed-for port, where he reigns ſupreme the favourite of his ſovereign, the arbiter of his aſſociates, and, with ſome exceptions, the idol of the people. When we behold a youth thus occupying a poſt, which cabinet veterans and political candidates have paſſed the beſt part of a long life, in qualifying themſelves for, or in vainly attempting to attain, we are naturally induced to enquire by what ſuperior merits, ſuch ſuperior, ſuch uncommon advantages have been procured.

At a certain period of his reign, the ſituation of our ſovereign, as to his political ſervants, was confeſſedly hopeleſs. He had experienced mortifications, various and ſevere; the once highly favoured miniſter North, was driven from the helm: the feeble Rockingham party, with all their good intentions, "diſſolved in its own weakneſs." Lord Shelburne was unpopular; the duke of Grafton had felt, by woeful experience, that his only ſafety was in obſcurity; and Mr. Fox had given perſonal offence, an offence which I underſtand is never to be forgiven. He had uttered an incontrovertible truth, but in terms too coarſe for the ſenſitive texture of a royal ear. "The king," ſaid Mr. Fox, with law and fact evidently on his ſide, "the king is the crea-"ture of the people."

Surrounded by miniſters whoſe principles or conduct he did not approve, our gracious king anxiouſly looked around him for an Atlas whoſe ſhoulders were equal to the oppreſſive burthen of miniſterial reſponſibility, and a young man inſtantly preſented himſelf in the prime of life, of popular name, correct conduct, and morals like his own, undebauched, but, like his own, ſufficiently pliable for political manœuvre and cabinet intrigue, Lord Temple laid the train, the watch-word was given, and Pitt and the conſtitution ſpread like wild-fire through the nation.

To ſurvey minutely the political ſervices of this miniſter, or rather (to uſe his own words) this confidential ſervant of the crown, is not conſiſtent with my plan, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that a perſonal diſlike of his predeceſſors, rather than any eminent capacity, or extraordinary talents of his own, were the prominent and immediate cauſes of his early and rapid advancement. A concurrence of events, fortunate for Mr. Pitt, had deprived his majeſty's miniſters of their maſter's confidence and ſupport, and the rays of royal favor, collected in a ſtrong focus, were happily centered on himſelf; this advantage he has improved, by what I conſider as two of his great leading characteriſtic qualities; qualities diametrically oppoſite to each other, and ſeldom united in the ſame perſon—immoveable firmneſs and accommodating prudent pliancy. The firſt furniſhed him with ſteadineſs and reſolution to keep his ſeat at the treaſury, againſt the ſenſe of a majority of the houſe of commons, which every other miniſter had been taught to tremble at, and ſhrink from—it alſo ſupported him firm and unſhaken againſt a hoſt of enemies, amidſt the declamatory violence of the debates on the regency. In circumſtances for which parliamentary records could ſcarce find a precedent, he was not to be ſubdued by popular clamour—he was unawed by the frowns of princes!

However I may be accuſed of not rendering him a juſt tribute of applauſe, it has been my endeavour to ſpeak of facts, equally avoiding invective and panegyric.

The Commutation Bill, that tax in the ſhape of a benefit, his wretched Iriſh propoſitions, his unfunded million, and his Pruſſian

treaty, authorize me, in refuſing to call him a firſt-rate genius in politics, commerce, or finance.

His abandoning the diſſenters, who once ſupported him, tottering on his ſeat, his evaſion of a parliamentary reform, and the ſlave trade, when we all know, that a miniſter might carry any tolerably decent meaſure, if he ſeriouſly wiſhed it; and many other leading points, needleſs here to recite, prove his accommodating prudence and pliancy, which taught him to accept, with a good grace, advice and alterations in all his greateſt meaſures, from his profeſt political opponents.

"Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri," is his favourite ſentiment.

Were I to give my private opinion of Mr. Pitt, I would ſay, he is a diligent improver of the plans of others, rather than a diſcoverer or a contriver of means himſelf, a man of expedience, a uſeful, but not a great miniſter, and perhaps better calculated for a country, *ſinking* under accumulated burthens, than a more ſplendid and enterprizing one.

"Mr. Pitt," (ſays the author of a declamatory invective) "has "the addreſs beyond any miniſ- "ter I ever knew, of diſguiſing "all his hateful meaſures, in an "alluring, popular maſk.

"Few men ever poſſeſſed in a "greater degree, the glitter of "tinſel, the gewgaw glare of foil "ſo attractive to women and chil- "dren.

"Though the path," ſays the ſame author, who addreſſed the Premier, during the regency debates, when he was hourly expected to reſign, "though the path "to greatneſs and glory is barred "againſt you, as a ſtateſman, na- "ture and education have emi- "nently qualified you for the bar. "the court of King's bench, where "your friend preſides, opens its "friendly doors, and you may "ſink with ſafety into a reſpecta- "ble barriſter. You will be valued "by ſolicitors and attornies; with "pompous diction, ſtudied phra- "ſeology, and hackneyed forms "of words, you may ſooth the "ſlumbers of a puiſne judge, and "miſlead a petty jury." But the prophetic ſpirit of this writer failed—the king happily recovered, and our young Palinurus, notwithſtanding his armed truces, his peace without ſecurity, ſtill graſps with tenacious hand, the reins of adminiſtration, and retains his ſeat.

Much has been ſaid on the extenſion of the exciſe, a mode of ſecuring the revenue, which Sir Robert Walpole, by popular clamour, was obliged to abandon. Few miniſters in this country, have been found bold enough again to take it up. It ought in juſtice to be obſerved, that the alarming accumulation of the public debt, (moſt of which was incurred before the preſent ſervants of the crown came into office) rendered the ſtricteſt attention to improving our annual receipt abſolutely neceſſary. And I believe it is generally underſtood, that on many articles, no tax can, in any tolerable degree, be rendered productive without the odious and unpopular interpoſition of the exciſe: it is aſſuredly a ſerious national evil, a perplexing domeſtic grievance; but I fear it is a neceſſary conſequence of a load of

of debt, which almoſt puzzles the arithmetician, ever to ſpecify, and which no thinking man can contemplate without a ſigh.

PRIOR, MATTHEW, — for his œconomy, &c. in keeping a miſtreſs, and his reaſons for it, ſee Elwes, John, page 54.

REYNOLDS, Sir JOSHUA, Preſident of the Royal Academy, almoſt againſt his will, and a painter, as eminent for the maſterly exerciſe of his pencil, as the candour and benevolence of his character. He has produced a train of ſervile imitators, who, if they would be ſatisfied in their efforts to attain his excellencies, would not excite our contempt: but, when we find them copying with culpable induſtry, and deſpicable exactneſs, his *obvious errors*, it reminds us of the baſe flatterers of Alexander the great, who, without one pretence to that monarch's heroiſm in battle, and moderation in victory, ſelected an obliquity of one of his ſhoulders, as the ſervile object of their imitation. Theſe puny inſects of the bruſh, theſe murderers of oil and canvaſs, ſhould recollect, that nothing but the Preſident's ſuperiority of genius can excuſe that *varno-mania*, which has of late years ſo unhappily poſſeſt him. Theſe drivellers ſhould be reminded, that, in *their* compoſitions, an unwieldy maſs of paint cannot diſguiſe impotence of invention, nor an ocean of glaring varniſh, make us forget a total want of effect.

I have heard long and loud complaints, that the pictures of Sir Joſhua, like every other earthly bleſſing, are *tranſitory*, and of ſhort duration. May I be permitted, but with due ſubmiſſion, to ſuggeſt an opinion on the ſubject. The knight is unwilling, that the unnatural made-up *things*, the gewgaws of modern quality and faſhion, that the ſallow, unſocial ſadneſs of the haughty nabob, that the unmeaning viſage of city dullneſs, with a long liſt of ſharpers, horſe jockies, gamblers, and buffoons, ſhould be handed down to poſterity by his immortal pencil. As an artiſt, and a good-natured man, he cannot, without offence, turn away any one from his door.

Blending, therefore, on his pallet, a due proportion of politeneſs to others, with ſome regard for his own poſthumous fame, to theſe *miſtaken creatures*, who forget that oblivion and non-exiſtence is *their* only heaven, he affords the ſhort-lived ſatisfaction of materials like themſelves and their memories, temporary, glittering, and periſhable. To day in the drawing-room, to-morrow in the garret, or the dungeon of the broker.

But beauty, breathing on the canvaſs, and worth, which we venerate or lament, ſhall be handed down to after times.

The ſpeeches of this artiſt to the Royal Academicians, contain much ingenious theory, and much uſeful practical advice; and the notes which he communicated to his friend Maſon, for that gentleman's tranſlation of Dufreſnoy, evince much claſſical erudition, and prove him to have been no ſuperficial ſtudier of the antient ſchools.

His ſtruggle, (when among the pretenders to taſte in virtú,) between his judgement and his po-

liteneſs, has been admirably hit off by Goldſmith, in the poem of Retaliation.

" When they judg'd without taſte,
" he was ſtill hard of hearing,
" But when they talk'd of their
" Raphaels, Corregio, and ſtuff,
" He pull'd down his trumpet,
" and took out his ſnuff."

Every friend of the fine arts will hear with concern, that this amiable man, who, without ſplendid talents, would have conciliated the love and eſteem of mankind, has lately been affected with a troubleſome complaint in his eyes, in addition to an habitual deafneſs, and that a depreſſion of ſpirits threatens to diffuſe a gloomy cloud over the declining days of a man, remarkable for innocent hilarity, and attic hoſpitality.

ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF, a man of acknowledged wit, and no ſmall ſhare of poetic genius; but, chuſing ſubjects, which few ought to peruſe, and on which the public could not decently give their opinion, he blaſted the laurel, and obſcured his real merits. A fertile imagination, ſtrong judgement, and ſplendid powers, were exhauſted, in enlivening a circle of buffoons, coxcombs, and drunkards, and celebrating, as a goddeſs, ſome drab or proſtitute of the night. His exceſſes in women and wine hurried him to an untimely end, after the doubtful and precarious reſource of a death-bed repentance, when he acknowledged, that, in eagerly purſuing the phantoms of pleaſure, he had, for many years, loſt the real ſubſtance.

Much of his ſatirical writing, though produced in a ſtate of intoxication, was juſt and well-timed, whether levelled at the abandoned profligacy, the unconſtitutional enormities, or the wretched ſtate policy of his maſter, Charles the ſecond. The real character of this king, he well deſcribed in a few lines, as one,

" Whoſe word no man relies on,
" Who ſeldom ſaid a fooliſh thing,
" And never did a wiſe one."

If a man of Rocheſter's ſtrength of intellect had, to witty reproof, added the energy of good example, how uſeful a friend might he have proved: but Charles, after his death, purſued the ſame courſes which had deſtroyed his favourite and companion.

His royal father, with many amiable qualities, had fallen a juſt ſacrifice to the exaſperated temper of the times. But the ſecond Charles, without one of his virtues, and a much greater ſtate delinquent, found the art, by winning familiarity, to lull the murmurs of a people, who, perhaps, ſtill felt the ſmart of domeſtic diſcord.

Had the madneſs of the Stuarts (for I can give it no other name) poſſeſſed a little method with it, we might at this time have been an enſlaved people; and we are, in a great meaſure, indebted to the unaccommodating bigotry of James the ſecond, for the bleſſings we enjoy from the glorious revolution.

The libidinous writings of lord Rocheſter were a ſource of much pain and compunction to him, in his laſt hours. He reflected on the injury he done mankind, perhaps to a thouſand generations, by compoſitions, which, however ſeriouſly

ſeriouſly he might repent of, he could not poſſibly recall. He might be ſaid to have waſted his ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs, and I cannot help applying to him ſome of his own lines:

"Tell me, thou baſe diſgracer
"of thy name,
"Falſe to thy honour, fatal to
"thy fame,
"With what officious zeal didſt
"thou obey,
"When vice, diſeaſe, and ſcan-
"dal led the way?
"By what miſtaken magic didſt
"thou prove
"So true to lewdneſs, yet ſo
"falſe to love?
"Thus, ſome rude roaring bul-
"ly in the ſtreets,
"Will hector, cuff, and joſtle
"all he meets;
"But, if his king or country
"aſk his aid,
"The raſcal ſkulks away, and
"is afraid."

RUSSEL, TOM, fellow of New College, Oxford, and author of a collection of ſonnets, publiſhed ſince his death. Several of his juvenile compoſitions have been omitted by the editor of theſe *elegant triſles*, which would have done poor Ruſſel, no diſcredit. This young man, who, (to uſe his own words) "brought cares on "himſelf to drive ours away," gave early proofs of intellectual excellence, and poetic tendency: this latter diſpoſition could not eſcape the keen eye of Dr. Warton, who has been accuſed of converting Wincheſter ſchool, into a hot houſe of rhymers. His School exerciſes procured him conſiderable applauſe, and when he went to the univerſity, he was conſidered as a youth of much hope.

The great advantage of forming uſeful and ſplendid connections, is the hackneyed argument advanced in favour of a public ſyſtem of education. But the views are ſo obvious, and the ridiculous failures of intereſted ſelfiſhneſs, ſo frequent, that a man who is obſerved inſidiouſly to ſelect for his acquaintance the rich and great alone, is inſtantly deſcribed as *a dead ſhot at a yellow hammer*; from the circumſtance of young noblemen having a golden tuft on their caps, with ſome other ornaments, and immunities, at once injurious to, and incompatible with, impartiality and good diſcipline.

Can we be ſurpriſed if a young ambitious mind, like that of Ruſſel, was deluded from the rugged paths of ſtudy, by the faſcination of elegant ſociety, and the golden dream of a wealthy patron. If in ſome inſtances, he courted too aſſiduouſly the company of *particular circles*, it ought to be obſerved, that one ſo able to communicate, as well as receive, was always welcome, and that few men came into company, better qualified to pleaſe, or to inſtruct.—but

"Great men uſe a wit, as a
"rake does a whore,
"When their end is obtain'd,
"they ſee him no more.

——— and Ruſſel with all his talents, endearing qualities, and correctneſs of taſte, was *joſtled* out of his friends memory, by horſe-jockies, valets, and gamblers, before my lord reached Dover, on his way to the Continent.

But the memories of Oxford tradeſmen, the cellar man, and the attendants of the junior common

mon room, were more retentive, and my reader will hear with concern, that after much anxiety, and much trouble, this amiable man died of a broken heart. The writer of this article cannot but drop a tear to the memory of one, with whom he has paſſed many a uſeful, and many an agreeable hour, (hours, alas! to return no more) in the mutual, but unſucceſsful effort, of alleviating anguiſh, which can ceaſe only with life, palliating evils and ſoftening proſpects, over which the ſtrong hand of death alone, is able to throw a veil.

I cannot mention the univerſity, without ſuggeſting a wiſh, that parents would not be ſo eager to educate their ſons in thoſe ſeminaries, without a perfect knowledge of the neceſſary expence, and the dangerous ſituation of a young man on his firſt entering a college. And it were well if heads of houſes, unleſs they wiſh to ſee their walls deſerted, it were well, if they would not leave the new comers, who have been long, and ardently panting for liberty, a prey to rapacious tradeſmen, or to what is ſtill worſe, the licentious exceſſes of their own paſſions; ſurely it becomes them to enforce compliance, or reform abuſe, and to guard the riſing generation, for whoſe fate they are anſwerable, againſt the bewitching ſnares of vice and diſſipation, which every where ſurround, and invite them. We may then venture to ſend our ſons, without a certainty of their morals, health, and fortune, being irretrievably deſtroyed.

In a declamatory, but not ill-written pamphlet, which a diſappointed candidate for a fellowſhip once ſhewed me in manuſcript, called, "Oxford diſſected, or that univerſity diſplayed in its proper colors," I remember his ſaying, that to a certain college, every member was a benefactor, for that he brought with him, money, good ſenſe, learning, morals, and a conſtitution; but was ſure to bring nothing away with him. As I could not with propriety ſubſcribe to the aſſertion, I adviſed from friendſhip for the man, or from reverence to Alma Mater, to ſuppreſs the work, which, a few months after, with its author, was ſwallowed up by a ſtorm in croſſing the Atlantic.

This article cannot conclude more properly, than with the emphatic words of Dr. Johnſon, which I wiſh were written in letters of adamant on the heart of every man of genius in the world.

"Thoſe, who in confidence of "ſuperior capacities, or attain-"ments, affect to deſpiſe the com-"mon rules of life, ſhould re-"member, that nothing can "atone for the want of prudence, "that negligence, and irregularity "long continued, render wit "abſurd, genius uſeleſs, and ta-"lents contemptible."

"I am aware," ſays a declaimer at my elbow who defends well regulated ſtews; "I am aware of "the prudent regulations, and "cautious police eſtabliſhed by "proctors and vice-chancellors, but "while they will not ſuffer ini-"quity, or carnal indulgence, to "appear in any decent ſhape: they "forget that Oxford is ſurrounded "by the loweſt and vileſt ſties of "illicit paſſion, where filthy vul-"garity robs ſenſuality of refine-

"ment

"ment its only bad excuſe, and "where a loathſome diſeaſe, "poiſons the ſprings of life."

My ſatirical friend, with whom, (however, I may value his abilities) I do not always feel diſpoſed to agree in opinion, concluded his harangue, by obſerving, that he divided the young men of the preſent day, into two claſſes; firſt, your pleaſant, accompliſhed, ſenſible, undone bon-vivants, without morals, health or fortune, admired, pitied, and neglected by every body:—The ſecond, are your ſtrange, eccentric, out-of-the-way mortals, who are dull and unfaſhionable enough to preſerve their eſtates, characters, and conſtitutions unimpaired, but think themſelves perfectly at liberty to indulge in odd whims, unaccountable fancies, and ſtrange ſingularities; "to conclude," continued my friend, "I prefer the latter "with all his imperfections on his "head:"—a ſentence from which perhaps many of my readers will diſſent. He might have added, that the rare, the deſirable character in the preſent age, is the man of plain good ſenſe, and education, of uncorrupted manners, whoſe ſenſibility is not too delicate; or feelings too refined for the common, the uſeful, and the neceſſary duties of a ſon, a huſband, a father, or a friend, who does not from affectation, or cowardice quit the poſt allotted to him by providence, nor wander from the beaten turnpike road of life, through dread of the buſtle of competition, the ſnares of ill-deſign, or the arrow of him who ſhooteth in the dark: dangers from which no man has a right to claim exemption, as every one has ſufficient reſolution to oppoſe theſe chimeras of human life, if he will but call it forth. From the ſcarcity of ſuch characters in the common tranſactions of mankind, the firſt and moſt ſacred duties of ſociety, too often fall into the hands of coxcombs, raſcals, and fools.

"Take a knife with a com-"mon edge, and it will do your "buſineſs better," ſaid Swift to his friend Lewis the under ſecretary, who was attempting to divide paper in a very aukward manner, with a fine delicate edged expenſive pen knife.

ROSS, Man of, ſee Kyrll, John. page 96.

RUTHVEN, JOHN, EARL GOWRY, a Scotch nobleman, and contriver of an intended aſſaſſination of James II. before he aſcended the throne of England; an attempt, deteſtable for its ingratitude, and extraordinary for the very ſingular manner in which it was conducted, as the earl was indebted to James for the reverſal of an attainder, and his reſtoration to the eſtate and honors of his family: Gowry was alſo brother to one of the plump wives of Rubens, whoſe protuberant beauties have been handed down to poſterity, by the uxorious pencil of her huſband.

James, who appears, notwithſtanding his pedantic bad taſte, and extravagant ſingularities, to have poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of good ſenſe, was requeſted by a brother of the earl's, on a certain morning when he was hunting, to quit the chace, and accompany him to Gowry's ſeat, at

at St. John's Town, near Perth, where Ruthven told him, he had ſtopped a ſtranger of ſuſpicious appearance and demeanour, with a large quantity of foreign gold concealed under his cloak. The king, at firſt, diſregarded the ſtory, on account of the ſtupid embarraſſed manner of the relater, and from a conviction, (as he told Ruthven) that he had not any kind of right to intermeddle with the property of a free ſubject; no treaſure of any kind, unleſs found buried in the earth, appertaining of right to the monarch: but as he continued hunting, the gold was ſtill uppermoſt in his thoughts, and having ſtrong reaſon to ſuſpect that large ſums of money had lately been ſent from France, to foment commotions in the kingdom, he reſolved at once to ſee the man; and without injuring his property or perſon, to endeavour, by gentle means, to find out the purpoſe and purſuits of a ſtranger, ſo unaccountably laden with wealth.

After killing a buck, which led them a long chace, the king inſtantly accompanied Alexander Ruthven, without ordering a freſh horſe, telling the duke of Lenox, and the earl of Marr, that he was going to Perth, to which place, theſe noblemen, with the ſuite, ſoon followed him, as well as the fatigued condition of their horſes would permit: but the king had reached lord Gowry's ſome time before them, Ruthven all the way ſtrongly remonſtrating againſt acquainting others with the ſecret; his earneſtneſs in this particular, with a certain diſturbed wild caſt of his eyes, inclined James to ſuſpect, either a treaſonable intention, or that the young man was diſordered in his ſenſes. With ſuch fears, and ſuch reaſons for fear, the king was reſolute, or imprudent enough to enter the caſtle with Gowry, who had gone out with upwards of fourſcore attendants to meet him, though his majeſty had but few of the court to wait on him, having outſtripped moſt of his people: after ſome delay, a dinner was ſerved, the royal ſuite, as they dropped in, ſtanding round according to cuſtom; the earl, penſive and dejected, at the end of the table, ſtood repeatedly whiſpering meſſages to his ſervants, and ſending them out of the room; and was remarked by all, to do the honours of his houſe, in a moſt ungraceful manner.

A dinner was provided for the courtiers, in another room, to which Gowry conducted them, and the king being then left alone with his original conductor, who during the whole time had ſtood behind his chair; as ſoon as his brother went out, Alexander Ruthven told his majeſty, that "now was the time, but that "none of the gentlemen muſt, on "any account, attend;" his majeſty then ſuffered himſelf to be conducted up a narrow winding ſtair-caſe, through ſeveral chambers, the doors of which, his guide ſafely locked after him; then croſſing a gallery, and mounting a ſecond ſtair-caſe, they found themſelves in a ſmall ſtudy, the door of which, Ruthven inſtantly locked, and a fellow of an ill countenance, armed with a dagger, ſtarted forth from the hangings; Alexander

Alexander immediately clapping his hat on his head, and holding his ſword to the king's breaſt, told him he was his priſoner, that if he attempted to cry out, or make his eſcape, he would plunge the weapon into his heart.

James, who had no other defence than his hunting horn, gave himſelf up as a loſt man; he however expoſtulated with Ruthven and his aſſociate, on the horror of ſhedding their ſovereign's blood, from whom, the former in particular, and his family, had received ſo many favours; beſides which, he told them, that murder never went long unpuniſhed, that if his children and loyal ſubjects failed, the Almighty would raiſe up ſtocks and ſtones to avenge his blood; Alexander ſtamping his foot, cried out, "does not the "death of my father riſe up in "judgment againſt you?" "I "was then a minor," replied the king, "but I well remember, he "had ſtrict juſtice rendered unto "him, and fell by the laws of "his country."

"His majeſty's marvellous elo-"quence, with which it has pleaſed "heaven ſo plenteouſly to endow "him," had, by this time, unmanned the fellow they found in the ſtudy, he ſtood trembling, and diſconcerted, while the ſweat hung in large drops on his face: Alexander, "caſting his hand out "in a deſperate manner," cried, "there is no help for it, you "muſt die," and directly made a puſh at the king, which, ſuddenly turning his body, he put aſide with his hunting horn, and inſtantly ſeized the hand which held the ſword, graſping it firmly, whilſt at the ſame moment, with the other hand fixed on the aſſaſſin's throat, he brought him to the ground.

While the king was in this perilous ſituation, Gowry was entertaining the courtiers below, when one of his ſervants, previouſly inſtructed, entered the hall haſtily, and told them, his majeſty had left the caſtle by a poſtern gate, was mounted on horſeback, and on his way homeward; they directly ruſhed out together, but Lenox, chancing to aſk the porter at the gate, how long his majeſty had departed, he affirmed that he was not yet gone; at which the earl looked angry, and called his man a liar, but ſaid he would ſoon know the truth; he then went back to the hall, and ſhortly returning, aſſured the noblemen, his majeſty had been ſo long rode out, that unleſs they were expeditious, they would find it very difficult to overtake him: they then all called for their horſes.

James, in the mean time, was ſtruggling with his antagoniſt, and having him rather at an advantage, dragged him towards the window, which he ordered the man, who otherwiſe ſtood ſilent and paſſive, to open; and his majeſty not being able, while he ſecured Ruthven, to force more than the right ſide of his head, and right elbow, out at the window, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "they "are murdering me! they are "murdering me!" Lenox, Marr, Gowry, and others, were providentially paſſing under the window at the moment, and hearing his voice, the two former immediately

diately drawing their ſwords, told Gowry he was a traitor, and would directly have cut him to pieces, but his ſervants interfered. Both parties ruſhed into the caſtle in confuſion; ſome attempted to reach the room from whence the voice proceeded, by the way his majeſty went; others followed Gowry, who had the advantage of a private ſtair-caſe, and knew all the by-ways of the houſe.

Ramſay, Erſkine, and Herries, of the king's friends, were however happy enough to reach the ſpot firſt, and ſoon diſpatched Alexander Ruthven, whoſe laſt words were, "my brother is to "blame:" his aſſociate had ſought ſafety in flight. Gowry, with ſeven ſervants armed, the next moment entered the room. After a conteſt, which laſted nearly twenty minutes, it pleaſed God, notwithſtanding ſuch diſparity, to give victory to the ſmaller number; the earl, receiving Ramſay's ſword through his heart, expired without a groan; and his ſervants, covered with wounds, and exhibiting courage worthy a better cauſe, were driven to a gallery, where being faint with loſs of blood, they were thrown over the balluſtrade of a lofty ſtair-caſe.

Soon after the victory was decided, Lenox, Marr, and other lords, joined them, having occupied the whole time, in battering down, or burſting open the various doors, the vile aſſaſſin had ſecured: as ſoon as they found his majeſty unhurt, the whole party inſtantly fell on their knees, to thank God for the happy deliverance: the town's people alarmed by the death of Gowry, who was their provoſt, at firſt tumultuouſly ſurrounded the houſe, but after being told of the foulneſs of his treaſon, and being "pleaſantly harangued by "his majeſty from the window," they departed well ſatisfied: Ramſay, Erſkine, and Herries, were ennobled, and enriched with preſents: the bonfires, and other public demonſtrations of joy were general; a proceſſion was made to the Market Croſs, at Edinburgh, where a ſermon was preached, and a public thankſgiving offered to a merciful, ſuperintending Providence.

SACKVILLE, VISCOUNT, originally Lord George Sackville, an appellation, which he exchanged for the name and eſtate of his paternal aunt, a baronet's widow, of Drayton, in Northamptonſhire, an acquaintance, and, as appears from ſeveral of her letters, publiſhed in his works, a ſenſible correſpondent of Dr. Swift: he was created a peer by George III. an elevation, productive of no ſmall ſurprize at the time, and the ſubject of much ſevere altercation between certain diſtinguiſhed characters.

This favourite of the preſent king, but never of the people, is accuſed, by his enemies, of having ſacrificed on the plains of Minden, ſeveral thouſand men, to a miſtaken principle of national etiquette, or the miſ-conception of orders, clearly and explicitly given, owing to the agitations of fear. After indulging himſelf on his defence, in vehement invective againſt party malice, to which he imputed his diſgrace, he ſtill inſiſted on the orders not being

being intelligibly delivered, and as ſoon as he knew what he had to do, and a regiment which impeded his marching had moved, that he attacked in front, with all poſſible ſpeed: but a court martial, by which his lordſhip was tried, differed from him in opinion, and he was declared incapable of ſerving in any military capacity whatever. His conduct very much exaſperated the late good old king, who with his own hand, ſtruck his name from the liſt of privy counſellors; and was heard to declare with emotion, and his uſual warmth of temper, (a generous, but quickly ſubſiding warmth) that if he had not been a king, and the offender his ſubject, he would certainly have pulled him by the noſe. Colonel Sloper remarked on the field of battle, his lordſhip's embarraſſed and confuſed appearance; yet I can ſcarcely impute his conduct to cowardice, which, though in a ſoldier an unpardonable failing, is not a crime, (for we have not all, the nerves and intrepidity of a hero) beſides, in a duel with the late governor Johnſon, he appears to have acted with ſufficient calmneſs and compoſure.

One path to fame being thus for ever cloſed againſt him, with a reſolution, perhaps a magnanimity, which few men in ſimilar circumſtances would have poſſeſſed, he plunged into the ſtormy ſea of government and politics; where, notwithſtanding royal ſmiles, and the friendly, elaborate, but unſucceſsful panegyric of Mr. Cumberland, he experienced defeat and diſappointment: he was ſecretary for the co onies, during the American war, and is ſaid to have prognoſticated ſucceſs, with a lively emphaſis, not common in his method of ſpeaking:——his adverſaries, of whom I think he had a greater portion than falls to the lot of moſt men, cried out with exultation, that Minden and Saratoga, would be everlaſting monuments of his courage as a general, and his abilities as a ſtateſman.

During the unfortunate interval of this nobleman's preſiding over the American department, certain national debates, were conducted with a violence, heat, and perſeverance, which a conviction of their high importance, and a ſenſe of national calamity, could alone inſpire: the ſame period was alſo remarkable for a war, which, from choice or neceſſity, was conducted by men, who, as ſenators, had earneſtly argued, and regularly voted againſt it; I could not help remarking the dramatic general, who a few years before, had conducted himſelf in a manner not *ſtrictly* conſtitutional at Preſton, haranguing the houſe of commons, at the moment he was a priſoner of the enemies of his country, and againſt whom, he ſhou'd not have accepted a command, if he diſapproved coercive meaſures: this parliamentary phœnomenon, did not bring to my mind Regulus, when he quitted the ſenate of Rome, on his return to Carthage, the "tor-" vus humi poſuiſſe vultum," would have been wholly inapplicable.

SANTEUIL, JOHN BAPTISTE, a Latin poet, chiefly on religious ſubjects; born at Paris in 1630, and painted in

the lively, but not diſtinct characters of Bruyere, who, by overcharging his colouring, and multiplying the folds of his drapery, renders his pieces ſo often confuſed and incorrect, that the great out-line of his portraits is ſometimes wholly loſt. La Bruyere deſcribes him under the name of Theodas, "at one moment as "complaiſant, eaſy, and docile, "ſimple, credulous, playful, a "child in grey hairs; the next "inſtant, violent, choleric, paſ-"ſionate, and capricious; ſhriek-"ing, jumping, and rolling on "the ground, rattling like a fool, "and thinking like a wiſe man, "yet with all his buffoonry, con-"tortion, and grimace, a good man, "a pleaſant man, an excellent man."

Santeuil was a regular canon of St. Victor, patronized by Boſſuet, but never went farther than deacons orders: this, however, did not prevent his doing the duty of a pariſh church, on a day that the prieſt could not be found; he had ſcarcely mounted the pulpit, before he forgot himſelf, and was confuſed; after a pauſe, he retired, ſaying, "I had a "great many things to ſay to you, "but it is needleſs to preach any "more, you would not be the "better for it."

Being once miſtaken by a female for a confeſſor, the pious matron had diſcloſed a long catalogue of frailties, before ſhe diſcovered her miſtake: "I will "this inſtant go and complain "of you to the prior," ſaid this enraged lady; "In the mean "time," replied the poet, "I "ſhall make the beſt of my way "to your huſband: an anſwer, which was the ſignal for mutual peace.

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary's, without giving his audience any ſatisfaction. Santeuil who was preſent, ſaid, "he "did better laſt year:" a by-ſtander aſſerted, 'you muſt be 'miſtaken, for the preſent pulpit-'thumper had not preached laſt 'year:' "that is the very reaſon," he replied.

A gentleman complained that he had been cheated by a monk: "I am ſorry" ſaid Santeuil, "that "a man of your years does not "know the monks; there are "four things in this world you "ſhould always guard againſt, the "face of a woman, the hind part "of a mule, the ſide of a "cart, but againſt a monk, on "all ſides."

Boſſuet once reproached him for the irregularity of his conduct, ſaying, "your life is not very "edifying; if I was your ſuperior, "I would ſend you into ſome "little cure, where you might "count your beads, and ſay your "breviary:" 'were I king of 'France,' replied Santeuil, 'I 'would baniſh you to the iſle of 'Patmos, and your employment 'ſhall be to write a new Apoca-'lypſe.' He died in 1697, of a violent cholic: a few minutes before his death, the page of a certain great man came into his room, and ſaid that he was ſent by his highneſs, to enquire how he was; Santeuil, turning up his eyes to heaven, in the agonies of death, repeated twice, "tu "ſolus altiſſimus," placing a ſtrong emphaſis on altiſſimus, and inſtantly expired.

SERVIN,

SERVIN, MONSIEUR, a young French gentleman, of good extraction, who attended the duke of Sully on his embaſſy to England, in the year 1603, at the preſſing requeſt of his father, a remarkable and earneſt requeſt; it was, that he would try to make him an honeſt man, which induced that great miniſter to ſearch into his character. He found him of a genius ſo lively, that nothing could eſcape his penetration, and of a memory ſo retentive, that he ſeemed never to forget; well acquainted with philoſophy, mathematics, and fortification, and excelling particularly in religious controverſy, and polemic divinity. To theſe qualifications he added a knowledge of moſt of the dead, as well as the modern languages, and a peculiar talent at mimicry, which, with great muſical and vocal ſkill, rendered his company highly deſirable in convivial meetings; he was, laſtly, of a well-made, vigorous form, and expert at moſt manly exerciſes.

But the ſame man, thus highly endowed, was falſe, cruel, and cowardly,—a ſharper, a drunkard, and glutton; and, notwitſtanding his rank in life gave him a right as well as opportunity to aſſociate with the firſt characters for rank and fame, he delighted only in the vileſt of company, in ſenſuality without refinement, which, with other baſe purſuits, cut him off in the flower of his age, and he laſtly died in a brothel. Servin, at once a miracle and a monſter, is an additional proof, if any were wanting, that happineſs does not conſiſt in a poſſeſſion of the greateſt perſonal and external advantages, but in a right uſe and application of them; and, when we conſider, that, "to whom "much is given, of him much "ſhall be required," mediocrity of talent ſeems to be more deſirable than ſplendid ability and high attainment.

SMITH, ADAM, the diligent and ingenious author of an Enquiry into the Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations, which is a hiſtory of human induſtry, where the improvements and defects in agriculture, manufacture, arts, and commerce, are delineated by the hand of a maſter. One of his axioms cannot be too often repeated to commercial miniſters, and city members, who exerciſe their induſtry with ſo much alacrity, and delight in fabricating and defending bounties, drawbacks, and prohibitions.

"Every ſyſtem which endeavours "by extraordinary encouragement, "to draw a greater ſhare of the "capital of the ſociety towards a "particular ſpecies of induſtry, "than would naturally go to it; or, "by extraordinary reſtraints, to "force from a particular ſpecies of "induſtry a ſhare, which would "otherwiſe be employed in it, is "ſubverſive of the great purpoſe "it means to promote, retards the "progreſs of a country to wealth, "and diminiſhes the value of the "annual produce of its land and "labour."

The ſpirit of barter or exchange may be traced from the ſavage, who offers the ſkin of an animal he has juſt hunted down and fed on, for a nail or a bauble, to the wealthy merchant, who exports the produce of his native country,

country, after it has afforded food and employment to thouſands, and receives articles which ſupply materials for a variety of other markets.

A ſuperficial obſerver would naturally conſider that country as the richeſt, which poſſeſſed mines, and the greateſt quantity of the precious metals. But Spain and Portugal are, at this moment, ſtriking proofs how eaſily ſuch countries may be drained of their ſpecie by poorer, but more enterprizing neighbours; ſo that the greateſt proportion of rude produce, or the greateſt aptneſs for productive labour in preparing it, are in effect the only riches. The produce of the earth may therefore be called real wealth, or bullion; and labour, the ſtamp, or mint-mark, which gives currency and utility to the metal. Had the Spaniards and Portugueſe been directed by the ſame energy of mind to their wool and their grapes, which impelled them to the golden but bloody harveſts, of South America, they would long ſince have emerged from the clouds of mean jealouſy and ſuperſtition, and have felt the enlivening rays of literature, national proſperity, power, and happineſs.

But it is on the ſubject of a free trade, that Dr. Smith ſpeaks the language of juſtice, truth, and common ſenſe: "A free and open "colony trade preſents a great, "though diſtant ſale, for ſuch "product as exceeds the demands "of the mother country; but this "advantageous intercourſe, when "it degenerates into that mean "and malignant expedient, a mo-"nopoly, by raiſing the rate of "profit on the new employment, "deſtroys other uſeful branches "of commerce nearer home. By "ſuiting to one particular mar-"ket only, ſo great a part of the "induſtry and commerce of Great "Britain, it has rendered it more "precarious, and leſs ſecure than "if their produce had been ac-"commodated to a greater vari-"ety of purchaſers. A monopoly "depreſſes the induſtry of other "countries, without increaſing that "of thoſe, in whoſe favour ſuch "unnatural reſtraints have been "made. To promote the *little* "intereſt of one *little* order of men "in one country, it hurts the in-"tereſts of all other orders of "men, in all countries."

Theſe reflections naturally lead our judicious author to the commercial ſovereigns in Leadenhall-ſtreet, "whoſe intereſts, as kings "and as merchants, are conſtantly "oppoſite to each other, and too "often deſtructive to thoſe who "have the misfortune to be at "once both their ſubjects and their "cuſtomers: as ſovereigns, it is "evidently their intereſt to ſell the "European goods they export, as "cheap, and to buy India goods "as dear as poſſible; but as trad-"ers, their intereſt is directly the "reverſe.

"Excluſive companies are there-"fore nuiſances in every reſpect, "and the genius of the govern-"ment of the Eaſt-India com-"pany being eſſentially, and per-"haps incurably faulty, in Europe, "its adminiſtration in India muſt "be ſtill worſe. To trade more "or leſs on their own accounts, "which, at ten thouſand miles "diſtance can never be prevented,

"to

" to exclude rivals, to buy cheap, " and to ſell dear, in ſhort, to " make government ſubſervient to " the ſelfiſh purpoſes of mono- " poly, is evidently, and ever will " be, the buſineſs of their ſer- " vants."

In a ſyſtem ſo radically defective, and founded on injuſtice, can we wonder at human integrity being unable to reſiſt temptation? can we be ſurprized at the ſervants employed in a government, commercial, and, of neceſſity, military and deſpotic, being led to a perverſion of juſtice, and ſtill continuing to harraſs, to ruin, and to deſtroy? Is it unnatural in ſuch a ſyſtem, that the chief clerk of a factory, whoſe warehouſe is overſtocked with opium, ſhould, with a file of muſqueteers at his elbow, order a poor peaſant to plough up a fertile field of poppies, at times the moſt profitable part of his crop. Indeed, " it is a ſingular " adminiſtration, in which every " member wiſhes to get out of the " country as ſoon as he can, with " his whole fortune; and, as ſoon " as this deſirable event has taken " place, he is perfectly indifferent " if the whole country were ſwal- " lowed up by an earthquake."

I ſee, with pleaſure, that, with other ſymptoms of good ſenſe, the national aſſembly of France have evinced a proper diſlike to monopolies, they have diſſolved the French Eaſt-India company, and have voted the whole ſyſtem of ſuch reſtraints to be pernicious, " becauſe they collect the prin- " ciples of motion and of life into " a ſmall part of the body poli " tic, but leave a languor and want " of energy in all the reſt." Equally injurious and unjuſt, are many domeſtic reſtrictions on labour, manufactures, and trade, which, under various names and pretences, all tend to reſtrain competition.

Among theſe, we may reckon the excluſive privileges of incorporated bodies, and towns, where only freemen can carry on trade; the oppreſſive laws againſt workmen combining againſt their maſters, who, in their turn, are perpetually uniting in cabals againſt their ſervants and the public, with impunity; the limitation of the number of apprentices, in particular *crafts* and *myſteries*, and the unneceſſary extenſion of the term of apprenticeſhip; alſo the laws of parochial ſettlement, which bear particularly hard on the ingenious and induſtrious mechanic, in authorizing his removal from an advantageous ſituation. " The " property which every man has " in his own labour and ingenu- " ity, is the original foundation of " all other property, and to hinder " him from employing it in what- " ever manner or in whatever " place he thinks proper, without " injury to his neighbour, is a " direct violation of equity. The " affected anxiety of law-makers " on theſe and many other ſubjects " is at once impertinent and op- " preſſive. Lengthening the term " of apprenticeſhips, has no ten- " dency to form young people to " induſtrious habits, for he only " will be induſtrious who derives " an immediate benefit from it. " The great ſweetener of labour is " recompence. To work for a " long time, and to receive no ad- " vantage, is an infallible method

" of

" of creating an averſion to it; and " pariſh apprentices, who are ge- " nerally bound out for long terms, " for this reaſon ſo often prove idle " and worthleſs. The firſt inven- " tions in ſcience and mechanics, " were undoubtedly the production " of deep thought; but to explain " and apply them, is a buſineſs " within the compaſs of a few leſ- " ſons. It is true, that if trades " were thus laid open and eaſily " learnt, competition would in- " creaſe, and wages fall. The maſ- " ters, the trades, the crafts, and " the myſteries would be injured," but what in every caſe ſhould be the principal object, " the public " would be a gainer."

It has been the faſhion, from the days of *Biſhop Blaze*, to call wool the ſtaple commodity of this kingdom, though I have never yet been informed why it is more ſo than any other rude produce that conſtitutes materials for manufacture. Neither the tanner, the timber-merchant, or the ſail-cloth weaver " have been fortunate enough to " perſuade parliament, that the wel- " fare of this country depended on " the proſperity of their particular " trade." But on the ſubject of wool the national deluſion has been, and in ſome meaſure continues complete. To trade in it has been rendered both troubleſome and dangerous, by laws breathing at once violence and artifice. Its exportations have been forbidden, under ſevere penalties and confiſcation; and even its conveyance rendered hazardous in certain ſituations.

" The perſons concerned in the " wool manufacture, deceived the " legiſlature by ſaying, what is ſtill " generally believed, that Engliſh " wool was peculiar, and ſuperior " to that of any other country; and " that foreigners could not make " fine cloth without a mixture of " our wool in it: this, however, is " falſe, for Engliſh wool is wholly " unfit for making fine cloth, nor " can it be mixed with Spaniſh " wool, without injuring its fabric."

It may be ſaid, in favour of prohibiting the exportation of wool, that, although the doctrine of the manufacture is ill founded, when applied to *fine cloth*, yet, if wool were permitted to be exported without reſtrictions, our neighbours would, from their poor people living cheaper, be able to under-ſell us in the article of coarſe cloth, at the home as well as the foreign market.

" A degradation of the price of " wool, has been the natural con- " ſequence; and its preſent price, " compared to what it bore in the " reign of Edward the Third, is " as ſeven to ten."

Though clothiers may congratulate each other on this circumſtance, it is as unjuſt as it is injurious to the landholder and farmer, who are thus tied down to a particular market, and it has undoubtedly ſerved " to keep up if not increaſe the " price of butcher's meat; for if " the wool and hide give the pro- " prietor an inadequate compen- " ſation, the deficiency muſt be " made up by the carcaſe."

Though Dr. Smith doubts, I cannot but be certain that the wages of the poor labouring man, are cruelly inadequate to the riſe in the price of the neceſſaries of life, from natural as well as artificial cauſes. I alſo beg leave to differ from him in opinion, when he thinks that the cheapneſs

cheapneſs of potatoes, and other common vegetables, ſufficiently compenſates to this uſeful claſs of men, for the dearneſs of meat, which almoſt amounts to a total prohibition. I need not conduct him to Scotland for a picture of famine, the countenances of our peaſants and country manufacturers evidently diſplay it: exiſting, but not living, on the viſcid, but ineffectual food of bread, and flatulent vegetables, ill calculated for daily toil and laborious exertion, exhauſted youth rapidly ſinks into premature old age. Such is the fate of thoſe who furniſh us with food and raiment, while pampered menials riot on the luxuries of our tables, and, abſorbing all our ſmiles, are daily encouraged at once to ruin and inſult us.

"To keep down the wages of "weavers, ſpinners, and inferior "workmen, and to lower the price "of rude materials, but to raiſe "the price of the complete work "to the public, is the ſpirit of our "mercantile ſyſtem; a ſyſtem ſel-"dom advantageous but to the rich "and powerful; to the poor and "indigent, in almoſt every in-"ſtance, oppreſſive."

SMOLLET, TOBIAS, a [redacted] ſurgeon, a phyſician, a political pamphleteer, a novel writer, ere that ſpecies of compoſition was rendered ſo common and contemptible, and, I believe, the founder of the Critical Review; a work which involved his bookſeller in a law-ſuit with the late Admiral Knowles, who profeſſed, that his only reaſon for commencing an action was, to know the real author, and if a gentleman, he would inſiſt on ſatisfaction. Juſt as ſentence was about to be pronounced, Smollet gallantly ſtood forth, avowed himſelf writer of the ſtrictures in queſtion, and that he was ready to give any ſatisfaction he might demand. This generous and heroic naval commander immediately began a new action againſt the writer, whoſe ſpirited conduct on this occaſion gained him much credit and applauſe.

In the practice of phyſic he never was eminent, as he deſpiſed the low arts of fineſſe, ſervility, and cunning. But it is not to record his want of ſucceſs in a profeſſion where merit cannot always inſure good fortune, that he is here introduced. I notice him as a writer of that ſpecies of modern romance, which has been denominated a novel, a literary department in which he has been peculiarly happy, ſuperior, in my opinion, to the moral, the pathetic, but tireſome Richardſon, and the ingenious, but diffuſe Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart. I am aware that, in this deciſion, nine out of ten readers will differ from me; but will they candidly declare, that they have not ſometimes yawned, and ſometimes ſlept, over the wire-drawn pages of Grandiſon and Clariſſa, or the common-place introductory diſcuſſions, and tedious trifling narrative of Jones, Joſeph Andrews, and Amelia. That Fielding repeatedly diſplays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that paſſages may be pointed out in Richardſon, which do equal credit to the goodneſs of his heart and the depth of his underſtanding, equal to the beſt efforts of Smollet, I cannot deny; yet, after peruſing their works, I never quit them with ſuch reluctance as I feel on cloſing the

pages of our author, who, without introducing ſo much of what has been called fine writing, poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, the art of rouſing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, though they have been cenſured as low, ſcurrilous, and immoral, (a charge of a ſerious nature, and which I ſhall hereafter conſider) I have always preferred to the other productions of Smollet: they relate, in language by turns ſtrong, eaſy, elegant, and pathetic, a ſucceſſion of events, forming a natural, well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtleſs may peruſe, with advantage; and the prudent man, with emotions of triumph.

From the wild unlucky boy, teizing his aunt and the commodore, by miſchievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at ſchool againſt his maſter, we trace the headſtrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and diſſipation; waſting his ſubſtance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at laſt pining in a priſon, that ſevere ſchool, which too tardily teaches us the falſehood and treachery of a baſe world—faſcinating, only to plunder; and bewitching, only to deſtroy:——rouſed by the voice of friendſhip, and again reſtored to affluence, he returns, with a ſtern reluctance, founded on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs and vicious imprudence, to ſociety, and love; convinced that, after all the buſtle of pleaſure, and glitter of wealth, real happineſs is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domeſtic tranquility, and ſocial virtue.

A good ſtyle has been defined "proper words in proper places;" nor have I met with a more juſt ſelection of appropriate terms, and deſcriptive expreſſions, than in the following ſhort paſſage of Smollet, though on a trifling ſubject; it is when Tom Pipes kills the gardener's dog. "He was that inſtant "aſſaulted by the maſtiff, who faſ- "tened on the outſide of his thigh. "Feeling himſelf incommoded by "this aſſailant, he quitted the pro- "ſtrate gardener, turned round to "the dog, and graſping the throat "of that ferocious animal with "both his hands, he ſqueezed it "with ſuch incredible force and "perſeverance, that the creature "quitted his hold: his tongue lolled "out of his jaws, the blood ſtarted "from his eyes, and he ſwung, a "lifeleſs trunk, in the hands of "his vanquiſher."

His feaſt, after the manner of the ancients, is well managed, and replete with rich ſtrokes of humour, and pointed ſatire, which, in the rancour of toryiſm, he directed, with eagerneſs, againſt his whig opponent, Akenſide. Yet in this, and other parts of Peregrine, Smollet has, with ſome juſtice, been thought indelicate; but it ſhould be recollected, that in delineations of certain circumſtances, and certain characters, it is difficult for the author who draws from nature, and real life, to avoid ſhocking the faſtidious eye of nicety, and ſcrupulous decorum. The path of humour is pleaſant and inviting, but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us aſtray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill-nature.—To ſay a *good thing*, however ſmutty or malignant, is a temptation equally

equally irreſiſtible to the humouriſt, the mimic, and the bon-vivant; and, as I have ſaid in another place, we ought to recollect, that it is the nature of all humour to be ſometimes groſs, and ſometimes inelegant.

In this reſpect, the dialogue between Pipes, and the hedge nymph, his maſter had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, is culpably obſcene, though the ſtory is well told, and the character well imagined; the behaviour of Pickle to Hornbeck, is alſo highly unjuſtifiable; not ſatisfied with injuring that unfortunate huſband, beyond repair, he adds perſonal violence to inſult. Yet, with theſe, and other faults, I cannot but conſider it, contrary to the general opinion, as ſuperior to Roderick Random, and as a firſt-rate novel, whoſe merits far exceed the modern puny productions, of frivolous faſhion, and ſickly ſentiment, which load the ſhelves of our libraries, and teach nonſenſe and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

Peregrine's tranſition, from mirth, petulance, and gaiety, to anxiety, agitation, confuſion, and concern, after firſt beholding the lovely Emilia Gauntlett, and the progreſs of the generous paſſion of love, as long as he reſtrained himſelf within the bounds of good ſenſe; alſo the curious mode of replacing a loſt love letter, are well imagined. But when the young man's mind was corrupted by proſperity, and his principles contaminated by exceſs and the baleful maxims of foreign climes, that aweful veneration, which her preſence uſed to inſpire, gradually abated and he gazed on the lovely, the virtuous Emilia, with groſs appetite, and impure deſire. After a variety of plans to lull her vigilance and apprehenſions, he conſiders the licentiouſneſs and late hours of a maſquerade, (that hot-houſe of ſin and hell) as a fit opportunity for broaching his unwarrantable doctrines; the addreſs of Emilia to her lover, when ſhe diſcovers his treacherous and unprincipled deſign deſerves to be repeated; it is animated, pointed, and ſuch as her ſituation would naturally inſpire: "for, what muſt "have been the emotions of a vir- "tuous ſenſible woman, at this in- "ſolent treatment from a man "whom ſhe had honoured with the "moſt diſintereſted affection, and "genuine eſteem? it was not ſim- "ply horror, grief, or indignation, "but the united pangs of them all."

As ſoon as her feelings ſuffered her to ſpeak, ſhe addreſſes him in the following words:

"Sir, I ſcorn to upbraid you "with a repetition of your former "vows and proteſtations, nor will "I recapitulate the little arts you "have practiſed to enſnare my "heart; becauſe, though by dint "of the moſt perfidious diſſimu- "lation, you have found means to "deceive my opinion, your utmoſt "efforts have never been able to "lull the vigilance of my conduct, "or to engage my affection beyond "the power of diſcarding you, "without a tear, whenever my ho- "nour ſhould demand ſuch a ſa- "crifice.

"You are unworthy of my con- "cern or regret, and the ſigh which "ſtruggles from my breaſt whilſt I "make the declaration, is the re- "ſult of ſorrow for my own want "of

" of diſcernment. As for your " preſent attempt upon my chaſ- " tity, I deſpiſe your power, as I " deteſt your intention. Though " under a maſk of the moſt deli- " cate reſpect, you have decoyed " me from the immediate protec- " tion of my friends, and contrived " other impious ſtratagems to ruin " my peace and reputation, I " confide too much in my own in- " nocence, and the authority of " the law, to admit one thought of " fear, much leſs to ſink under the " horror of this ſhocking ſituation " into which I have been ſeduced.

" Your behaviour, Sir, on this " occaſion, is, in all reſpects, low " and contemptible; for, ruffian " as you are, you durſt not har- " bour one thought of executing " your execrable ſcheme, while " my brother was near enough to " prevent or puniſh the inſult, ſo " that you muſt not only be a " treacherous villain, but a moſt " deſpicable coward."

Having thus expreſſed herſelf, ſhe quitted the room, in all the majeſty of exalted virtue, called a chair, and committing herſelf to the care of a watchman, was conveyed ſafely through the midnight gloom to her uncle's houſe.

The mortified and degraded feelings of a man thus baffled and repulſed, are eaſier imagined than deſcribed; the wounds of humbled vanity, and proſtrate inſolence, were added to the pangs of deſpair: it was a heart-rending ſtruggle of love, ſhame, and remorſe, with baſe deſire, pride, ambition, and revenge. The reproaches of a guilty mind, and a lively conviction of the ineſtimable value of that jewel which his infamous conduct had deprived him of for ever, were more than he could bear, phrenzy and diſtraction were the laſt refuge of a wounded ſpirit. Will any one that in this, and ſimilar occaſions, has felt the arrows of the Almighty rankling in his heart, will any one deny the puniſhment of flagitious conduct, even in this world?

After the offender had, in ſome degree, recovered his health and ſenſes, every art was exhauſted to procure an interview with Emilia, but ſuch was her prudence and vigilant precaution, that his letters were returned unopened, and all acceſs to his miſtreſs denied.

From the pains of diſappointment, he alternately applied for conſolation to the bottle, diſſipation, politics, and literature, but applied, as is generally the caſe, in vain,

" Hœſit lateri lethalis arundo,"

and his conſtitution ſunk under the effort; with a ruined fortune, and a debilitated body, he hides himſelf and his ſorrows in a jail, loving Emilia to diſtraction, deteſting the world, and abhorring himſelf: in this forlorn condition, he induſtriouſly prevents all intercourſe with his acquaintance, particularly thoſe who had experienced his former bounty, and obſtinately perſevered in refuſing every kind of proffered aſſiſtance from the few who diſcovered his retreat.

The brother of Emilia, hearing of his ſituation, and impelled by gratitude, one morning knocked ſoftly at his door, but when it was opened, he ſtarted back with horror and aſtoniſhment; the figure that preſented itſelf to his view, was the remains of his

once

once happy friend, but ſo miſerably altered and diſguiſed, that his features were ſcarcely cognizable. Inſtead of the florid, the ſprightly, the gay and elevated youth, the pupil of pleaſure and faſhion, he beheld him pale, wan, meagre, and dejected, the hollow-eyed repreſentative of diſeaſe, indigence, and deſpair: yet his eyes ſtill retained a certain ferocity, which threw a diſmal gleam athwart the dark cloud of his aſpect, and he viewed in ſilence his old companion with a look of confuſion and diſdain; then waving his hand, as a ſignal for Godfrey to be gone, and leave ſuch a wretch as him to the miſeries of his fate; nature could no longer be ſuppreſſed, he uttered a deep groan, and wept aloud. Gauntlett, after pouring forth the nobleſt ſentiments of friendſhip, gratitude, and eſteem, thus proceeds:

"You ſhall no longer, my dear "friend, be a dupe to the deſtruc-"tive prejudice of an independ-"ent ſpirit; you muſt certainly "have had ſome regard for a per-"ſon in whoſe behalf, though hi-"therto unknown to me, you have "ſo greatly and ſo ſucceſsfully ex-"erted yourſelf; let me not there-"fore ſuffer the humiliating re-"pulſe of ſlighted friendſhip; if "you will not yield to *my* intrea-"ties, have at leaſt ſome regard to "the wiſhes of your old friend and "interceder, my Sophia; if that "conſideration ſhould be of no "weight, will you not relax a little "for the ſake of poor Emilia, "whoſe reſentment hath been long "ſubdued by her affection, and "ſhe now droops in ſecret, at "your neglect?"

Every word made an impreſſion on Peregrine; but when the name of his adored Emilia was recalled to his remembrance, his whole frame underwent a violent agitation, and, with a ſoftened look, he recovered the faculty of ſpeech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of paſſions; he proteſted to Gauntlett, "that no veſtige of animoſity "againſt him remained; that he "conſidered him as an affectionate "comrade, a friend, whom adver-"ſity could not unbind; that he "contemplated Emilia with the "moſt reverential awe, as the ob-"ject of his inviolable love and "veneration, but for ever diſ-"claimed all hope of attracting "her regard: he excuſed himſelf "from profiting by Godfrey's "kind intentions, declaring, with "a reſolute air, that he had broke "off all connexion with mankind, "and that he impatiently longed "for the hour of his diſſolution, "which, if it ſhould not ſoon ar-"rive by the courſe of nature, he "was reſolved to haſten it with "his own hands, rather than be "expoſed to the contempt, and "more intolerable pity of a raſ-"cally world."

He remains for ſome time obſtinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithſtanding the zealous efforts of expoſtulating friendſhip, and, but for the unexpected payment of a large debt, which had been given up as loſt, and was almoſt forgotten, would probably have ſacrificed himſelf to that ſullen, irrational independance, the too frequent infatuation of the preſent day, which leads us into habits productive of miſery and ruin, and without imparting to us ſufficient

ficient ſtrength of mind to reſiſt temptation, or ſtruggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with ſelf-deſtruction.

Reconciled by this fortunate incident to life, and the comforts of ſociety (for we ſhould have few ſuicides ruſhing from the ſcene, if every man could lead exactly the life he choſe,) his countenance and voice by degrees recovered their priſtine appearance and tone; and when he was informed by Gauntlett, that Emilia daily enquired after him with tender anxiety, and paſſionate regard, the boſom of Peregrine was agitated with thoſe tumults which love, or any other paſſion, ill-ſtifled or ſuppreſſed, conſtantly excites.

In this ſituation, the following letter from his miſtreſs did not diminiſh his emotions:

"Sir,

"I have performed a ſufficient "ſacrifice to my reputation, in "retaining hitherto the appear-"ance of that reſentment, which "I had long ago diſmiſſed. A "favourable change in my for-"tune impowers me to avow my "genuine ſentiments, without fear "of cenſure, or ſuſpicion of mer-"cenary deſign. I therefore take "this opportunity of aſſuring you, "that, if I ſtill maintain that "place in your heart, which I "was vain enough to think I "once poſſeſſed, I am willing to "make the firſt advances to an "accommodation; and have ac-"tually furniſhed my brother with "full power to conclude it in the "name of your appeaſed

"Emilia."

After kiſſing the letter a thouſand times, and falling on his knees, "Thank Heaven, (he ex-"claimed, with an air of tranſ-"port,) I have not been miſtaken "in my opinion of this gene-"rous woman! I believed her to "be inſpired with the moſt digni-"fied and heroic ſentiments, and "I have now a convincing proof "of her magnanimity: it is there-"fore *my* buſineſs to approve my-"ſelf worthy her regard. May "Heaven inflict upon me the "keeneſt arrows of its vengeance, "if I do not at this inſtant con-"template the character of Emi-"lia, with the moſt perfect love "and admiration! yet, amia-"ble and enchanting as ſhe is, "I am more than ever determined "to ſacrifice the intereſt of my "paſſion to *her* advantage, and *my* "glory, though life ſhould fail in "the conteſt, and even to refuſe "an offer, which, otherwiſe, the "whole univerſe ſhould not bribe "me to forego."

Under theſe enthuſiaſtic impreſſions, he anſwered her letter as follows:

"Madam,

"That I revere the dignity of "your virtue, with the utmoſt ve-"neration, that I love you infi-"nitely more than life, I am at "all times ready to demonſtrate; "but the ſacrifice to honour it is "now *my* turn to pay: and ſuch "is the rigour of my deſtiny, that "in order to juſtify your genero-"ſity, I muſt refuſe to profit by "your condeſcenſion.

"I am doomed for ever to be "wretched, and to ſigh without "ceaſing, for the poſſeſſion of that "jewel, which, though now in my "power, I cannot, I dare not "enjoy.

"I

"I will not deſcribe the anguiſh "that tears my heart, whilſt I "communicate this fatal renun- "ciation, but appeal to the deli- "cacy of your own ſentiments, "which can judge of my ſuffer- "ings, and will do juſtice to the "exquiſite tortures I have impoſed "on myſelf, by this cruel ſelf- "denial.

"P. P."

Peregrine ſoon after ſucceeds to his paternal eſtate, and (notwith- ſtanding his declarations) the no- vel concludes in the uſual man- ner, with a reconciliation and a wedding.

I was very young when theſe adventures accidentally fell in my way, and perhaps on that account, they made a deeper impreſſion, and appeared in the eyes of a ſchoolboy more worthy of attenti- on, and better written, than they really are; circumſtances which I hope will excuſe thus ſerving up to my readers a ſecond-hand haſh from the novel ſhop. I well remember the forlorn ſituation of Peregrine, his declining every kind of prof- fered aſſiſtance, and the obſtinate peculiarity of his conduct, with re- gard to Emilia,[1] ſtruck me as a noble exertion of manly and philo- ſophical ſelf-denial, not unworthy the characters of Socrates or Cato; and I could not help beſtowing on his behaviour warm encomiums, and viewing him with a mixture of envy and admiration—but the *happy* concluſion was not ſuitable to the enthuſiaſm of juvenile fancy, dreaming of, and ſeeking, as ob- jects of meditation, themes far more gratifying, intereſting, and affecting, than reaſon, nature, and probability.

"Had I been in ſuch a ſitua- "tion," (have I often exclaimed "in the bliſsful extacy of four- teen) "had I written this novel, "or had I been in ſuch a ſitu- "ation as Peregrine, I would have "ſuffered myſelf or my hero to "periſh in priſon, unaſſiſted; the "cup of comfort ſhould have been "daſhed untaſted from my lip, and "to add to my puniſhment, my "laſt look ſhould have been caſt "on the woman I was dying for "and adored; without ſuffering "myſelf to enjoy a heaven, which "was placed within my graſp; "after darting my eyes on that "boſom, where gods would wiſh "to have revelled; I would have "turned them from the delicious, "enchanting ſight, and ſunk into "everlaſting ſleep."

I need not add, that to the pour- er forth of ſuch a rhapſody, the performance of Smollet would have been more pleaſing, had its termination been in the ſtile of Spagnolet, leſs happy.

It may be proper in this arti- cle, to mention, that, with a ſlight knowledge, if not a total igno- rance of the Spaniſh language, fur- ther than dictionaries afford, Smol- let was a *ſucceſsful* tranſlator of Don Quixote; and that this cir- cumſtance expoſed him to much abuſe, and in one inſtance I be- lieve, to a perſonal attack.

As a traveller, he was petulant, illiberal, and almoſt on every oc- caſion loſt his temper: but is no excuſe to be made for a frame, convulſed by the pangs of diſ- eaſe, and a life imbittered by diſ- appointment, and domeſtic cala- mity? a ſpirit wounded by in- gratitude and irritated by the malignant

malignant ſhafts of envy, dullneſs, and profligacy; to add to his evils, he is ſaid to have been a literary retainer to the Earl of Bute, and to have experienced ingratitude from that nobleman, who has in many inſtances been found a generous patron to men very inferior in importance and ability to Dr. Smollet. Under ſuch impreſſions perhaps he ought not to have written, but on certain occaſions, the pen will be found to afford a ſimilar relief to the dram-bottle, or a round of diverſions; and where is the man, who, having once found ſolace in a purſuit, will not naturally ſeek for comfort and conſolation in the ſame path?

SPARTACUS, a native of a little town in Thrace, from which he drew his name.—This extraordinary individual, who ſhook the foundations of Roman greatneſs, in its meridian ſplendor, had been impriſoned early in life, for reſiſting oppreſſion in his native province; he was ſold for a ſlave, became a fugitive, a ſoldier, a deſerter, a robber, and deſcending as it were to the loweſt ſcale of human miſery, was at laſt a gladiator; but diſcovered in every ſituation of life, matchleſs ſtrength of body, and uncommon vigor of mind. Seventy-three years before the chriſtian æra, he was confined with about two-hundred of his aſſociates in miſery, at Capua, in a ſchool, or rather a priſon of gladiators, the property of Lentulus Batuatus, who, as his latter name expreſſed, furniſhed the amphitheatres with unhappy objects for the bloody ſports of the circus; a ſpecies of commerce, from which he drew a great, but ignominious profit.

The juſtice, or even the policy of rendering the minds of a people familiar with ſavage ſports, and brutal exhibitions, is a queſtion which has been frequently agitated, but never determined: the happy medium between ungovernable ferocity, and a degenerate effeminacy of manners, is perhaps attained with difficulty; for I can eaſily imagine a multitude ſo hardened by bloody ſpectacles, and inhuman habits, as to be rendered almoſt unfit for the purpoſes of civilized ſociety, and only qualified for the buſineſs of making war on their fellow creatures; while a nation, torpid and ſlothful through a long peace, and totally inattentive to every manly effort, or military exertion, becomes irrationally timid, fears death beyond every other calamity, and conſidering war as the greateſt of all poſſible evils, falls a prey to ſome invading neighbour, or ambitious citizen.

But whilſt Batuatus was amaſſing a princely fortune by his mercileſs traffic, the generous ſpirit of Spartacus, unbroken by calamity, "diſdained to make acquaintance with ill-fortune," though he well knew that on the firſt demand for a freſh ſupply of gladiators, he might be hurried away in fetters to contribute, with ſome of his unhappy companions, to the amuſement of a worthleſs rabble, where the utmoſt his courage and dexterity could procure, would be the odious and diſhonorable recompence of maiming, or murdering a harmleſs, perhaps

perhaps a friendly fellow-ſufferer, and protracting his own hateful exiſtence. Being ſtimulated to eſcape, at any riſque, from ſuch dangers, by every ſentiment of honor, friendſhip, and ſelf-preſervation, a part of the wall which encloſed them, was obſerved at a certain ſpot, to be ſomewhat decayed, and while the attention of their keepers was directed to an oppoſite place, by a pretended tumult, a ſelect party, directed and aſſiſted by Spartacus, were employed in undermining the foundation, till a practicable breach was effected. At the hour of midnight, after overpowering and gagging the ſentinels, they ſallied through the opening which led to a ſtreet in Capua, inhabited for the moſt part, by cooks and butchers, whoſe occupation afforded an inſtant ſupply of weapons, with which, and others ſeized on the road, they armed themſelves. After pillaging the neighbouring villages for food, and defeating a detachment ſent in purſuit of them, they poſted themſelves on a rocky, and almoſt inacceſſible promontory, near the ſummit of Mount Veſuvius.

It is not often that hiſtory has condeſcended to gratify poſterity, with the ſlight, but intereſting anecdotes of remote domeſtic life; we are, however, able to gather from the precious fragments of an invaluable hiſtorian, that the wife of Spartacus, by ſome ſingular relaxation in favor of her worth, or her misfortunes, was permitted to be the companion of his captivity. At an early period, and in an humble ſtation, he had attracted the ſoft wiſhes of the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who conſidered the ſuperior rank and fortune of his child, as inſuperable bars to their union. But nature, deaf and inattentive alike to the throbs of pride, and the cravings of avarice, the voice of nature will be heard, and this generous woman, with a diſintereſted heroiſm, not uncommon with the amiable part of her ſex, choſe the depreſſing moment of adverſity, as the moſt ſuitable time to beſtow on Spartacus her hand and heart; ſhe proved herſelf in the various changes of his fortune, a faithful companion, and a tender wife.

The fugitives were ſoon followed by the Prætor Claudius Pulcher, who, with three thouſand men, inſtantly inveſted their poſt, cutting off, by means of a deep dug trench, all apparent poſſibility of reinforcement, eſcape, or proviſion: yet even in this ſituation, with an implacable enemy on one ſide, a rocky precipice on the other, and famine ſtaring him in the face, I can ſcarcely be prevailed on to allow, that Spartacus, poſſeſſing a woman, ſuch as I have deſcribed her, was an object either of pity or compaſſion; ſhe called forth all the arts of her ſex to ſoothe and comfort her huſband. Urged by the warmeſt affection, and by neceſſity, the flinty-hearted mother of invention, ſhe pointed out the wild vines of the mountain, which, indeed, were the only produce of the ſpot they poſſeſſed, as the happy means of eſcape; and Spartacus directing a conſiderable quantity of the flexible tendrils and branches, to be twiſted toge-

ther, ſo as to form a long, and ſtrong ſpecies of cable, which, from a poſt firmly driven into the ground, they hung down the whole extent of the precipice, and while the Roman army, ſecure in ſleep and darkneſs, were waiting the ſlow, but ſure approaches of famine, to reduce their captives, the gladiators and their aſſociates, conveyed themſelves, their arms and baggage, to the vale below: without giving his ſmall, but deſperate troop, time to compare the dangerous difference between his own forces, and thoſe of the enemy, their leader immediately conducted them to attack the camp, which, after a conſiderable ſlaughter, they made themſelves maſters of, as well as the whole of their camp equipage, military cheſt, and proviſions.

With this ſucceſs, their credit rapidly encreaſed; fugitives of every deſcription, whom crimes, poverty, or diſcontent, had thrown looſe on ſociety, directly joined them; their hopes, aſpect, and tone, were elevated by good fortune, and they affected, in the uſual ſtyle of inſurgents, to inveigh againſt the luxury and tyranny of their former maſters.

"To overpower, and put to "flight, a race of enervated "cowards" cried Spartacus, "is "neither difficult or dangerous; "the whole of their time and "attention, is abſorbed by vying "with each other in entertain-"ments, the coſts of which, "would be nearly ſufficient to "ſupply a town with proviſions; "while their houſes are adorned "with ſplendid furniture, and "maſſy goblets of gold, plundered "from the temples of ſome un-"happy province. It remains "only for us boldly to make uſe of "thoſe advantages, which nature "and the Gods have put in-"to our hands: our enemies poſ-"ſeſs no other power, than what "our diſhonorable ſubmiſſion has "given them: that dominion "ſhould follow wealth, however "diſgraced by folly, or polluted "by vice, is prepoſterous and "unnatural: the hand which can-"not wield the ſword, is ſurely "unfit to graſp the ſceptre: and "the only claim to preeminence, "which one man can equitably "poſſeſs over another, muſt be "derived from virtue, ſtrength, "courage, or ſkill. Is it either "reaſonable or right, that the "rewards of beauty, wealth, and "all the good things of life, "ſhould be excluſively enjoyed by "the ſmalleſt, but moſt deſpicable "portion of mankind; whilſt the "majority, their ſuperior in "body, as well as mind, languiſh "in ignominious fetters, or ſtruggle "with oppreſſion, poverty, and "contempt? the true, the great, "the only ſolid good, is liberty, "under her auſpices, we may "recover that birth-right, which "we have been deprived of, but "never have forfeited: a fertile, "and highly cultivated country, "lies before you, which, with "all it contains, you ſhall poſſeſs "and enjoy, if you perſevere in "this glorious career, with cou-"rage and reſolution."

Such language, was eagerly liſtened to by deſperate men, with whom no probability of accommodation, retreat, or even of life remained, but by the road they cut with their ſwords: they laid waſte the country round Capua, extend-

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ed their devaſtation from Salerno, to the neighbourhood of the capital, and deſtroyed Cora, Nucera, and Nola, the ſcenes of her infant victories over the Volſcians.

But whilſt Spartacus was every where victorious over his enemies, he found it difficult to reſtrain his own forces by the ſtrict, but neceſſary regulations of military diſcipline: it was not the firſt inſtance, in which the theories of equalization and reſiſtance to eſtabliſhed power, have been turned againſt the conductors of popular revolt: to appeaſe their ſeditious ſpirit, he found himſelf obliged to ſhare the principal command with two leaders, choſen by the auxiliaries who had joined him, but ſternly inſiſted on every occaſion of danger or duty, pleaſure or exertion, that the poſt of honor and precedence, ſhould be decidedly given to him, and the faithful band of gladiators, who had originally departed with him from Capua. To feed and arm a body increaſed to more than twenty thouſand men, was by no means an eaſy taſk; pillage might furniſh a temporary ſupply, but fire and ſword were not likely means of eſtabliſhing markets, forming magazines, or enſuring future proviſion: to introduce a ſyſtem of moderation and equity, to reſtrain the horrid cruelties of his aſſociates, was the honorable, but ineffectual effort of the Thracian. The huſbandry tools of the ruſtics were converted into weapons, and the neceſſity of the moment pointed out to him a method of furniſhing his men with ſhields, fabricated of wicker, according to the cuſtom of his country, and covered with raw ox-hides.

The ſenate and Roman people, who at firſt conſidered it as a trifling inſurrection, which a ſmall body of men would eaſily ſuppreſs, now began to be alarmed, and the Prætor Varinius Glaber was ſent with freſh levies; but Spartacus, either from being better acquainted with the defiles of the mountains, and the by-roads, or from ſuperior courage, ſurprized Furius, one of the lieutenants of the Prætor, with a detachment of two thouſand men, and cut them to pieces: Varinius reached the ſpot only to be witneſs to the diſaſter, and ſoon after ſuffered the ſame diſgrace, eſcapeing only with life; while the Lictor's, purple robe, faſces, and other enſigns of office, fell into the hands of the enemy. The leſſons of mercy and moderation, were repeated in vain to a multitude, ſwelled by repeated victories to upwards of fifty thouſand men, who eagerly ſeized the opportunity of revenging on the miſerable provincials, the various injuries and inſults they had received from mankind: neither age or ſex were free from torture or violation; and of ſo infernal a nature are pride, ſelfiſhneſs, and revenge, in minds neither enlightened by education, or meliorated by religion, that a recollection of former kindneſs, or a remembrance of cruelty and oppreſſion, were equally ſucceeded by the bloody returns of death and devaſtation: to raviſh the wife or daughter of a magiſtrate, the ſmart of whoſe ſtripes they ſtill felt; to riot on,

to waſte and to ſpoil, the rich wines, delicate meats, and coſtly furniture of a citizen, whoſe luxuries had long excited their envy; to ſee palaces ſmoaking in ruins, from whoſe gates they have been driven with contempt, or within whoſe walls they have performed as menials, the vileſt domeſtic offices, are, perhaps, the higheſt pleaſures an exaſperated ſlave, or an unprincipled peaſant can enjoy.

But the keen eye of Spartacus, ſaw that ſuch conduct would raiſe the powers of the country againſt him; he was at the ſame time fully ſenſible of his inability to withſtand the whole forces of the republic, as the conſuls, from the ſerious alarm which had ſpread to the gates of Rome, had ordered the legions from every quarter, towards the Campania. He was therefore of opinion, that advantage ſhould be taken of the preſent interval, afforded by his defeat of Varinius, to traverſe, by forced marches, the whole length of Italy, till they reached the Alps, when the army, after a fair and impartial diviſion of booty, ſhould divide into ſeparate bodies, and each man, having procured by his own perſonal courage, the two great gifts of fortune, wealth and liberty, might have an opportunity of retiring to his native ſoil, and enjoying them undiſturbed. Counſels of ſuch a nature were received with impatience by men, who, fluſhed by ſucceſs, eagerly preſſed their generals to lead them to Rome, a rich prize, which would at once ſatisfy their avarice, ambition, and revenge: the gladiator, ſtill firm to his purpoſe, declared that every one who differed from him in opinion, was at liberty to depart. A conſiderable portion of the army, under the command of Crixus, immediately ſeparated from their aſſociates, and, in their march towards the capital, vigorouſly attacked Gellius, the conſul, whom they nearly defeated, but, tempted by a fatal and inordinate love of booty, and ſeduced by a quantity of wine, found in the camp, they were ſatisfied with putting to flight an enemy, whom they might and, ought to have deſtroyed: incumbered with ſpoil, and intoxicated by drinking to exceſs, they fell a prey to the conſul, who had rallied his troops, and, the enſuing night, obtained a bloody but deciſive victory over them, in the neighbourhood of mount Garganus.

With diminiſhed forces, improved diſcipline, and courage unimpaired, Spartacus continued, by ſteady and cloſe marches, his journey, between the defiles of the mountain, till he reached that branch of the Appenine, which, bending towards the Mediterranean, approaches the river Arno. Near this place the conſul, Lentulus, with perhaps more courage than ſound policy, was poſted in conſiderable force to intercept a band of outlaws, ravaging the heart of his country, and almoſt inſulting the metropolis, whom it was his duty, as a general, as well as a good ſovereign, to have ſuffered to quit Italy unmoleſted, and to endeavor, by all means in his power, to avoid an engagement in the preſent period of difficulty and danger. Securely poſted, and ſurrounded by inacceſſible rocks, or barricadoes of felled trees, the Roman commander might have

defied

defied every effort of the gladiators to fight him on fair ground; but, ſeduced by the hopes of victory, ſeeing Gellius advancing at no great diſtance in their rear, and probably not without a ſecret wiſh of enjoying the glory of triumph without a rival to ſhare it, he deſcended from the heights, and marched to battle. By one of thoſe military evolutions, which would do honour to the greateſt generals, the fugitives inſtantly formed a double front, threw up almoſt in the face of the enemy an intrenchment, which effectually prevented a junction of the two conſuls; and, after routing Lentulus, they put Gellius to flight, became maſters of all the Roman baggage, and, among a great number of other priſoners, three hundred Roman citizens fell into their hands. Such victories filled Rome with diſmay, and the camp of the conqueror with exultation. Departing from his uſual moderation, and probably urged by the wiſhes of his aſſociates, he meditated a ſpecies of retributive cruelty, and ſignalized the field of battle, by forcing his unhappy Roman priſoners to attack each other in combat, impaling alive on the croſs thoſe who would not comply, and threatening the reſt with the moſt exquiſite tortures: thus the gladiators had an opportunity of retaliating on their oppreſſor, the unnatural and infamous ſlaughter of the circus.

This triumphant leader, who had in ſome degree redeemed his name from the infamy of his former ſtation, ordered every kind of heavy or cumberſome baggage, in ſhort, whatever could impede the celerity of a forced march, to be inſtantly burnt: diſmiſſing the old, the ſick, the wounded, and infirm, with ample rewards, after ſlight refreſhment, and ſhort periods of repoſe, he reached, by rapid movements, the banks of the Po, which, in conſequence of the augmented torrents from the neighbouring hills, was ſwelled beyond its ordinary bounds; and the policy of the conſuls, or the fears of the ferrymen, ſhocked by the mercileſs and bloody character the fugitives deſervedly acquired, had left the river, without one veſſel, bark or boat, to facilitate the paſſage of an army. Arreſted by this obſtacle, and probably rendered preſumptive by an uninterrupted ſeries of good fortuue, Spartacus quitted the Po, retraced his former line of march, and reſolved to give battle to whatever force the republic might raiſe to oppoſe him: to ſtorm and deſtroy by fire and ſword, the proud miſtreſs of the world, to revenge on her the injuries of mankind, and to transfer the ſeat of empire to ſome happier ſpot, not contaminated by vice, luxury, and oppreſſion, was the reſolution of a Thracian peaſant.

He ſoon met Arrius, who had haſtily collected the ſcattered remains of the legions; and a plain between Urbinum and Ancona, was the ſcene of a battle, in which the Romans ignominiouſly fled from their ſtandard. This news, with all its exaggerations, reached the capital; the gates were ſhut, the ſenate aſſembled, and crouds of men, women, and children, filled the forum with tumultuous cries. In the public diſtreſs, Craſ-

ſus

ſus was prevailed on to accept the Prætorſhip and the command of an army, which was inſtantly levied, without exception of age, rank, wealth, or late ſervices: the ſoldiers, who had behaved ſo cowardly in ſeveral paſt actions, were puniſhed by decimation, and the ſevereſt military diſcipline eſtabliſhed. To protect Rome from inſult, and to make himſelf maſter of the ſtrong holds, lately poſſeſſed by Spartacus, on the Appenines, was the firſt care of Craſſus, who exhibited on this occaſion, a mind fertile in every reſource, as a magiſtrate, and a general, to whom his country looked up for deliverance from impending ruin.

The viſion of ſacking and plundering Rome vaniſhed; and Spartacus, after vainly regreting that he had abandoned his moderate and prudent deſign of marching towards the Alps, found himſelf obliged, by the ſuperior generalſhip of Craſſus, to lead his troops, by long and laborious marches, to that part of the Italian promontory which faces Sicily.—— This iſland was at the ſame time ſuffering every evil that avarice and oppreſſion could inflict, under the rapacious government of Verres, whoſe enormities have been conſigned to everlaſting infamy, by the elegant invective of Cicero: the Quæſtor was alſo ſuſpected of a private correſpondence with Spartacus, and is ſaid to have agreed with certain pirates, who infeſted the Ionian ſea, to tranſport his army; but they inſiſted upon receiving from the gladiator, the ſtipulated price, before they collected their veſſels, and then, by the advice of Verres, baſely departed, without fulfilling their agreement, as the oppreſſor of the Sicilians recollected, that the preſence of Spartacus would be only dividing that plunder, which he wiſhed to poſſeſs undiminiſhed: he, at the ſame time, inſiſted on ſharing the money received by the pirates, who had long purchaſed impunity for rapine and outrage, by dividing with this infamous magiſtrate the ſpoils of an unhappy province. Thus fruſtrated in his hopes by that perfidy, which the wicked cannot complain of from each other, Spartacus turned his face towards Brunduſium, in hopes of procuring by accident or reſolution ſome method of embarkation from that port; but Craſſus preſſed cloſely upon him, and, to add to his embarraſſments, he had to contend, in his own army, with famine, and ſedition, as the ſoldiers fluſhed, by ſome trifling advantage, over a detachment, commanded by one of the Roman lieutenants, exclaimed, with loud voices and angry geſtures, that they would march to the capital. By their tumultuous conduct, and the military evolutions of his adverſary, the Thracian was forced to battle in a diſadvantageous ſpot: his engaging without further delay, was a circumſtance which the conſul ardently wiſhed, as Pompey had been recalled with his army from Spain by the ſenate, and was haſtening to ſnatch the victory from his reluctant hands.

The fugitives poſſeſſed no other alternative, but a victory, which would exterminate the conſul's army, honourable death, or the yielding

yielding themſelves ignominiouſly to an exaſperated enemy, who would exhauſt every invention of torture and refined cruelty in retaliating their injuries. After a ſhort but ſpirited harangue from their commander, calculated to raiſe hope, and diminiſh fear, the charge was ſounded, and the exclamation of "death or victory!" from ten thouſand voices echoed o'er the field. The conflict was ſharp and bloody; but Spartacus, whoſe genius gave life and ſpirit to his whole army, was ſlain early in the engagement, having expoſed himſelf to unneceſſary danger, by ſeeking Craſſus in the heat of battle; to meaſure ſwords with a brave and illuſtrious Roman conſul, to ſignalize his victory, or immortalize his death by a perſonal encounter with Craſſus, was the fond hope of his heart: after killing ſeveral officers of rank, whom he miſtook for the conſul, and lamenting, almoſt in the words of Shakeſpeare, that he believed there was many a Craſſus in the field, he fell, overpowered by numbers, having miſſed the object of his purſuit, and exhibited wonderful proofs of matchleſs, but ineffectual perſonal proweſs: he is ſaid to have been actually and literally cut to pieces, as the moſt induſtrious ſearch after the battle could not identify his body: his death was not unrevenged, as the gladiators ſtood their ground to the laſt, not one of the number, who eſcaped from Capua, ſurviving the defeat, but were found extended on the very ſpot of ground they originally occupied. The victory of Craſſus was complete and deciſive, though he loſt twelve hundred of his beſt troops in the field, beſides a much greater number wounded and miſſing. Six thouſand priſoners fell into his hands, whom he hung on trees by the way ſide, as he marched from Capua to Rome.

During the courſe of this bloody and diſgraceful conteſt, more than eighty thouſand men periſhed by the ſword; the vaſt acquiſition of power and credit which this victory gave to Craſſus, ſowed the ſeeds of ambition, which were afterwards productive of a lamentable train of evils to his country, his competitors, and himſelf; the beſt blood and ſtrength of the republic, were drained by civil war and domeſtic faction; the road was paved for introducing military deſpotiſm, and the ſervile wars may be ſaid firſt to have produced the decline, and, in their remote conſequences, the fall of the Roman Empire.

With ſuch evils entailed on ſlavery, under every form, and preſented to us at different ages, I can believe no one to be a ſincere defender of the traffic in human fleſh, but from motives of intereſt; and ſuch I would almoſt excuſe, for in the preſent ſtate of public ſpirit aud private virtue, I cannot, I muſt not expect a man to abandon his eſtate, or yield his livelihood in the cauſe of humanity. From wretches, procured by violence or fraud, and ſcantily provided with the comforts, or even the neceſſaries of life, whoſe moſt ſtrenuous exertions are never productive of any perſonal advantage to themſelves; from ſuch miſerable outcaſts of ſociety, can we imagine any toil or any effort beyond

yond the impulſe of the whip? Indeed, the circumſtances of ſlavery, in its moſt meliorated form, and abated rigors, preſent a ſpectacle ſo ſhocking to a generous mind, that, were I a ſlave, confined as a gladiator, or broiling in a plantation, I ſhould conſider no means unlawful in attempting to procure my liberty, however deſtructive they might prove to the life or property of my tyrants.

SQUIRES, MARY, an itinerant pedlar, gypſey, and ſmuggler, who, under theſe vague denominations, might have lived unnoticed, and died without remembrance, had not a proſecution commenced, either in miſtake or ill deſign, ſuddenly fixed the public eye upon her; and as prejudice or party operated, alternately rendered her a general object of deteſtation, pity, or contempt. But perſiſting, with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations, that ſhe was in a diſtant part of the kingdom on the very day ſhe was accuſed of having committed the offence, and naming a variety of perſons who could prove it, the compaſſion of a chief magiſtrate was excited, by whoſe example ſeveral well meaning individuals were induced to join with him in examining a moſt perplexed and intricate buſineſs; and ſhe was ultimately recommended as an object of mercy to the crown.

It appeared, by the declaration upon oath of Elizabeth Canning, a young woman about nineteen years of age, that having procured leave from the perſon with whom ſhe lived as a ſervant, to paſs a day with her uncle at Saltpetre-bank, ſhe remained with him from about eleven in the morning till nine at night, and that on her return home, two luſty men in great coats met her near Bethlem-wall, Moorfields, violently aſſaulted, robbed her of a gown, apron, hat, and half-a-guinea in money, tied her hands behind her, and on her ſtruggling, gave her a violent blow on the temple, accompanied with oaths and execrations: that they then laid hands on her, one on each ſide, and dragged her with violence and abuſe for ſome hours, part of which time, from fits, ſhe was not ſenſible, till they arrived at a houſe of ill-fame, kept by one Suſannah Wells, which ſhe afterwards found was ſituated near Enfield-Waſh: that on being forced by the two ruffians into the houſe, ſhe was accoſted by Mary Squires, who aſked her, "If ſhe would go their way? "and if ſhe would, that ſhe ſhould "have fine cloaths:" words of which at the time ſhe did not underſtand the import, though ſhe replied, "No;" but ſhe ſince conceives, that it was nothing leſs than a wiſh for her to ſubmit to the odious life of a proſtitute.

On her anſwering, "No," Mary Squires, with a long knife, ripped up the lace of her ſtays, which ſhe took from her, and after ſeveral intimidating threats, puſhed her into a back room, or hayloft, where ſhe was confined for twenty-ſeven days, with no other ſuſtenance than a ſlender pittance of bread, ſome water in a broken pitcher, and a ſmall minc'd pye, which ſhe accidentally had in her pocket. During all this time, ſhe declared that no one creature viſited her, and the bread and water being

being exhauſted, ſhe at laſt muſtered up ſufficient reſolution to break down a board which was nailed on the inſide of a window, out of which ſhe crept on a ſort of penthouſe, and then jumped on the ground, which, from her deſcription, was about nine or ten feet from the window; on being aſked if the jump did not hurt her, ſhe ſaid, "No, becauſe the ground "was a ſoft clay."

Having thus made her eſcape, ſhe walked homewards as faſt as her weak condition permitted. It may naturally be expected, after ſo long and unaccountable an abſence, that her mother was alarmed, as well by the ſqualid and diſeaſed appearance of her daughter, as by her diſtreſſing account of the injurious treatment ſhe had experienced.

A circumſtance of this kind naturally excited the ſympathy and reſentment of the public, ever compaſſionately attentive to female injuries, a ſubſcription was ſet on foot in favor of the young woman; Squires and Wells were taken into cuſtody, under the moſt violent impreſſions of popular prejudice and indignation, tried at the Old Bailey, and ſentence of death paſſed on the former.

But Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, at that time lord mayor of London, perceiving much contradiction in the evidence, and conſidering the deſcription given by Canning of the room which ſhe ſaid was the place of her confinement, to be very different from the actual ſtate and dimenſions of the hay-loft in Wells's houſe, and ſtartled by a principal witneſs in Canning's favor, Virtue Hall, having wholly retracted her evidence, though ſhe had poſitively ſworn to the ſeeing Canning at Enfield Waſh, and to a good part of the converſation ſaid to have paſſed between that young woman and Squires, particularly to the buſineſs of ripping off the ſtays; induced by theſe motives, this worthy, but at that time unpopular magiſtrate, preſented a memorial to the king, mentioning the very preſumptive circumſtances in favour of the old woman's innocence. In conſequence of this proceeding, Mary Squires was reſpited for ſix weeks; the conſideration of the matter was referred to the attorney and ſolicitor general, who reported, that the weight of evidence was in the convict's favour, and ſhe ultimately received a free pardon. If Squires was not guilty, it was impoſſible for Canning to be innocent; her conduct, conſidering her years, muſt in that caſe have been cruel and atrocious, combining at once the crimes of perjury and intended murder,—murder, too, of the moſt cruel, baſe, cool, and premeditated kind, to ſupport a groundleſs proſecution for felony, under the colour of juſtice to take away the life of an innocent perſon, and to raiſe contributions on the public by a fabricated narrative. For theſe, and other reaſons, it was judged proper to apprehend Elizabeth Canning, on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury, for which crime ſhe was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, near twelve months after the trial of Mary Squires; upwards of five days were occupied in examining a variety of witneſſes, with a patience and laborious ſearch for truth, equally

honourable to the judges on the bench, the counſellors, and the jurymen.

It was obſerved, in Canning's defence, that, her not flying from juſtice, during the long interval which elapſed between the trials, was a ſtrong preſumption of her innocence, ſince neither herſelf or friends were bound by any recognizance. To this it was anſwered, that, one who had been able, for ſo long a time, by an artful ſtory to prejudice ſo many in her favor, and to receive ſuch ample countenance, and pecuniary ſupport, had every proſpect of evading juſtice, by *well-dreſſed* evidence, and the ſtrong force of popular opinion; in which caſe, her triumph over truth would have been compleat, her reputation, as a *ſpecies of martyr*, had been eſtabliſhed, and her reward, in all human probability, would have been ſplendid.

The previous and accurate deſcription of a broken pitcher which was diſcovered in the room, and the hay-loft, which in ſome particulars tallied with her account, though in many circumſtances it failed, as ſhe did not mention a jack-line and pulley, a broken caſement over the chimney, and a cheſt of drawers, all of which were proved, by an accumulation of duſt and cobwebs, to have been *very* long reſidents;—yet the pitcher, and the deſcription of the room and its contents, though not correct, prove ſome previous acquaintance with it, and perhaps a reference to the evidence of one of Canning's witneſſes (Robert Scarratt) may help to ſolve the myſtery.

Incited by curioſity, and, according to his own account, unſolicited, he had (though a perfect ſtranger) called at her mother's houſe, ſoon after her return, and, in the courſe of his evidence, acknowledged he had often, on former occaſions, been at the houſe of Suſannah Wells, near Enfield Waſh. If we can ſuppoſe for a moment, an iniquitous communication to have taken place between Elizabeth Canning and Robert Scarratt, whoſe evidence was by no means ſatisfactory, this difficulty vaniſhes.

It was alſo ſubmitted to the court, that, even if Squires could prove, by poſitive and circumſtantial evidence, that ſhe was in a diſtant part of the kingdom at the time laid in the indictment, it did not follow that Canning had *maliciously perjured* herſelf, it being as poſſible for a perſon to be deceived by a ſimilitude of deformity, as well as of beauty; though the old gypſey, when the conſtable went with the warrant to apprehend her, ſaid to Canning, on being charged with robbing her of her ſtays, "do you ſay I robbed you? pray, madam, look at this face, if you have once ſeen it, it *muſt* be remembered, for I think God Almighty never made ſuch another." When this part of the evidence was related, the eyes of every one preſent were naturally fixed on Squires, whoſe countenance, indeed, exhibited an aſſemblage of features uncommon, and diabolically hideous.

The ſufferings of Canning, and the evident reduced ſtate of her health, ſo much ſo as to be thought at firſt irrecoverable, were mentioned as convincing proofs of the truth of her allegations.

"The

"The man that hangs, or beats
out's brains,
"The Devil's in him if he feigns;"

was quoted on this occaſion; and it was aſked, if any perſon in their ſenſes would bring themſelves to the brink of death, to procure friends and contributions? Would the girl kill herſelf for the ſake of a ſubſcription? The counſel in behalf of Canning, alſo ſtrongly dwelt on the danger of allowing convictions for wilful and corrupt perjury, on the ſcore of mere improbability of facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths; he inſiſted, that ſuch proceedings tended to overturn the common and eſtabliſhed forms of juſtice, and would at laſt intimidate individuals from being zealous to bring guilty perſons to puniſhment, leaſt they themſelves may be hereafter proſecuted.

[*This doctrine was acknowledged by the court to be well worthy of attention, though, in the preſent inſtance, from the recantation of a principal witneſs, and for other important reaſons, it was thought adviſable to depart from a good general rule.*]

Things ſeemingly impoſſible for human power to have performed, have been proved true, though no credit was allowed to them when firſt aſſerted: and declarations have been proved falſe, which had every appearance of credit and authenticity, and which at the time were thought the moſt unlikely to be atteſted if not really true.

An improbable and unparalleled ride from London to York, in one day, on the ſame horſe, prevented the conviction of a priſoner for a highway robbery, though he confeſſed himſelf guilty of it, immediately after his acquittal. Aſteward, in the Gainſborough family, ſuddenly diſappeared, with a conſiderable ſum of money in his charge, which was ſuppoſed to have been taken from him. The gentlemen of that country were alarmed, and, after a certain time, his ſon, impelled, as he ſaid, by remorſe, accuſed himſelf, his mother, and ſiſter, of having robbed and murdered his father: he added, that they had thrown the body into a certain pit in the neighbourhood, which was ſearched, but no body could be found; yet, as the ſon perſiſted in his accuſation, they were all three indicted, tried, and hanged. The father (and I ſhudder when I relate the circumſtance) this unhappy father a few months afterwards returned, giving a particular and ſatisfactory account of his abſence, equally ſhocked and perplexed by a ſanguinary, but unaccountable depravity, which had thus exterminated his family.

The contradictory accounts of Canning, were explained by her friends as amounting to no more than this, that a general fact, compounded of a variety of things done and ſaid at various places, when related on particular occaſions, and at different times, had not always been told minutely and exactly the ſame way; a defect to which every long and complicated ſtory muſt, in ſome degree, be liable. Beſides, they ſaid, that an allowance ought to be made for the aggravated feelings and expreſſions of a parent, who believed her daughter to have been actually treated in the manner deſcribed; and ſomething ſhould be granted to the harraſſed condition and trepidation of an injured female,

male, under the impreſſions of fear, famine, an emaciated body, and an agitated mind.

Several witneſſes proved their having ſeen Mary Squires, on or about the 16th, the 17th, and 23d of December, at Enfield Waſh.—She was obſerved, according to the evidence of one man, telling a perſon's fortune. Another ſwore to her applying to him for leave to ſleep in his barn; and a third, to her enquiring of him about a horſe ſhe had loſt. A phyſician and an apothecary proved the languid and reduced ſtate of Elizabeth Canning, on her return to her mother's, and that ſhe appeared like one who had ſuffered extreme hunger, thirſt, and cold; but they acknowledged, that a perſon might be as ſhe was, from other cauſes.

Robert Beals, an attendant at the Stamford-Hill turnpike, ſwore, that about the *fore-end* of January, but he could not ſpeak poſitively to the day, he ſaw a girl, in company with two men, paſs the gate, ſobbing and crying, that they joſtled her along, and uſed abuſive language. He deſcribed her, as having on a light-coloured gown and apron, and that it was about eleven o'clock at night. On this evidence it was obſerved, that Canning could not be the woman who paſſed the turnpike, for ſhe had ſworn, that her *gown and apron* were taken from her in Moorfields;—add to this, that turnpike gate is four miles from Moorfields, and ſeven from Wells's houſe, and ſhe ſwore, that ſhe was brought to Wells's about four in the morning.

Thomas Bennett ſaw a miſerable poor wretch, in a ragged dirty condition, on the 29th of January, near Enfield Waſh, on her way to London, and depoſed, that ſhe aſked him the road. Two other witneſſes ſwore to the meeting a girl, whom they *verily believe* to have been Elizabeth Canning, on the road between Enfield Waſh and London, but deſcribed her as looking pale, though her hands and face were ſaid by herſelf and others to be black and blue.

On the part of Mary Squires, upwards of forty perſons were called to prove, that ſhe was more than a hundred and thirty miles from Enfield Waſh, in company with her ſon George, and her daughter Lucy, at the time ſhe was accuſed of having committed the robbery.

On the 29th of December, according to the evidence of Mrs. Hopkins, the landlady of a public-houſe at South Perrott, in Dorſetſhire, they all three lodged with her; on the 30th, they called at Winyard's-Gap, an ale-houſe, about a mile further, to take refreſhment:——at this laſt place, the frightful countenance of Squires, ſo remarkably attracted the notice of the evidence, that ſhe compared her to a picture ſhe had of mother Shipton. Her appearance on the ſame day, at Lytton, a village nine miles farther on the road, was alſo proved by ſeveral witneſſes;—by James Hawkins, at whoſe houſe they ſlept two nights; by her ſon's being ſhaved there by Francis Gladman; and by their dining on a couple of boiled fowls, which, on Mr. Moreton's obſerving, that it was a remarkable dinner for gypſies, George anſwered, that fowls, at ſixpence a piece, were cheaper than butcher's meat, and that he bought them of Dance Turner.

At

At Abbotſbury, a ſmall pariſh, three miles from Lytton, they remained till Tueſday, the 9th of January, were recognized by many perſons, and had a dance at the houſe of John Gibbons, the ſign of the ſhip, at Abbotſbury, where William Clarke, a ſhoemaker, and the ſweetheart of Lucy, the daughter of Mary Squires, was her partner, and Melchiſedech Arnold, a blackſmith, played the fiddle.

John Ford, a carpenter, of Abbotſbury, ſaw them alſo on the 1ſt of January, ſhook hands with the old woman, kiſſed her daughter, and drank a pint of beer with George: from Abbotſbury they were regularly traced through Porterſham and Ridgeway (where they left a piece of nankin, as a pledge for the reckoning) to Dorcheſter, at which laſt place, in conſequence of the exceſſive rains, the Fordington water was ſo very high, that the old woman and George were obliged to wade through it; but Lucy was fortunate enough to get a miller's boy to carry her behind him on horſeback.

By a chain of credible and circumſtantial evidence, they were proved to have paſſed through Chettle, Martin, Coombe, and Baſingſtoke, where Lucy, not being able to write, begged the landlady to ſend Clarke a few lines, according to promiſe.—The letter, with the poſt-mark, was alſo produced in court. From Baſingſtoke they went to Bagſhot, Brentford, Page-Green, Tottenham, and, on the 24th of January, they took lodgings at Mrs. Wells's, in Enfield Waſh.

On the 1ſt of February, they were all apprehended, and it was remarked, that Canning, immediately on coming into the room, exclaimed, pointing to Mary Squires, "that is the woman who robbed "me of my ſtays," when it was impoſſible for her to have ſeen the old woman's face, from the particular poſition in which ſhe ſat.—She had deſcribed the place of her confinement as *ſquare*, *dark*, and *little*, but on ſurveying the room, it meaſured 35 feet 3 inches, by 9 feet 8; and it was far from dark, as well from the two windows, as from the light admitted between the pantiles: ſhe had alſo at firſt ſaid, that ſhe dropped down from the window by a penthouſe, when, on inſpection, there was not a penthouſe on the premiſes.

A poor labouring man, named Fortune Natus, proved, that he and his wife ſlept in the room Canning ſwore ſhe was confined in, during that whole month, and for five or ſix weeks before. This part of the evidence was alſo ſtrongly corroborated by Ezra Whiffin, a neighbour of Suſannah Wells, who, being in want of part of the iron-work of a ſign-board, and hearing that ſhe had an old one to diſpoſe of, called to ſee it, and accompanied Wells into the very room in queſtion, to ſeek for it: they at laſt found it under ſome hay, which made part of the bed on which the wife of Natus was actually lying, at the very time Whiffin called, the 18th of January.

John Larney, Edward Allen, and Giles Knight, labourers, had been ordered to lop ſeveral trees that grew near the window of the workſhop or hay-loft in queſtion, and they ſwore, that this buſineſs was performed on the 8th of January,

nuary, and that while they were employed in it, two women, Virtue Hall, and Sarah Howitt, appeared at the window, and converſed with them for ſome time; had Canning then been in the room, ſhe muſt have been ſeen, or at leaſt might have called for help to the men. She had alſo ſworn, that no perſon, of any deſcription, entered the garret, or loft, during her confinement. It was alſo remarked, that a night-gown and handkerchief, which ſhe ſaid ſhe took to cover herſelf with out of the room at Wells's, ſhe claimed as her mother's before the lord mayor, and wiſhed to take them, as well as the pitcher, into her poſſeſſion: to the information before Mr. Fielding ſhe ſet her mark, as if unable to write her name, but afterwards wrote a fair legible hand.

After an examination of more than a hundred and twenty witneſſes, in this cauſe of general expectation, the jury retired for fifteen minutes, and brought in a verdict—Guilty of perjury, but not wilful and corrupt; which the Recorder told them he could not receive, as they muſt either find her guilty of the whole indictment, or elſe acquit her; they then, after half an hour's conſultation, brought in a verdict, guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. Some altercation took place, in conſequence of a difference of opinion between two of the jurymen, for which reaſon Canning's friends moved for a new trial, which was refuſed; and, in May 1754, being called up to receive ſentence, ſhe, in a low voice, addreſſed the court in the following manner:

"I hope your lordſhips will be "favourable to me, for I had no "intent of ſwearing the gypſey's "life away; I beg to be conſidered "as an unfortunate woman, and "that what has been done was only "in defence of myſelf."

The recorder (Mr. Moreton) then addreſſed her in the following words:

"Elizabeth Canning,

"You ſtand convicted, on the "cleareſt proof, of wilful and cor-"rupt perjury, a crime attended "with the moſt fatal and dange-"rous conſequences to the com-"munity, though as yet it is not "puniſhed with death. Your trial "has taken up a great deal of time, "and the ſeveral witneſſes have "undergone the ſtricteſt examina-"tion: I think I may venture to "affirm, that there is not one un-"prejudiced perſon, of the great "numbers who have attended it, "but muſt be convinced of the "juſtice and impartiality of the "verdict. I look back with hor-"ror on the evidence you gave at "the trial of Mary Squires, whom "you knew to be deſtitute and "friendleſs, and therefore you "fixed upon her as a proper ob-"ject to make a ſacrifice of, at the "expence of a falſe oath: this "you preferred to the making a "plain diſcovery to thoſe who had "a right to know where you "really were thoſe twenty-eight "days of your pretended confine-"ment in the houſe of Suſannah "Wells; and in this you were "encouraged to perſiſt, as well by "that miſapplied charity which "was bountifully given you, in "compaſſion to your ſuppoſed "ſufferings, as, by the advice of "your miſtaken friends, whom

"you

" you had deluded and deceived " into a belief of the truth of what " you had falſely ſworn. This " audacious attempt, and that " calm deliberate aſſurance with " which you formed a ſcheme to " take away the life of one, though " the moſt abject of the human " ſpecies, together with your " youth, and the character you then " had, as well asyour ſeeming inex- " perience, impoſed upon many, " and gained you a credit, which " muſt have exceeded your higheſt " expectations; thus encouraged, " you not only wickedly perſevered, " but even triumphed over thoſe " who would not ſuffer their judg- " ments to be miſled by ſo groſs " an impoſition. But when at laſt " people had a little recovered their " ſurpriſe, and this almoſt miracu- " lous tale of yours came to be " temperately canvaſſed and tried, " by comparing your own original " information with the evidence " you had given at the trial, which " was found to vary in ſo many " material circumſtances, a neceſ- " ſary enquiry was ſet on foot " by a worthy magiſtrate who pre- " ſided in this court, which ſaved " the life of Squires, and ulti- " mately gave riſe to this proſecu- " tion, which muſt expoſe the " guilty, and convince the doubt- " ful: this iniquitous conduct of " yours will, I hope, induce man- " kind not to ſuffer their credu- " lity to get the better of their " reaſon. It is not my wiſh to " aggravate your guilt, or increaſe " that affliction which *I hope* you " feel; but as I attended both the " trials, it may be expected that I " ſhould declare my opinion: I " therefore, in the moſt ſolemn " manner, affirm, that I always " thought your evidence falſe, and " your witneſſes moſt groſly miſ- " taken. The policy of foreign " countries puniſhes this offence " with death; but it is your hap- " pineſs to have been born in a " country, whoſe code of laws are " neither ſevere or ſanguinary, and " the ſentence I now pronounce " is in no degree adequate to the " nature of your offence. You " ſhall be impriſoned in the jail of " Newgate for one month; you " ſhall then be tranſported to Ame- " rica, for the term of ſeven years; " and if within that period you " return, and are found in any of " his majeſty's dominions of Great " Britain or Ireland, you ſhall " ſuffer death."

Notwithſtanding this deciſion, a number of people ſtill inſiſted on the innocence of Canning; the newſpapers and periodic publications teemed with arguments, pro and con on the ſubject; and the ingenious Henry Fielding exerciſed his pen in a pamphlet on her behalf: ſhe was however, in Auguſt 1754, tranſported to New England, where ſhe is ſaid to have made an advantageous marriage. A little before her departure, ſhe publiſhed a declaration, which concludes in theſe words: " I de- " clare, in the moſt ſerious man- " ner, that I am fully perſuaded, " and well aſſured, that Mary " Squires was the perſon who rob- " bed me; and that the houſe of " Suſannah Wells was the place in " which I was confined twenty- " eight days."

This article ought not to be concluded without paying a tribute of praiſe to the humane zeal of Sir

Criſp

Criſp Gaſcoyne, and the acute inveſtigation, and diſcriminating preciſion of Mr. Moreton, and ſerjeant Davy.

SULLIVAN, ——, an unfortunate Iriſhman, remarkable for violent paſſions, which hurried him into a bold, but unwarrantable and fatal enterpriſe. He did not, like his American nameſake, help to convert ſucceſsful rebellion againſt arbitrary power, into a glorious revolution, but yielded himſelf an implicit victim to love, that irreſiſtible ſovereign, which kings themſelves muſt obey. Having formed an attachment to an amiable young woman, of poliſhed and engaging manners, he was admitted as her lover; but, from ſome trifling diſagreement, his viſits had, for a ſhort time, been forbidden. Stung with keen deſire, and wearied by tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's houſe at the dead of night, ſeized her in his arms, and in ſpite of outcries, tears, and reſiſtance, conveyed her to a place he had prepared for her reception, in a lonely ſequeſtered part of the county of Limerick. After ſecuring the avenues of his retreat, which was an ancient caſtle, he conſidered himſelf as ſafe from the danger of immediate purſuit; and conducting the trembling fair one into a retired chamber, addreſſed her in the following words:

"You have tortured me ſo long "on the tenterhooks of ſuſpence, "that it is impoſſible I ſhould flatter myſelf with enjoying the leaſt "ſhare of your affections:—but "it is now too late to ſtruggle "againſt an infatuation which has "wound itſelf round the fibres of "my heart; it ſhall not," (continued Sullivan, his eyes flaſhing at once with vengeance and unruly paſſion) "it ſhall not remain for "an inſulting rival, to riot on "thoſe beauties, which, to con-"template, has been, for many a "day, the only ſolace of my life."

Deaf to her moſt earneſt intreaties, inattentive to remonſtances and tears, he graſped her in his arms, with the rude energy of fierce deſire, and was as happy as the ſtruggles of reluctant beauty, and raptures, not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws, alarmed the country; and a detachment of ſoldiers, headed by the ſheriff, in a few days reſcued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to priſon. He was tried and convicted; but, before ſentence of death was paſſed, the court permitted him to put the following queſtion:

"Madam! matters have been "carried againſt me with a high "hand, and they are now come to "an extremity which it is only in "your power to palliate; if you "will marry me, the court will "perhaps conſider my caſe in ano-"ther light, and ſave my life?"

"If I loved you" (inſtantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect, with juſt pride and reſentment) "if I lov'd you to "diſtraction, I would not ſtir a "ſtep to ſave your life; though "the puniſhment you are about "to undergo will not reſtore "my blaſted honour, it may here-"after protect innocence from "violence and villainy."

This impetuous and miſguided pupil of impulſe, ſoon after ſuffered an ignominious death.

It

It is not to defend his conduct that I have inſerted this article,—a more important object, and I truſt, one of more moral tendency was in view.

"Let thoſe whom nature gave
"Form to enchant, and beauty to enſlave"

—let lovely, bewitching women, be cautious how they receive or encourage the addreſſes of young men, leaſt the natural effuſions of chearfulneſs and good temper, ſhould be miſtaken for partiality and approbation. It becomes every woman to examine her own heart, and the merits of the candidate for her regard, *early*, and with ſcrupulous accuracy—— if he is ſo unfortunate as to prove neither intereſting or agreeable, every good, and every ſenſible female, will at once candidly ſay ſo, and ſpeak her mind with delicacy and firmneſs; nor for the ſake of a dangler at Ranelagh, and a partner at a ball, ruin a man's happineſs for ever.

The betrayer of virgin innocence, falls deſervedly by the ſword of an unhappy father, or an incenſed brother, the raviſher is led to a diſgraceful death, and no one will complain; but is the infamous coquette to go unpuniſhed, who ſmiles but to deceive, and wins only to betray?—if there be a hotter place in hell, ſurely it muſt be reſerved for ſuch unfeeling monſters! ſhould this reflection arreſt one woman in her unprincipled career, or ſave one lover from experiencing that delayed hope, which makes the heart ſick, and leads to the bottomleſs abyſs of deſpair and death; Sullivan will not have ſuffered, nor will Hackman have died in vain.

SUTHERLAND, JAMES, judge of the admiralty court at Minorca, from which he was diſmiſſed in an arbitrary manner, by general Murray, the governor, who afterwards ſurrendered that iſland. It is agreed, that Mr. Sutherland received ample pecuniary ſatisfaction from an Engliſh jury; but it was not money that could reſtore tranquility to a mind, endued with the higheſt and moſt delicate ſenſe of honor.

This diſmiſſion, of which his royal maſter never gave any public mark of diſapprobation, inflicted a deep wound, which never was healed; he conſidered himſelf as ſacrificed to heat of temper and miſrepreſentation, and the ſame law which procured him redreſs, having helped to diminiſh his reſources, the afflicting humiliation of poverty, was added to the anguiſh of a wounded ſpirit. After repeated appeals and petitions to the king and his miniſters, which were either neglected or not received, finding it no longer in his power to ſtruggle with the evils of his ſituation, unable to dig, and aſhamed to beg, he deliberately reſolved to put an end to his exiſtence in the preſence of that maſter, who had been ſo ſtrongly prejudiced againſt him; a purpoſe, which he executed as the king, in his carriage, was deſcending Conſtitution Hill in the Green Park, on his way to the levee, Auguſt 17, 1791; when this unhappy man, advanced towards

towards him, and falling on one knee, lodged the contents of a piſtol in his heart.

This is not the firſt inſtance, in which the ſmiles or frowns of a king, remarkable for correct conduct, and mildneſs of manners, have been followed by deſpair, ſelf-accuſation, or ſuicide.

Early in the preſent reign, Mr. Yorke, a younger branch of the Hardwicke family, had been prevailed on by the aſſiduous, and immediate perſonal application of the king, to accept the ſeals, contrary to the moſt expreſs and ſacred promiſes he had made to men, with whom he was cloſely united by blood, as well as principle. On this trying occaſion, our young politician (who appears to have been by no means deficient either in intellectual endowment, or perſonal character) is ſaid to have been expoſed for hours to the moſt preſſing intreaties of his ſovereign, which he reſiſted with firmneſs, but with decency and reſpect. After a long, and apparently an ineffectual ſtruggle, the royal combatant found that victory was unattainable on the fair even ground of equity and good faith; he therefore dexterouſly ſhifted his attack from the underſtanding, to the paſſions and feelings of his unhappy ſubject: after reproaching him, with a mixture of tenderneſs and anger, for his cruelty and ingratitude towards a friend who loved him, and a king to whom he and his family *muſt* be indebted for every thing they hoped for or enjoyed, he ſuddenly ſunk on his knees, and burſt into tears. Such arguments, and ſuch rhetoric, Mr. Yorke felt himſelf unable either to anſwer or oppoſe; ——in an agonizing conflict of loyalty, integrity, ambition, and intereſt, in a fatal, a faithleſs moment he gave way: every expedient to ſoothe, to heal, to reconcile, to animate and exalt, was induſtriouſly ſelected; he was to be the confidential friend of his maſter, not a miniſterial tool, and an honorable title was to be attached to the ſeals; but on his return from the king's cloſet with a throbbing boſom, he found the door of that brother whom he had deceived, for ever ſhut againſt him: few of my readers will wiſh me to recite the bloody concluſion of this negociation, it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that he exhibited every ſymptom of mental anguiſh, and hopeleſs repentance, but not of deranged intellect; and that the barony of Morden, was, I believe, never regiſtered in the houſe of peers.

The ſecond inſtance was general Carpenter, a military veteran, whoſe long life, devoted to the public ſervices, or the domeſtic offices of his ſovereign, was not ſufficient to protect him from court calumny, and the arrow which flieth in the dark; he withdrew from the ſervile herd, who watch the ſignal to flatter or to hate; he withdrew from that countenance, which, till then, had beheld him with approbation, to the valley and ſhadow of death.

It is not my wiſh, however obvious the inſtances, however eaſy the taſk, it is not my wiſh to crowd the page with examples of injured private worth, and

royal

royal ingratitude; but ſhould this periſhable volume in its rapid deſcent to the land of oblivion, chance to be peruſed by kings, or their deſcendants, in their intervals of repoſe from party cabal or looſe pleaſure, it may anſwer one uſeful purpoſe, by ſerving to remind them, that ſubjects are men of like paſſions and like feelings with themſelves; that the wounds of injury or inſult are doubly envenomed when inflicted by thoſe who are protected by eminence, power, and wealth, from an appeal to the ſword: perſons of that exalted deſcription ſhould recollect, that, by tempting us from the paths of rectitude, with thoſe rewards placed in their diſpoſal, for far other purpoſes, the main-ſpring of moral conduct is eſſentially injured; that one vicious character rewarded, or one good man diſgraced, may influence the conduct of thouſands, whom fear cannot awe, or precepts will not reach: nor ought great men to be diſappointed if, (as was the caſe with David Mallet) after they have been inculcating the baſe leſſons of infidelity, and lax morality towards others, their own vile maxims ſhould afterwards be put in practice againſt themſelves.

The ſeveral inſtances I have mentioned, were conſidered in the light of lunacy, according to the legal judicial opinion, and in compliance with the uſeful, perhaps the amiable prejudices of mankind in favour of unfortunate relatives; yet I cannot perſuade myſelf to think that a reſolution to commit the damnable and unpardonable crime of ſuicide, alone, and not accompanied with other circumſtances, is any greater proof of an abſence of reaſon, than the commiſſion of any ſin of proportionate horror and magnitude:——the parricide, plunging his knife into that boſom from which he firſt drew the ſtreams of life, and the mother, dooming her ill-fated offspring to untimely death, ſeem to ſtand in the ſame predicament with the ſelf-deſtroyer; they all appear, from previous perturbation, and, in ſome inſtances, of lingering death, from ſubſequent repentance, fully aware of the unnatural abominations they have been guilty of, and the certainty of puniſhment ſooner or later overtaking them: paſſion, avarice, a fear of ſhame, a dread of the world, of ridicule, of poverty, diſgrace, contempt, and depreſſion, equally goad them on to that precipice which they all dread, but obſtinately ruſh down. Every deviation from moral rectitude, may, perhaps, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be a ſpecies of temporary madneſs; but if an inordinate purſuit of bad means, towards the attainment of unlawful ends—if ſearching for a deceitful reſource againſt the calamities and diſtreſſes which, at times, have harrowed up the heart-ſtrings of us all, are unerring criterions of inſanity, I cannot but be of opinion, that the intellects of the felon, or highwayman, are equally deranged with thoſe of the devoted ſuicide: and I fear that few of my readers have been able to ſteer ſo cautiouſly, at certain tumultuous period of their lives, but that their conduct and convictions, at times, have been wretchedly at variance.

The ſubject of this article may be produced in ſupport of my theory: educated with a nice ſenſe of honour, and ſtubborn integrity, and

in habits of intimacy with men of high rank, military worth, and political ſagacity, with a female family, initiated (perhaps culpably initiated, for a man whoſe income was only for life, as it is not my intention to defend his conduct) in the modern forms of faſhion and elegant accompliſhment:—thus ſituated, and thus ſurrounded, he was in one moment diſmiſſed;—in one moment every ſource of neceſſary ſupport, as well as refined indulgence was cut off; and whilſt his generous ſpirit was ſtruggling with penury, corporeal malady was added to mental diſtreſs, which, at times, tinctured his conduct, language, and manners, with incoherency, and irregularity, miſtaken, long before the fatal cataſtrophy, by ſome of his reſpectable friends, for ſymptoms of madneſs. After ſurveying the ground on which he ſtood, environed, on every ſide, by precipices, and covered with the thorns of misfortune, while the trifling, the unworthy, and the infamous, were revelling on beds of roſes:—forgetting that the paths of religion, if explored, would open treaſures of comfort to his afflicted ſoul, and that Providence, in its good time, would undoubtedly ſend friendſhip, ſolace, and relief, Sutherland preferred the terrible uncertainties of death, to a life of poverty, pain, and importunity.

I hope not to be ſuſpected of pointing out the conduct he purſued, as worthy of imitation:—with all his ſterling merit, and goodneſs of heart, he was culpable, in the higheſt degree: his tranſgreſſion is, perhaps, the only one againſt which the gates of mercy will be everlaſtingly barred: he is to be ranked, however reluctantly it may be allowed, among thoſe offenders who have deprived children of a father, the world of a friend, and ſociety of a uſeful member; a perpetrator of 'murder moſt vile, foul, and unnatural:'—but after conſidering his treatment, ſituation, and temper, I cannot think his conduct ſurprizing, or that he was mad when he put an end to his life.

TICKLE, RICHARD, author of Anticipation, a performance in which the peculiarities of many members of parliament, of all parties, are humouroufly and ſucceſsfully ridiculed, but without any mixture of aſperity, or rank ill nature. This gentleman, who is a commiſſioner of ſtamps, has alſo been honoured with the ſuſpicion of having written that excellent piece of ſolemn irony, the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, but no acknowledged production of Mr. Tickle's gives probability to ſuch a ſuppoſition.

My reaſon for introducing his name in this work is, to point him out as an example to young men of genius, who rely on their literary talents for procuring notice, patronage, and preferment from the great. With a rare union of ingenuity and prudence, he watched for, and ſeized an opportunity of diſplaying his powers, and preſenting himſelf to the public, without violently offending any particular deſcription of men: after the world had applauded the keenneſs of his weapon, and the ſtrength of his arm, though he had ſcarcely experienced the hazard of battle, or the danger of an enemy, he retired contented and unmoleſted

leſted to domeſtic tranquility and affluence, a lot which the tempers of Pope, Akenſide, and Churchill, unfortunately would not ſuffer them to enjoy without moleſtation; and, in the preſent day, I could mention names, high in the walks of polite literature, criticiſm, hiſtory, and ſcience, but unbleſſed with this invaluable ſpecies of political prudence, who, in the virulence of party rage, having overleaped the bounds of moderation, and wandered into the land of invective, have found themſelves ſurrounded by a thouſand admirers, but not a ſingle friend to diſſipate the gloom of a melancholy hour, or aſſiſt them in a moment of diſtreſs; who, after the applauſe of the multitude has been forgotten, have paiſed the remainder of a life, which promiſed better things, in the ſties of ſenſuality, in hopeleſs inactivity, or the debaſing ſtruggles of pecuniary embarraſſment.

VASSENT, CATHERINE, the daughter of a French peaſant, who, at the age of ſeventeen, and, in the humble capacity of a menial, exhibited a proof of ſpontaneous, benevolent intrepidity, which well entitles her to a place in this collection. A common ſewer of conſiderable depth, having been opened at Noyon, for the purpoſe of repair, four men paſſing by late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent ſo probable an accident. It was almoſt midnight, before their ſituation was known, and, beſides the difficulty of procuring aſſiſtance at that unſeaſonable hour, every one preſent was intimidated, from expoſing himſelf to ſimilar danger, by attempting to reſcue theſe unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a ſtate of ſuffocation, from the mephitic vapour.

Fearleſs or ignorant of danger, and irreſiſtably impelled by the cries of their wives and children who ſurrounded the ſpot, Catherine Vaſſent, a ſervant of the town, inſiſted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening; and, faſtening a cord, with which ſhe had furniſhed herſelf previous to her deſcent, round two of their bodies, aſſiſted by thoſe above, ſhe reſtored them to life and their families; but, in deſcending a ſecond time, her breath began to fail, and, after effectually ſecuring a cord to the body of a third man, ſhe had ſufficient preſence of mind though in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well-formed neck. Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroiſm, had willingly contributed ſuch aſſiſtance as they could afford compatible with ſafety, and, in pulling up what they thought the third man's body, were equally ſurprized and concerned to ſee the almoſt lifeleſs body of Catherine, ſuſpended by her hair, and ſwinging on the ſame cord. Freſh air, with eau de vie, ſoon reſtored this excellent girl; and I know not whether moſt to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the peſtilential cavern, which had almoſt proved fatal to her, or to execrate the daſtardly meanneſs and ſelfiſh cowardice of the by-ſtanders, for not ſharing the glorious danger; from the delay produced

produced by her indiſpoſition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeleſs and irrecoverable corpſe.

In France ſuch conduct was not to paſs unnoticed; a proceſſion of the corporation, and a ſolemn te deum, were celebrated on the occaſion; Catherine received the public thanks of the duke of Orleans, the biſhop of Noyon, the town magiſtrates, and an emblematic medal, with conſiderable pecuniary retribution, and a civic crown: but what is all price above, ſhe felt the congratulations of her own heart, that ineſtimable reward of a benevolent mind.

Ought I to be blamed in declaring, that I ſhould have concluded this ſhort narrative with more pleaſure, if the workmen or ſurveyors, through whoſe neglect this accident happened, had themſelves been thrown into the ſewer. A baker is occaſionally put into a hot oven, when the pernicious adulteration of bread irritates the emperor of the muſſulmen; the ſuſpenſion of a few agents and contractors, it is ſuppoſed would have a ſalutary influence in our army and navy, and half a dozen way wardens, ſurveyors, and poſt boys, careleſs and intoxicated, annually breaking their necks, would probably prevent many fatal accidents and untimely deaths to uſeful members of ſociety.

WALPOLE, ROBERT, created, on his retiring from the houſe of commons, earl of Orford, if not the firſt practiſer of parliamentary corruption, he may be ſaid firſt to have reduced the golden art of managing a ſenate into a ſyſtematic ſcience. "That every man had his price," an opinion not very honourable to human integrity, was his favourite axiom; Mr. Viner, who could dine on roaſted mutton one day, and eat it cold the next, is ſaid to have been the only inſtance this miniſter ever met with in contradiction to his theory. It requires little reaſoning to prove, that he who lives within his income, is, after all, the only independant man; and whilſt we ſell our votes to candidates, and ſuffer them to ſink fortunes in conteſted elections, I ſee no right that conſtituents have to complain of the venality of their members. During the American war, a little proſtituted paltry borough in the weſt of England, ſent up inſtructions to their repreſentative, to which he paid no attention, obſerving, a few days after, at a friend's table, "I "bought them at a fair price, and "do the ſcoundrels think I wont "make my money of them."

Sir Robert Walpole was a rare, if not the firſt inſtance of a commoner being inſtalled a knight of the garter, a diſtinction on which he valued himſelf not a little. He may be called the party touchſtone of hiſtorians and other writers, and has been a butt for the abuſe of the tories, and a ſubject of undue panegyric to the whigs for theſe laſt fifty years.

That in the buſineſs of ſecuring majorities, he did as his predeceſſors and ſucceſſors in office *have* done, and ſtill continue to do, and perhaps *that*, without which the *king's buſineſs* could not be carried on, I am ready to allow. Yet there appears to have hung about Walpole, a very early pecuniary taint;

taint; for in queen Anne's reign, he was expelled the houſe of commons for a breach of truſt, and notorious corruption, when ſecretary at war.

Invective may enlarge, and malignancy exaggerate; but a great national aſſembly would ſcarce have proceeded to accuſe and puniſh an eminent member of their own houſe, merely from party malice. "I have a point of "ſome importance to carry in the "houſe of peers, and beg the fa-"vor of your grace to apply per-"ſonally to your brethren, the "biſhops," ſaid Sir Robert, (a few months before he retired, but when his power was viſibly declining) to his firm friend the archbiſhop of York, who ſhook his head at his propoſal of perſonal application, and made the following reply, "My good friend, there "is but one way to proceed with "them, and you may be aſſured "I will put it in practice; trouble "yourſelf no further about the "matter, and be ſecure of their "votes, as if they had already "given them." The archbiſhop for a few days took to his bed, had his knocker tied up, the pavement before his houſe covered with ſtraw, and, by means of his phyſician, circulated reports of the extremity of his danger. The biſhops caught at the bait, returned to their miniſterial duty, Walpole gained his end, and a few days after they had a hearty laugh over their wine, at the trick they had put on lawn-ſleeves.

This miniſter appears to have been of the opinion of Hobbes, "That war was the greateſt of all "poſſible evils," and Europe was certainly indebted to him and cardinal Fleury for a long interval of peace. That this bleſſing was ſometimes purchaſed at the expence of national honor, and ſometimes of national treaſure, they did not pretend to deny, yet a love of peace may ſometimes lead us to make too great ſacrifices to it.

For in the preſent ſtate of Europe, and indeed of ſociety, "war, "well regulated, ſeems at inter-"vals neceſſary, by calling forth "exertion, and rouſing the human "faculties, it counteracts the "evils of luxury and repoſe, "which are too apt to lead to "timid and indolent habits, to a "ſhameleſs fear of death, to a "dread and impatience of every "trifling danger and inconveni-"ence. Beſides, war is ſo much "more tremendous in fancy than "in fact, that it ought ſometimes "to be ſeen, leaſt through ex-"aggerated deſcriptions, and ir-"rational terrors, we ſubmit to, "and incur greater and more "formidable evils."

An extenſion of the exciſe laws, a mode, (and by thoſe converſant in the buſineſs) ſaid to be the only mode to render taxes productive, was attempted by Sir Robert Walpole, and although in the preſent day it has met with ſo little oppoſition, it ſhook *him* in his ſeat, and he was obliged to relinquiſh, what he always confeſſed was the favorite meaſure of his life; obſerving, that in every other method of raiſing a revenue, the ſmuggler and fraudulent trader, always found a method of evading the impoſt.

He has been charged as the author of an act of parliament for ſub-

ſubmitting dramatic performances to the inſpection of the lord chamberlain, which is, in effect, a reſtriction on the liberty of the preſs: and the crime has been much aggravated, by the mean and unmanly method, in which it is ſaid to have been brought about. An underling was procured to ſcribble a dramatic piece, which was to be a farrago of obſcenity, blaſphemy, political abuſe, and a ridicule of every moral and religious inſtitution. It was then preſented to one of the managers, who previouſly taught his leſſon, carried it to the miniſter, *he*, ſhocked at ſuch a maſs of enormity, carried it down to the houſe, recited ſome of the moſt exceptionable paſſages, and an act for ſubmitting plays to the lord chamberlain's inſpection, paſt almoſt unanimouſly.

If this conduct, particularly the plan of fabricating the piece, could have been inconteſtibly proved on the miniſter, it would merit the ſevereſt cenſure; but like moſt other political manœuvres, and dark crimes, which ſhun the face of day and obſervation, ſo much privacy and dexterity was obſerved, that it cannot poſitively be proved upon him. Yet it had never before happened, that an obnoxious performance was carried to the premier; for it is generally the cuſtom with managers, if they cannot approve, to return the manuſcript to authors, with a civil refuſal. Add to this, that Sir Robert had, for ſome years, ſeverely ſmarted under the dramatic laſh, and the moment for ſilencing this barking Cerberus, was conſidered as too favorable to be accidental.

He had found means of ſoftening Pope, though at one part of his life, he did not think very favorably of him. When the poet came to "know him in his "ſocial hour," he confeſſed "that "he ſmiled without art, and won "without a bribe." That money could ſometimes ſilence our ſatiriſt, he gave a proof, by accepting a thouſand pounds from the ducheſs of Marlborough, to ſuppreſs the character of Atoſſa, though Warburton took care to add it in the poſthumous edition: it would be a deſirable addition to the ſecret hiſtory of Pope, and human vanity, to know if this poſthumous fraud, was committed by Pope's deſire.

Sir Robert Walpole was well acquainted with the irritability and warm temper of his maſter, the good, the excellent old king; by occaſionally giving way to it, he made his advantage, and is ſaid, ſometimes to have ſubmitted to perſonal outrage (manibus pedibuſque) in common with the royal hat.—On going one day to court, he met the proud Duke of Argyle, and ſaw that he was diſcompoſed; on enquiring, he found that the king, in the heat of a moment, had been guilty of ſome trifling indecorum towards the duke, who was not formed of ſtuff to ſubmit to ill-treatment from any one.

"Your grace muſt not mind it," ſaid the Premier, "it has happened "to me a hundred times; nay, I "have, in more than one or two "inſtances, been favoured with a "kick." "Very true," ſaid the duke, "but———remember, you "are

" are not Argyle;" and he walked on ſullenly, to his carriage.

Sir Robert was very apt to take up early prejudices againſt men, as well as meaſures, and was remarked for ſcarce ever altering his opinion.

Mr. Gay had been pointed out to him, as the writer of an abuſive pamphlet; but it was ſoon after diſcovered that another perſon was the author, yet the miniſter continued to treat the poet all his life with coldneſs and neglect: it has been ſaid, there are two reaſons for hating a man, one, becauſe he has ill uſed *us*, the other, becauſe we have ill uſed *him*; the latter appears to have preponderated in this inſtance.

All the benefits which were propoſed to this country by a long and able oppoſition to this miniſter, appear to have been defeated and counteracted, by diſſenſion and party cabal; Sir Robert had his peerage in his pocket, and Mr. Pulteney degenerated into a ſilent vote, on a bench, in the ſame houſe with him. Thus has it always been, we change men, but perſevere in bad meaſures, and a love of office, and not of our country, is too often the principal motive for ſtate altercation.

"———When will they for the
" people take the field?
" Led not by love, but intereſt
" and pride,
" They will not let a king, their
" vaſſals ride,
" That power, they to them-
" ſelves reſerve alone,
" And ſo through thick and
" thin, they ſpur old roan.

WESTLEY, JOHN, though not abſolutely the founder of his ſect, an early, a conſiderable, and zealous methodiſt preacher, who appears to have ſelected with ſagacity, his religious ſyſtem from the Catholic, Geneva, Lutheran, and Moravian churches: by courting perſecution, and inviting contempt, (with him a favorite tenet) he ſucceſsfully worked on a powerful paſſion of the human breaſt, which conciliates us more readily to thoſe, who practiſing or affecting the ſins and infirmities common to our nature, place themſelves on a flattering level, with the herd and bulk of mankind, whoſe pride is wounded, and reſentment excited by a preſumptuous pretenſion to manners more correct, and conduct more perfect than their own.

On this foundation ſtone of ſelf-degradation, he reared a ſtructure of popularity, fanatic deſpotiſm, influence, and charitable contribution, which, falling little ſhort of the ſplendid pinnacles of Dominick and Ignatius, promiſes to far exceed them in ſtability, and duration.

During his infancy, a houſe by ſome accident being in flames, where he was ſleeping, the child, with much difficulty was ſnatched from the bed, and narrowly eſcaped burning: " ex igne ereptus," he happily applied to himſelf; and this brand caught from the fire, afterwards proved a very induſtrious, uſeful, and I believe a very conſcientious man.

It may probably be expected, that I ſhould join the cry, againſt the enthuſiaſm, and rant of methodiſm. But while we have an indolent, and indifferent, if not a vicious clergy, I ſee no medium

for the lower ranks of mankind, to obſerve between a total direliction of religious duties, or their following, what I readily agree, they too often prove—blind guides.

Yet with all its evils, and with ſome abſurdities, methodiſm has been found effectual in purifying the vulgar, and amending the mob, who require, (and why are they not to be indulged) other motives, and inſtruments more powerful than reaſon, and common ſenſe, to alarm, to rouſe and ſtimulate their hopes and fears. A ſcore or two of weak-headed people, hanging or drowning themſelves, and a dozen or two luſty baſtards got by their vigorous paſtors, in an unguarded moment, is ſurely purchaſing at a cheap rate, regularity of manners, peace and order, among our hewers of wood, and drawers of water.

Mr. Weſtley has the merit of diffuſing among a deſperate, and degenerate race of men, in the neighbourhood of Briſtol, a love of decency, and religious knowledge: to ſpread o'er American wilds, order and civilization; to pour on the aſtoniſhed mind of the ſavage cannibal, goſpel truths; to bend untutored ignorance, to faith or acquieſcence, have ſignalized the martyr, and canonized the ſaint; yet I doubt, if equal difficulties and dangers do not preſent themſelves to the reclaimer of the wallowing European, from filthy iniquity and ſurly ignorance, who attempts to coerce and reſtrain inveterate habits, furious paſſions, and minds ſcarcely ſuſceptible of any pleaſures, but groſs and ſenſual gratification. A few months ſince, paſſing a conſiderable thoroughfare ſurrounded by the inns of court I was a ſpectator of the different treatment, preachers of the goſpel experience, in different ſituations:——being ſtopped by a crowd, the voice and zeal of an itinerant holder-forth, excited my attention. I liſtened to his extempore harangue, which was animated, ſenſible, and well delivered. His efforts were fervent, his language clear, and his arguments drawn from heaven, and hell, death, and judgment, were affecting; the multitude was motionleſs, and ſilent, when two beadles made their appearance, ſuddenly laid hands on the preacher, and led him off, (I think illegally) in diſgrace.——A boy from the ſame ſpot might have thrown a ſtone againſt a church, which affords a ſinecure of eight hundred pounds a year to a young Oxonian, who is an excellent ſhot, and rides the beſt gelding in a neighbouring county.

It was the fate of Mr. Weſtley to come under the laſh of Warburton, who, in his Doctrine of Grace, after much of (what Dryden would have called) horſe-play, ſays that the devil acted as midwife, to Weſtley's new-born babes. "In Warburton's work," (ſays the late Mr. Badcock) "there is too much "levity for a biſhop, and too much "illiberal abuſe for a chriſtian."

The following bold apoſtrophe occurs in ſome of Weſtley's productions. "If I leave behind me "ten pounds, above my debts, "and the little arrears of my fel- "lowſhip, let every one bear wit- "neſs againſt me, that I lived and "died a thief and a robber."

It ought to be recorded to the honour of the late biſhop of Exeter, (I believe Dr. Keppel) that in the year 1782, he invited the ſubject of

of this article to a public dinner, and treated him with marked attention and reſpect: this behaviour was conſidered by the beſt people in the county, as an additional proof of his lordſhip's enlightened courteſy, chriſtian charity, and poliſhed manners.

The following ſtanzas, part of a hymn on a dying proſtitute, written by this apoſtle of methodiſm, who died while this article was preparing for the preſs, are I think well worth recording, they once made a ſtrong impreſſion on me, and diffuſed a not unpleaſing melancholy over my mind, on hearing them recited by one, whom I have not often heard without emotion, and ſeldom, without improvement.

Ah lovely appearance of death!
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
A corpſe when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with its beautiful clay,
And wiſhing to lie in its ſtead.
The wanderer's head is at reſt,
It's aching, and throbbings are o'er,
The quiet immoveable breaſt,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the ſeat,
Of ſickneſs, of ſorrow, and pain,
It ceaſes to flutter, and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.
Thoſe lids ſhe ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep.

WILLIAMS, RHYNWICK, an individual of debauched manners, depreſſed circumſtances, and obſcure life, whoſe crimes or misfortunes have procured him a name, by which he will more eaſily be recognized by my readers, —the monſter! a peculiar title of ignominy and diſtinction, which has been univerſally beſtowed upon him, with other epithets of abuſe and deteſtation.

Excited by no one intereſt or gratification, but the helliſh one which ariſes from terrifying and injuring a lovely but defenceleſs part of the creation, Williams is deſcribed, as employing thoſe intervals of time which could be ſpared from an effeminate employment and vulgar ſenſuality, in wandering through the ſtreets, to ſeek unhappy objects for the exerciſe of his unaccountable malignity: after much threatening, and much obſcene language, menacing geſture, and bitter imprecation, with a weapon, and in a manner hitherto neither diſcovered or underſtood, he ſecretly and ſuddenly inflicts deep and dangerous wounds, before they have recovered from the ſurprize, his previous deportment muſt naturally produce

Such has been the ſtrong and animated language of terror and indignation, delivered upon oath in a court of juſtice, and received with implicit faith by the generous ſenſibility of a ſympathizing public: for who, at the recital of ſuch atrocious barbarity, has not felt for a wife, a mother, or a ſiſter, and that breaſt muſt be ſurely callous to humanity as well as juſtice, which has not throbbed with reſent-

ſentment againſt the unnatural maimer of beauty, youth, and innocence.

The vigorous Roman, who, to remedy the ſcanty population of his country, ſnatched the Sabine virgin from her weeping mother, repaired the injury as far as he was able, by honorable wedlock, and the gentle endearments of domeſtic love; in modern times, the headſtrong raviſher, condemned to death by the laws of his country, finds ſome ſalvo for his crime, in the fury of ungovernable paſſion, or the unjuſtifiable duplicity of a vile coquette, who excites, abuſes, and enjoys: but the ſtrange depravity of the ſubject of this article, ſeems to admit neither extenuation or defence; towards *him*, ſeverity in its utmoſt exceſs, is a virtue; at the tribunal of gallantry, doubt and diſtruſt are treaſon, and moderation will almoſt be conſidered as ſharing in his guilt.

But as there are other tribunals before which, this and every other tranſaction will be deliberately examined, without prejudice, and without paſſion, it is our duty to obſerve, that previous to his being apprehended, ſeveral other perſons were poſitively charged, and upon oath, with being guilty of the ſame offence, for which he was afterwards committed to priſon, and puniſhed; a circumſtance, which, together with a ſpecies of alibi, partially, but not ſatisfactorily proved on the trial, authorizes me in venturing to ſuſpect, that Williams might poſſibly not be the guilty perſon. Yet, if after coolly examining the evidence, it ſhould appear ſufficiently correct and exact, to bring home the charge inconteſtibly, and prove him actually the *man*, I ſhall ſtill (for ſome reaſons I mean to produce) be equally unwilling to allow that he was the *monſter*.

Melancholy experience obliges us to confeſs, that human nature, in its loweſt ſtate of depravity and degradation, is capable, when unreſtrained by religion, by fear, or by ſhame, of flagrant enormities, which manhood revolts at, and decency cannot name: yet I believe few inſtances can be produced, in which many great and repeated riſques and dangers have been incurred, for the mere unmixt motive of miſchief only, without ſome foreign alloy of carnal appetite, intereſt, ambition, envy, or revenge.

I can, without difficulty, conceive a hot-headed unprincipled ſcoundrel, working himſelf into a paroxyſm little ſhort of madneſs, from the rage of diſappointed luſt, or the irritating anguiſh of a certain diſeaſe, entailed on illicit love: I can imagine him in a moment of promiſcuous and indiſcriminate cruelty, declaring war againſt the whole female ſex, and binding himſelf by oaths and execrations, to maim, diſfigure, and deſtroy; ſuch inſtances I fear, have occurred, I would conſider them as devils incarnate, as imps of hell in human ſhape, to ſhoot, to hang or drown them with other noxious animals, beaſts of prey, and mad dogs, would be a uſeful and praiſe-worthy ſervice. Williams by no means anſwered either of theſe deſcriptions, for he was the confidential and happy lover

of

of women of a certain deſcription, whoſe favors men of the firſt rank in this country, have vainly and repeatedly endeavored to purchaſe, and his health had no otherwiſe ſuffered, than from the languid characteriſtic debility of a long continued courſe of debauchery, which always impairs the faculties, and exhauſts the frame. But while his fair friends bleſſed him with ſmiles, they did not repleniſh his purſe; his poverty was abject, he was almoſt pennyleſs, and if he really was the monſtrous culprit deſcribed, which I ſtill doubt, I am clearly of opinion, his aim was rather at the pocket than the perſon. To throw ſome light on this aſſertion, it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that cutting open, and ſometimes cutting off the pockets of females, is by no means an uncommon ſpecies of theft, that it poſſeſſes this extraordinary recommendation, when performed with dexterity; the contents of the pocket drop inſtantly on the ſpot, and are taken up by the offender at his leiſure, without alarming the perſon plundered, and with little fear of detection.

If it ſhould be objected, that in every known inſtance, wounds were inflicted, but the pockets remained untouched, and that it was aſſuredly bad policy in a pickpocket, to give a previous alarm by violent language and outrageous behaviour, I ſhall only obſerve, that the trade he had taken up, and the peculiarly myſterious manner in which he carried it on, were probably new to him; that as a noviciate, he exerciſed it unſkilfully, and without ſucceſs: his virulent language and threatening deportment, in the complicated maſs of evidence given in, are placed at a wrong period of the tranſaction, they *followed*, rather than *preceded* the offence, and were made uſe of, when after being accuſed of ill deſign, he had been repeatedly deſired to keep his diſtance, they are to be regarded as the paſſionate ebullitions of diſappointed villainy, affecting the honeſt indignation of ſuſpected innocence.

WOOLCOT, or WALCOT, a country ſurgeon, a Jamaica clergyman, and laſtly, a ſatirical poet, poſſeſſing a rich vein of humor, and a lively imagination. Wit, that dangerous weapon, which few of us poſſeſs without excerciſing it at the expence of our neighbours, rendered his country ſituation uncomfortable, and he was induced, by repeated altercations, at laſt to relinquiſh phyſic, which he had practiſed, for ſome years, in a Corniſh borough.

A blind ſtory has been circulated, of his having experienced the fate of Dryden, who was "prais'd and cudgel'd for ano-"ther's rhymes"——nor is it improbable, that a man of genius, ſurrounded by ruſtic dulneſs, or envious malignity, ſhould repay inſult with ſarcaſm, and occaſionally feel the reſentment of thoſe who had ſtrong arms, but weak heads.

He went to Jamaica in the train of governor Trelawney, and officiated, for ſome time, as a clergyman in that iſland:——but that correctneſs of manners, that uniformity of dreſs and behaviour, which we naturally look for in a paſtor,

paſtor, were incompatible with the eccentric impulſes of our poet, who ſoon got rid of what one of his predeceſſors has called, the mechanical part of the prieſthood, and ſtimulated by the conſcioufneſs of ſuperior merit, haſtened to the metropolis.

Having aſſumed the name of Peter Pindar, he has long amuſed the town, while kings, ſilly lords, feeble connoiſſeurs, dawbing painters, and dull hiſtorians, have ſmarted under his laſh. His attacks on a certain exalted character, were in ſome inſtances perfectly fair, but in others, the ſatiriſt has forgot that a king had a right to be treated like a gentleman. The wicked, but witty couplet on the regal malady, was inhuman and unjuſtifiable.

Yet our pleaſant and enlightened ſatiriſt, has been efficacious as well as entertaining, ſome he has puniſhed, and what is of much more importance, ſome he has reformed. Several perſons well known at court, and in the belles lettres, were fair game——, and he has completely hunted them down——the empty peer, pert, arrogant, and inſipid, with no one claim to notice, but a royal nod, has ſhrunk to his original inſignificance. Affected connoiſſeurs, ignorant patrons, and pretended literati, have diminiſhed their tumid importance, and unmerited pretenſions. From eating raw meat, and baking themſelves in ovens, our men of ſcience have engaged in more rational purſuits, and have turned their attention to objects, at once uſeful and ornamental. Some of the late productions of this author, have been ſaid to degenerate into dullneſs and common-place. Can we be ſurpriſed if this is the caſe? where is the mind ſtored with inexhauſtible materials? Will the field that never lies fallow, annually produce a plentiful crop?

As he is ſaid not to be impelled by the ſpur of preſſing neceſſity, ſome friend ſhould adviſe him to abſtain for a time from the preſs, ſo will he return with renewed vigor, and enter again the liſts with ſtrength unimpaired. To be everlaſtingly drawing from the ſources of intellect and invention, without giving time for ideas to germinate and ſhoot forth, muſt ultimately produce barrenneſs of ſoil, or a product crude, half formed, and untimely.

The fate of Peter Pindar, lies in telling droll ſtories, and reciting ridiculous anecdotes, but he degenerates occaſionally into party virulence, and is ſometimes culpably indelicate; beſides,

"The ſtale ſtory, and anti-
"quated jeſt,
"When oft repeated, loſe
"at laſt their zeſt."

His failure, as a proſe writer, is ſingular; bad language, broken periods, and diſſonant phraſe, mark it ſo ſtrongly, that being once ſhown a ſhort proſaic compoſition of the Bard's in manuſcript, I could ſcarcely believe it his, had I not recognized his hand writing.

In addreſſing panegyric ſtrains towards Carleton Houſe, Peter Pindar appears to be totally out of his element, nor has he in any inſtance handled his pen with a worſe grace.

"Il n'eſt pas de cette etoffe qu'il
"eſt fait."

He

He is not formed by nature, nor as I am told by inclination, for a beſtower of the meed of praiſe: and however in this inſtance the ſubject may merit commendation, our poet is neither ſelect, happy, or appropriate.

He has been juſtly ſtiled the Hogarth of Parnaſſus, whatever ſtruck him in the ſcenes of life, either ſhabby, affected, baſe, mean, or enormous, he has placed in a point of view, at once odious, ridiculous, and irreſiſtably laughable. I once read his lines on the midnight freaks of cats, which he deſcribes as he ſaw them from a window by moonlight, ſtanding in his ſhirt, and it produced in the company greater burſts of merriment, than I ever ſaw produced by any literary compoſition. Its merits, either in verſification, or invention, are extremely ſlender; yet, it had the knack of ſtriking the right ſtring, that 'chord, which when properly touched, the human heart is ſo formed, as to vibrate in uniſon with it.' The ſame pen has produced ſeveral ſonnets breathing the genuine language of poetry, and good taſte, tender, pathetic, and delicately ſentimental, inſpiring the raptures of love, and the ſoft emotions of deſire.

WOMEN, in general, for a ſtatement of facts, highly intereſting to them, as well as fathers of families, ſee Baker Polly, page 25.

WOMEN of the town, their numbers, manners, ſelf-ſeduction, and (when elevated by rank or education) their peculiarly dreadful ſituation deſcribed; page 26.—Yet on reconſidering this ſubject, I fear the odious, and diſguſting train of evils produced by female depravity, cannot be alleviated without injury to the firſt great intereſts of ſociety: the philanthrophiſt, who ſhould lament the harſh ſeverity of this wholſome truth, may conſole himſelf by recollecting, that much remains for activity, and benevolent induſtry in guarding againſt, and preventing a criminal weakneſs, whoſe puniſhment, it would be dangerous to diminiſh. The philanthrophic ſociety, firſt eſtabliſhed by a Mr. Young, (now involved in animoſity with his ſubſcribers) I beg leave to recommend, as a probable method of leſſening the number of proſtitutes in the lower orders; the beſt preventative in ſuperior ranks, would be a cautious inſpection of the morals of upper ſervants, and all male teachers concerned in female tuition, and an act againſt female *boarding* ſchools, and to oblige mothers to be in ſome degree, governeſſes to their own daughters, without leaving our future wives and mothers to the outcaſts of convents, the leavings of brothels, and the filthy, obſcene, and rejected corruption of foreign theatres.

WOOL, for a ſhort account of the national deluſion on its being the ſtaple-commodity of the kingdom, ſee Smith Adam, page 128.

WORLD, THE, a news-paper ſo called, which is here again mentioned for the purpoſe of ſaying that my obſervations, on Mr. Eſte, in the article aſſigned to that gentleman, are applied to him as an aſſiſtant or joint-conductor of this paper. In the Cabinet, a print commenced, while this com-

compilation was printing, I obſerve with ſatisfaction, Mr. Eſte's improvements; but above all, I remark, the bold conſtitutional truths, and popular maxims it inculcates: yet as the Ethiopian cannot inſtantly change his colour, or the leopard his ſpots, this writer has not been able entirely to abandon his inceſſant itch for pun and antitheſis, for quaint affected phraſeology, low wit, and epithets, elaborately ſtrange and uncommon.

If it be true that the author of the Diaboliad, after many a well fought ſkirmiſh on the regency, and other ſubjects, retires in diſguſt from Downing-ſtreet, and is connected with Mr. Eſte in this new literary warfare, I congratulate the public on ſuch a union of ability; I hope the Cabinet will ever continue what it profeſſes to be, devoted to the people, and that it will not, like too many of its ſhameleſs venal competitors, raiſe a reputation only to excite miniſterial rewards, or party contribution: I ſhould hope both the gentlemen in queſtion, have made too many enemies of *ins*, as well as *outs*, ever to be the boſom friends of any ſelfiſh cabal of mercenary adventurers, and that meaſures, more than men, will be the objects of its inveſtigating ſpirit.

YOUNG, EDWARD, a poet and a divine, with more imagination than judgment, but poſſeſſing a ſolemn plaintive ſpecies of verſe, peculiar only to himſelf: 'it is indeed blank verſe, but very different from the blank verſe of Milton or of Thomſon,' and Dr. Young appears to have been conſcious of its merit, when he called his collected compoſitions, the works of the author of the Night Thoughts. He is ſaid to have ſhut his ſhutters, and to have written by a lamp at mid-day, ornamenting his ſtudy with ſculls, bones, and inſtruments of death. Thus early encouraging, by habitual gloom, and melancholy objects, an imagination naturally fertile, in ſeeking or creating topics of diſcontent.

It has been ſaid, that if Young had been a biſhop, he would never have written his Night Thoughts. But he was far advanced in the pathetic ſtrains of complaint, at a time when hope is warm in the boſom of other men, and *had* he attained the mitre, a diſappointment in the primacy might have produced the ſame effects on a mind which ſeems to have been endued with much ſenſibility, and to have been depreſſed with temporary obſtructions of his proſpects, which every man ſtruggling through life naturally expects to meet with, and if he cannot ſurmount them, does not think himſelf juſtified in retiring to the cloyſter or the hermitage. Yet it is generally underſtood, that this GENIUS OF DESCRIPTIVE WOE, had really felt the barbed arrows of domeſtic calamity, and that diſappointed proſpects afforded him an oſtenſible and ſufficient cauſe of complaint.

His Univerſal Paſſion contains much juſt ſatire, good verſe, and laughable humour; but its character is debility—it wants point and tierceneſs. This poem was publiſhed before Pope's Satirical Epiſtles made their appearance, and has therefore the credit of giving the lead to that kind of writing. The country 'ſquire, who wel-

welcomes his friend with a thump upon his back; the coffee-houſe beau, who values himſelf on the learning of his heels, and the lady on horſeback, who whiſtles ſweet her diuretic ſtrains, are juſtly conceived, and happily deſcribed.

In Chrononhotonthologos, a ſatirical drama on the vicious ſtyle of certain tragic writers, and not badly written, many of Dr. Young's literary eccentricities are pourtrayed in caricature, particularly the violent ſpeech on the blow, which furniſhed a plot to his Revenge. Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal maſter, breaks out into the moſt furious hyperbole, calls on the ſun and moon to put themſelves into eclipſe, bids hills, dales, ſeas, cities, run together, and into chaos pulveriſe the world, becauſe Bombardinian hath received a blow.

Though the tragedies of Young are animated, brilliant, and claſſical; though they paint in glowing language the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealouſy, love, and deſpair, yet it muſt be confeſſed their beauties are diſgraced by puerile rant and conceit, and occaſionally by fuſtian and bombaſt.

Were I to produce ſome of the greateſt beauties, and ſome of the greateſt abſurdities that an Engliſh library affords, Young would be the author I ſhould fix on.

His Night Thoughts, that ſpecies of compoſition which he may be ſaid to have created, abound in unnatural flights of fancy, are often obſcure, ſometimes unintelligible, and he occaſionally perplexes both himſelf and his peruſer in a playſome unceaſing purſuit of trifling figures, allegories, and alluſions, not always apt: yet, with all their faults, they irreſiſtibly ſeize the mind of a reader, arreſt his attention, and powerfully intereſt him in the midnight ſorrows of the plaintive bard; they have a merit which no productions but thoſe of real genius ever poſſeſs, with ſcarce any facts or incidents to awaken curioſity, they ſpeak to the heart through the medium of the imagination; they inſtruct, but do not fatigue us; they amuſe, but never are languid.

His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal ſoul, clogged by the finite and periſhable materials of its houſe of clay, is profound, ſtriking, comprehenſive, and what in him is rare, *cloſely* comprehenſive.

" How great, how ſmall, how
" abject, how auguſt,
" How complicate, how won-
" derful is man!
" How center'd in his make
" ſuch ſtrange extremes,
" Of different natures marvel-
" louſly mix'd:
" Connexion exquiſite of diſ-
" tant worlds,
" Diſtinguiſh'd link in beings
" endleſs chain,
" Midway from nothing to the
" deity,
" An heir of glory, a frail
" child of duſt,
" Helpleſs immortal, inſect infinite,
" A worm, a god———
" An angel's arm can't ſnatch
" me from the grave,
" Legions of angels can't con-
" fine me there."

His arguments in favor of infinite duration in a future ſtate, though not logically concluſive, are beautifully poetic:

" O ye bleſt ſcenes of perma-
" nent delight,
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
" Cou'd ye ſo rich in rapture
" fear an end,
" That ghaſtly thought would
" drink up all your joy,
" And quite *unparadiſe* the
" realms of light."

Who does not regret that ſuch a writer ſhould degrade himſelf by licentious, bare-faced and impious flattery:

" Wits ſpare not heaven, O
" Wilmington nor thee."

It is not, I fear, the firſt time that poetry has been proſtituted to the ſervile purpoſes of adulation.

Yet, excepting his baſe flattery, which his *trade* as a courtier taught him, and which appears in the body of his works, as well as in his fulſome dedications, a few of his tragical rants, his poetical flights into the obſcure, and the imbecilities of his old age, publiſhed, I think unwarrantably, in ſome latter volumes, which his friends ought to have ſuppreſſed, with theſe exceptions, Young is entitled to the rare, but important praiſe, of not having left a line, which, for moral or religious reaſons, on his death bed he could wiſh to have eraſed.

The young author, impelled by a love of fame, or of money, who is ardently puſhing himſelf forward in the race for applauſe, and the copious writer who is too apt to conſider rather what will be read, than what he ought to write, will both do well to weigh this circumſtance, and apply it:

" Nam ſemel emiſſum fugit
" irrevocabile ſcriptum."

Mr. Herbert Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of Lorenzo, frequently introduced into the Night Thoughts, could not be meant by Dr. Young, for his ſon—nor indeed does it ſeem poſſible.

But the elaborate zeal he exhibits, has been attended with one effect, which he probably never deſigned; it is a tacit confeſſion, or rather a proof, that there were certain traits and ſtrong reſemblances in the picture, which rendered ſo much induſtry and effort neceſſary to prevent our miſtaking it for a family likeneſs.

Young, in the early part of life, was fond of muſic, and touched the German flute with much taſte: being once on the river with ſome ladies, he played them ſeveral tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket.

Some officers rowing by juſt as he ceaſed playing, one of them rudely aſked him, why he left off: " for the ſame reaſon that " I began," replied Young, " to " pleaſe myſelf."

One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the Thames.

His female friends began to be much alarmed, and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties ſpent the evening.

The Doctor had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the ſon of Mars, that he expected him to meet him at ſuch a place in

in the morning, to give him a gentleman's ſatisfaction, and that he choſe ſwords for the weapons. The officer was ſurpriſed, on their meeting, to ſee Young advance towards him with a large horſe piſtol, with which he told him he would inſtantly ſhoot him through the head, if he did not dance a minuet; after ſome difficulties he complied; the officer felt how impertinent he had been, and acknowledged the juſtice of the treatment he had met with.

THE END.

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